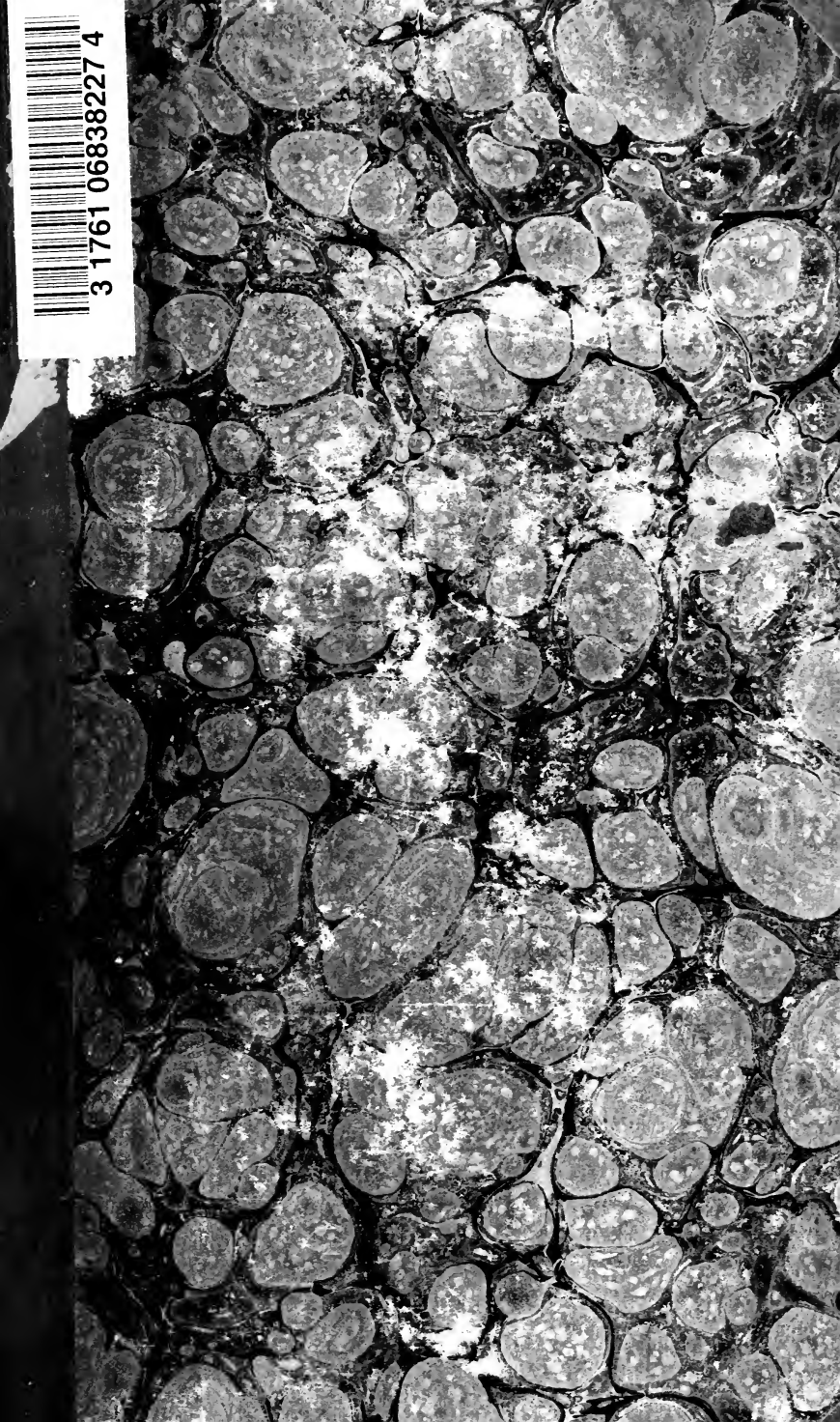
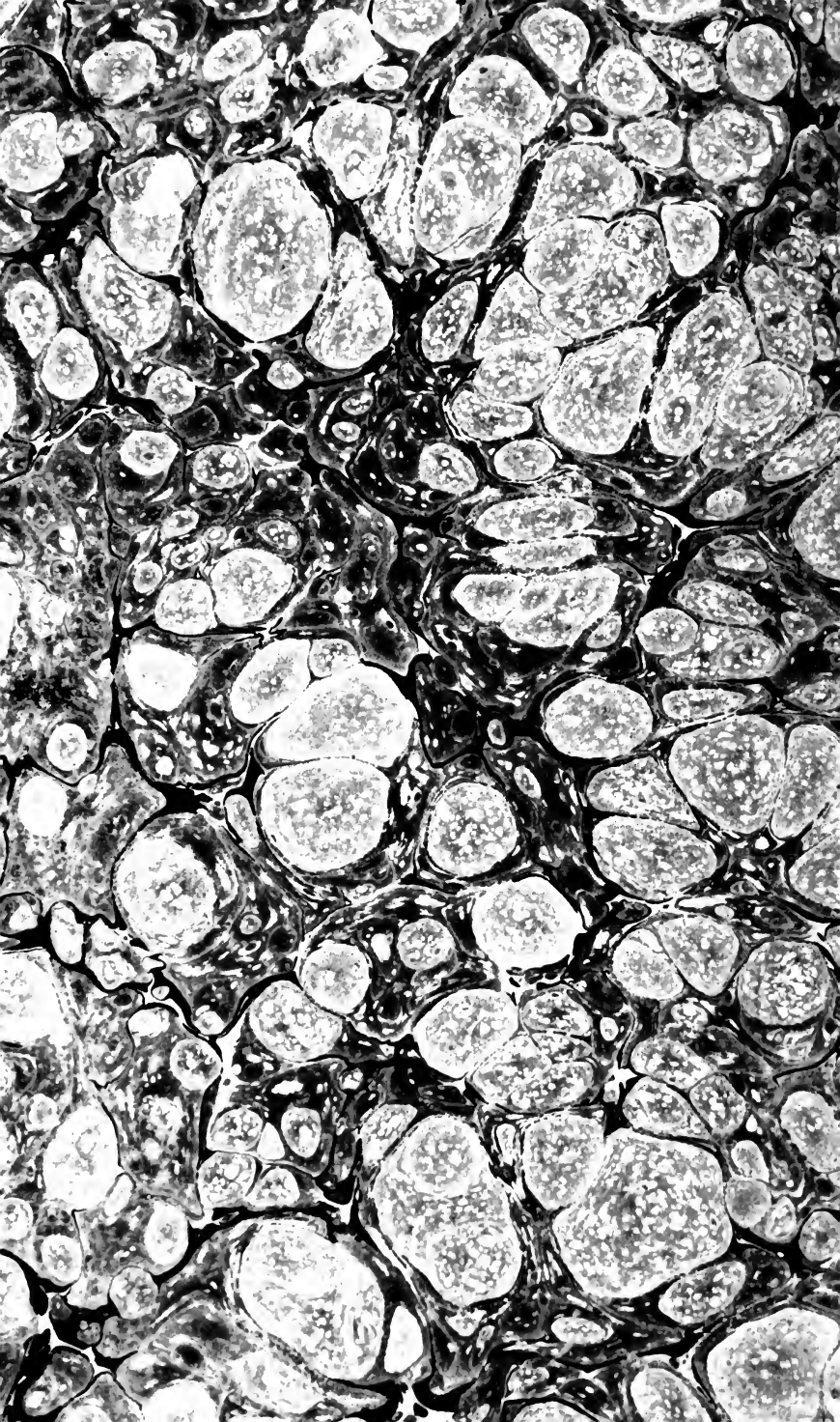
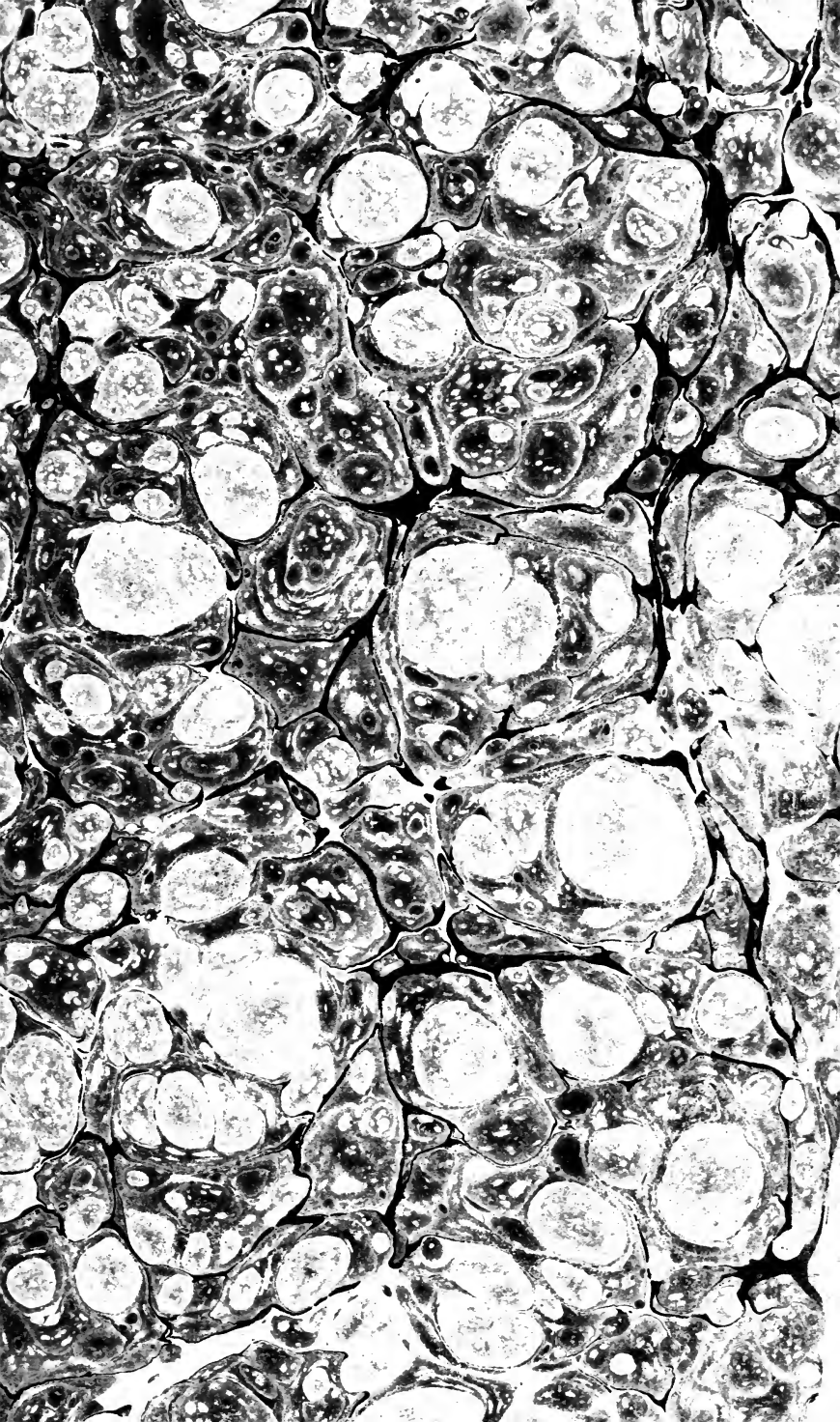




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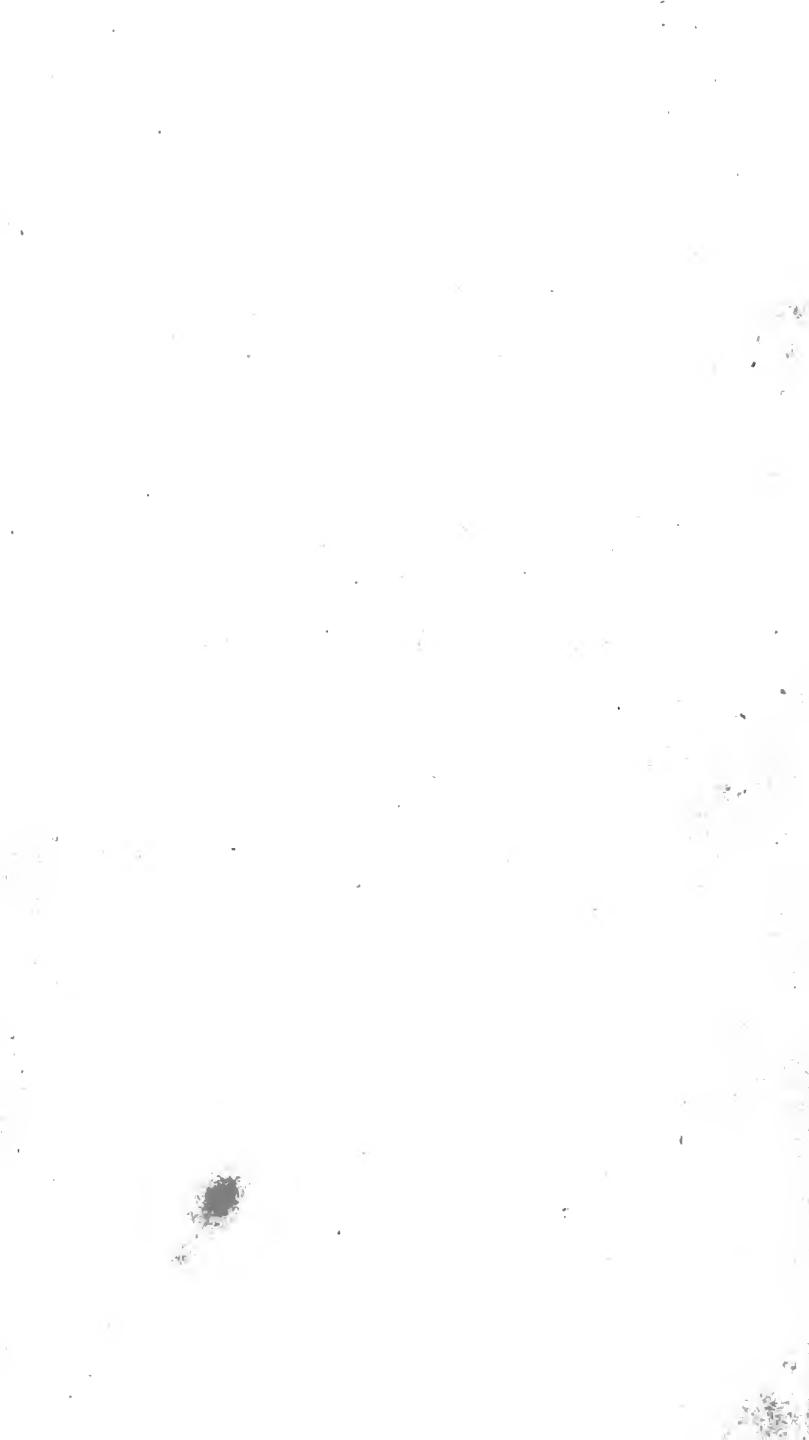
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THE  
ETONIAN.



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TO THE  
REV. J. KEATE, D.D.

THE SUREST FRIEND OF THE ETONIAN,

THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS MOST RESPECTFUL SCHOLARS,

THE EDITORS.

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THE peculiar circumstances under which this Dedication is written, seem to require from us a few words beyond a D. D. D. We have certainly ground for apprehension that the Patron we have chosen may be unwilling that a Work should appear under his immediate sanction, in which there are many things which he cannot approve, and many which he cannot but condemn. If we have committed, *in print*, those follies, which it has been our study, *in practice*, to avoid;—if we have ridiculed, *in print*, that discipline, which it has been our pleasure, *in practice*, to observe;—we can only solicit

that lenity we have so experienced before. In real sincerity of heart, we are sorry that this is the last time we shall have occasion to ask for it.

We will add little more. A fulsome Panegyric would be alike irksome to the Patron, and impertinent in the Patronized. Let us only say, that we are glad indeed to prefix to these motley sheets, a name, which, if it cannot rescue them from the criticism of the unmerciful, will, at least, be a safeguard against the cavillings of the unjust.

*Cambridge, December, 1821.*

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# THE ETONIAN.

No. I.

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## THE KING OF CLUBS.

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS WHICH LED TO THE PUBLICATION  
OF THE ETONIAN.

“THE King of Clubs, with three times three!” cried Peregrine Courtenay, while he sat as chairman of a jovial meeting of congenial Spirits, before a huge old china punch-bowl, the agreeable steam of which spread wit, mirth, and good humour all around,—“and then to business.”—“Ay, ay,” replied Frederick Golightly, “’twas a good plan that of the old Persians: they discussed their state measures over their cups, when the animal spirits were enlivened, and the little quicksilver ‘that stirs within us’ had risen several degrees above temperate; and we do well to imitate them. Now, then, allow me to propose ‘The prosperity of Eton; and may the liberality with which her system is conducted be answered in a correspondent manner, by the reputation which her foster-children exert themselves to maintain.’”—(*Drunk with acclamation.*)

Before, however, I venture further with the proceedings, it will be advisable that I should introduce the reader to the characters of the leading members, by whom one of the most social and best-regulated clubs which has been formed of late years at Eton, is upheld in repute and interest.

FREDERICK GOLIGHTLY would require a pen dipped in all the colours of the rainbow, to do justice to the ever-varying shades of disposition by which his conduct is actuated, and which nevertheless contrive to harmonize. Nature, when in the very act of moulding him, had not determined on the style of character she should assign to this motley production. She had laid a groundwork of excellent abilities, and had already struck off most of the best qualities for which Youth is admired and loved: generosity of sentiment, desire of emulation, and good humour. But what might have become a *chef d’œuvre* was by some accident abandoned by her, and it afterwards fell into

the hands of another artist—Folly ; whose flash efforts at effect are considered by all good judges as immeasurably inferior to the noble simplicity of Nature, and to whom the finishing stroke of the wayward Frederick was consigned. To have done with the metaphor. This youth was a compound of good qualities, talent and extravaganza ; but the two former were frequently so far obscured by the intervention of the latter, that their very existence has been often unjustly questioned. A year or two back, at the time when the character of a schoolboy is on the point of deciding itself for life, Golightly was considered one of the best whips in the school : the bang-up style in which he used to dash along the Uxbridge road was the theme of praise, even among his seniors. He was consulted on the subject of all badger-hunts and bull-baits which happened to be going forward, and the ingenuity which he displayed in evading all inquiries which might be made after him, when absenting himself from school business, under pretence of indisposition, while in fact he was enjoying his favourite pursuits, rendered him the oracle of all those who preferred hard *riding* to hard *reading*. The week of Ascot Races was the most important period of the year with our young Blood. His room was literally the betting-stand, where all the juvenile amateurs of the turf met to forestall their allowance till the next vacation. At this time you might often observe Frederick in the centre of the school-yard, attended by his levee, with a list of the high-bred cattle in his hand, which he was discussing, to the great edification of his audience. It may easily be imagined that these numerous pursuits could not possibly harmonize with much progress in his studies. Alas! these were either totally neglected, or at the best mere appearances were kept up ; to effect which many clever shifts were had recourse to ; these, however, oftentimes failed of success, and the sure consequence was severe punishment and loss of character. Yet he still persisted, in spite of his resolutions of amendment, which, in his calmer hours, were sometimes excited by the still small voice of conscience, and parental correspondence ; for Frederick had a good heart, naturally open to conviction, but one in which, unfortunately, momentary impressions were soon effaced. This thoughtless career continued for some time. In vain did his true friends lament the neglect and abuse of talents with which he was gifted. Mournful experience is the only cure for youthful imprudence, and it succeeded in this case. Our dashing Oppidan became at length so involved in pecuniary difficulties, from his extravagance, and the expenses which his favourite pursuits brought upon him, that he was betrayed into occasional meannesses of behaviour, which the low state of his finances, his income not answering the calls made on it, induced him to commit ; however revolting they might be to the innate nobleness of his disposition. His duns rendered his life miserable : it was quite impossible for him to walk up town without being accosted with a—" Sir, you promised—" " Oh, I was coming down to you, Mr. Golightly." " The smallest trifle would be a consideration." Pressed on all sides, he was obliged at last to throw himself on the affection of his father, who consented to pay off his debts on observing a thorough repentance. Gratitude for this treatment sunk deep in the mind of the son, and effected as entire a change as the frailty of human nature would



allow. His haunts of idleness and extravagance were abandoned, and an end put to all connexion with those characters, who, under pretence of ministering to their amusement, prey upon the purses of inexperienced Etonians. But habits of indolence, which have long grown inveterate, are not shaken off in a moment. Having naturally an admirable memory, which retains every thing that is submitted to it, by the application of the slightest attention, Frederick soon made up for his deficiency in the studies of the part of the school to which he belonged; but by this time the strong impulse by which his repentance was actuated, has subsided. He is now more admired for the flashy brilliance of his talents than for the steady bright flame of learning, which deep reading and consistency of study are alone capable of lighting up and nourishing; and these are not characteristics of the individual I am describing. In spite of the re-action which took place on his amendment, periodical fits of indolence will often occur. There remain also traces of the past in the indulgence he gives way to, in a fashionable folly, which is at present too prevalent in the school—that of lounging up and down the town; dressed to the very acme of Bond-street ton; or, if I may so express myself, even in the highest height a higher height of absurdity is aimed at by the Etonian votaries of dress. “To see and to be seen,” is the professed object of these unwearied vicambulists. But I wrong them perhaps; to have an object in view does away with the very quintessence of lounging. Frederick has long been considered the Sun, from whence the minor luminaries of the Eton hemisphere of fashion borrow all their lustre. But, indeed, one almost forgets the absurdity of his conduct in the amusement which his sprightly sallies of humour and endless vivacity always afford his companions. Woe to the dandified cit, who has just escaped from the foggy atmosphere of Cheapside, in his hired gig, with his smiling sweetheart at his side, to visit Windsor, and act the gentleman on the Terrace, if he encounters the scrutinizing stare of Frederick’s glass. And as for his critiques on the ladies, the Hermit in London would be proud to draw on them for an additional volume of his entertaining work. His sagacity of observation on the affected modesty and demure countenances of those who just put on an appearance of innocence and purity, as a masquerade dress, or from the true spirit of female contradiction; and the acuteness of his remarks on the flippancy, pertness, and forward address of others, whose giddy heads have been turned by the admiration which is paid them by the gay, unmeaning dangles at their side; his exact discrimination between diamonds and paste; the neat elegance of the lady of rank, and the gaudy trappings of the tradesman’s wife; and between the rose of health and its artificial substitute;—are the very nectar and ambrosia of satirical entertainment. It is ludicrous to see the enraptured attitudes in which our amateur studiously composes himself, when he surrenders his feelings to the overpowering influence of melody, and is wafted from a consciousness of surrounding objects on the dying strain of one of those beautiful pieces, which the band are in the habit of playing: till his companion gives him an abrupt intimation that one of the Masters is at hand; and arouses him from that dreamy ideality, which is so often talked of by some of the poets of the present day, to a sense of the ne-

cessity of his disappearance from the observation of the Guardian of school discipline. A propensity for dramatic representation was formerly a striking feature in his character. He had contrived to enrol a corps, of which he was constituted the head; and the surprising versatility with which he could assume and support the most opposite characters, as also the able manner in which he discharged the arduous office of manager, has seldom, if ever, been equalled at a school; his skill in drilling an awkward squad, in over-awing presumption, in encouraging diffidence, and (the most difficult of all tasks) in reconciling the pretensions of each individual with his capacity for fulfilling them; these and many other suitable qualities, confirmed him in a station, which, without them, could not have been supported by the most shining abilities as an actor. While this mania was upon him, it monopolized his entire attention. He was perpetually studying some new theatrical attitude, and he scarcely ever opened his mouth, except to give you a pithy sentence from some play. By the way, he had always been notorious for his quotations at all times, and in all places, a propensity which smacks strongly of pedantry. But now he was doubly armed, and there was no end of the continual volleys which he sent forth from his magazine of farces and comedies. At last the theatre was knocked up from the failure of the funds, and from Golightly growing cold in the discharge of his duties; for, with his usual inconstancy, he began to be tired of his amusement, and to sigh for novelty. To sum him up in a few words—he is a compound, a very essence, of sporting, satirical, and dramatic ingredients; each of which rises uppermost, (much on the principles of chemistry, which sets the lightest body afloat,) in obedience to the caprice of the present moment.

ALLEN LE BLANC is the absolute reverse of Golightly. His very figure bears testimony to the eccentricity of his mind. He is of a diminutive round stature; his limbs are well compacted and clean made: in short, he is a neat little miniature. He has small grey twinkling eyes, snubbed nose, decided lines of thought prematurely furrowed on his brow; and, as he bears his blushing honours thick upon him, one would shrewdly guess he was by no means deficient in paying his devoirs to Bacchus. He has read deeply, though his course of study has been perverted, and thought still more deeply: but not having sufficiently founded his principles on the rock of morality and revealed religion, either owing to inadvertency, or a too great confidence in the unassisted powers of the human understanding, he has often been led away by strange theories and speculations, which happened for the moment to fix his attention, and which he pursues through all the intricacies of metaphysical argument, till he has lost himself in the labyrinth of his own ideas. Naturally of a strong mind, and imbued with a taste for the abstruse, he turned with superciliousness from the Epic and Lyric Poets. The natural simplicity of Homer, the more polished beauties of Virgil, and the sportive gaiety of Horace, with the exception of a few isolated passages, were totally uninteresting to our young philosopher. He flew with eagerness to the dark speculations of Lucretius, and the sneering infidelity of Lucan; or examined into the opinions of the Academy, and joined in the disputations

at the Tusculan Villa. His chief pursuits have been the study of astronomy and history; an examination into the main spring and connexion of events; the rise and fall of nations, as exemplifying the great doctrine of the instability of all human institutions. His studies then took a more profitable turn; he penetrated with avidity into modern discoveries, from the *Principia* of Newton, to the metaphysics of Coleridge, and the moral philosophy of Paley. From hence the transition was easy to an eager investigation into theological subjects; but here he was unluckily entangled among controversial points; and the *spirit* of religion was overlooked through a too ardent desire of coming to the understanding of the *letter* by the aid merely of human acquirements. It may be hoped, however, that a more attentive consideration of the nature of this study has, by this time, removed that film from the intellectual eye. His manners and actions are equally singular with his line of study; indeed so much so that they often incur the charge of affectation, though they mostly result from an absence of mind, and inattention to outward appearances. Though his library is full, and his choice of books good, you will find his study a very chaos. In the centre of one shelf a duodecimo gilt Horace stands along side of a ponderous black-backed quarto, on theology: in front of you, as you enter, by the window, is a great staring head in plaster-of-Paris; on the skull of which are marked the different organs, according to the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim. For be it known, our universal philosopher has lately been inquiring into the ingenious, but visionary study, of craniology; and has paid more attention than they deserve to the various importations of German absurdities which have inundated us of late years. In this *sanctum sanctorum* he pores over his favourite authors with ‘spectacles on sapient nose,’ taking no notice of his candle (though, with its immense snuff, it only renders darkness visible) till it has become finally extinguished in the socket; when, on arising to retire, he finds that the door of his study has been blockaded with bedsteads by some evil-disposed person or persons; and, having no remedy, he calmly ties his pocket handkerchief round his head, and contentedly passes the remainder of the hours usually dedicated to repose, in his arm chair. One would naturally suppose that his exercises would be imbued with a strong tinge of his pursuits. However light or sportive the subject may be that is proposed for his theme, you must have but a slight idea of Allen’s ardour for abstruse disquisition, did you not expect to find some metaphysical hints and observations dispersed throughout. Never is he in greater glory than when engaged in a laborious treatise on the lunar influences, or the properties of matter, in rough unpolished hexameters, after the Lucretian model; or an investigation into the principles of the human mind, in a long copy of iambics, in which the stabile spondees have their full weight. I am not, however, prepared to assert, that although the harshness of rhythm has been overlooked, the sense of the ideas intended to be embodied therein, has been, on that account, more distinctly conveyed. In company Allen is silent and reserved, unless when exhilarated by copious draughts from the mantling bowl, which certainly in his case succeeds in unfolding the *contractæ seria frontis*.

The next member of the club who offers himself to our notice is the Hon. GERARD MONTGOMERY, the son of a rich Warwickshire Peer, whose bodily habits have been rendered weak and effeminate, owing to the over-abundant attentions bestowed on him in the nursery, by his maiden aunt, Lady Deborah Mildmay. This character, with reference to the former two, forms the same connecting link which twilight does between the opposite extremes of day and night. His genius is a brilliant of the first water, but his talents have been suffered to run wild, owing to their very luxuriance. Gifted with wonderful quickness and retentiveness of memory, and an ardent imagination, always on the wing in search of variety, his progress in classical attainments was the theme of universal admiration, and his instructors augured highly of the future reputation of their pupil. But the success which he met with in his studies was the means of preventing him from ever becoming a solid scholar. The facility with which he was able to master all his tasks engendered presumption, and an unbounded confidence in his own powers, than which nothing can be more detrimental to the cause of learning. Hence Gerard indulged in habits of procrastination, because he could write his verses off-hand, and therefore the performance of his duty might be safely delayed till the last moment, and then slurred over as a disagreeable task. Hence also, not being accustomed to find any difficulties in the mere school business which was required of him, he determined not to seek for them of his own accord, in the more arduous pursuits of knowledge, which demand effort and application. In his course of reading, he skimmed with volatile eagerness along the gayer and more pleasing paths of literature: he flew from author to author, as the bee sips the sweets from every flower, without troubling herself with inquiries into the nature and properties of each one that she visits. By these means Montgomery amassed an extensive stock of information on almost every branch of the *belles lettres*; but in spite of the ability with which he would discuss a question, and support his share of conversation among the members of the Club, he has often been found to be but superficially acquainted with the subject which he has been adorning with all the beauties of a fluent and persuasive eloquence. Eton, however, cannot boast of possessing another youth of whom it may be as truly averred, that he has quaffed copious draughts of the genuine Hippocrene. His natural talent for poetical composition has been greatly improved and strengthened by his acquaintance with the mighty master-spirits of the old time of Greece and Rome. His sense of pleasing emotions was so refined, and his perception of the beautiful and pathetic so acute, that a tear has been observed glistening in his eyes, while contemplating the parting of the Trojan hero with his Andromache, or while tracing the agonizing feelings of the impassioned Dido on the departure of Æneas. But the eagerness with which he delivered himself up to the sway of the potent wands of our own native magicians, Shakspeare and the elder tragedians, with Scott, Byron, and Coleridge of the present day, was carried to an excess. I believe he had reached the perfection of human happiness, when, having locked himself in his room, this poetical enthusiast indulged in sentimental tears over some favourite poem which he was reading aloud with energy and feeling. This

sensibility often led Gerard into many other extravagancies; and he was looked upon as a romantic visionary by those of the common mould. He would frequently steal away from a comfortable fire-side to wander on a chilly autumn evening in the gloom of Poet's Walk, with his arms folded, to commune with solitude, to watch the fleecy clouds as they past over the glimmering moon, and, I was going to add, to meditate on some ideal beauty. But no! Gerard was not a shadow hunter: unexistent creatures of the imagination were by no means to his taste, for he knew well how to attach sufficient value to the liquid blue eyes of a substantial Charlotte, or the graceful figure and auburn ringlets of a real Sophia. Hence his pockets were crammed with billet-doux and sonnets on the charms of the adorable Miss R. T—, or the last dying speech and confession of the love-lorn Gerard, previous to his quenching the flames of passion in a cold bath. This amorous disposition led our Romeo into many ludicrous scrapes. He has been shot at for a black cat; has narrowly escaped a man trap; has been well soused by his Juliet, and soundly horsewhipped by the stout old Capulet of the premises.

The pursuits of Sir FRANCIS WENTWORTH are perfectly distinct from any that have been hitherto described. This youth was born and bred a staunch Whig. Even in the nursery the true principles were instilled into his expanding ideas with the greatest assiduity. Instead of the common food with which the love of the marvellous, so early evinced by children, is usually served—such as the astonishing exploits of Jack the Giant Killer, or the adventures of Tom Thumb; little Frank was supplied with political caricatures and electioneering ballads. His laced baby-cap was made in the shape of that of liberty; and whenever he was admitted to the family dessert, to have half a glass of wine on Papa's knee, he was first required to lisp out the patriotic toast of "The cause for which Hampden bled in the field and Sydney perished on the scaffold," long before he could possibly understand the import of the sentence; and to repeat after his uncle, in a shrill voice,—“The liberty of the Press—it is like the air we breathe;”—while his eyes were evidently turned towards the glass at the latter part of the sentence,—“if we *have it not*, we die.” The labours of the parents met with the success their most ardent wishes anticipated. When he had now reached the period at which boys who are intended for public schools prepare for their *debut* on a miniature world, his father (the late Sir Marmaduke) was a long time debating with himself at which seminary the future hopes of the family should be placed. At first he was afraid that Eton was situated too near the atmosphere of a Court; and the main consideration was, the danger there might be of Frank's principles being corrupted. This school had also been disgraced, in his eyes, as the nursery of Canning; but when he reflected, on the other hand, that it had the honour of educating two such “burning and shining lights” in the parliamentary hemisphere as the great Fox, and the kindred spirit who caught the mantle of the departing orator, and with it an inspiration which has raised him to the pre-eminent station which he at present holds among his party,—the Earl Grey; all scruples vanished, and Frank was sent to Eton.



Here, however, he did not find that coincidence of opinion which he had been in the habit of meeting with at his father's table: nothing is more foreign to the dispositions of the would-be politicians at school, and at Eton in particular, than sycophancy or complaisant concessions in party sentiments. It is an independence of soul worthy the true offspring of Englishmen; and although it is the cause of a good deal of squabbling between the champions of opposite parties, which are as regularly organized here as on the more extensive stage of the real world; yet, when we consider that these are the minds which will be hereafter summoned to the management of the helm of the Legislature, can it be otherwise than beneficial for themselves and their destinies, that they should be exercising those talents here, which will be of so much importance in their maturity elsewhere? Thus young Frank met with those who were both willing and able to grapple with and discuss every notion which he advanced, and had hitherto been taught to consider as incontrovertible as Gospel. Opposition, as one might readily expect, made him more violent, because the foundation had been deeply laid in his infancy; and during the whole course of his boyhood, the most indefatigable exertions had been used to build a firm superstructure upon it. Having therefore been beforehand furnished with arms, and well instructed in the art of wielding them, he had now a field opened for him on which to signalize himself; and so successful did he prove, that he was at length tacitly acknowledged as the Whig leader of the School. But such a distinction could not be obtained or permanently secured without a close application to the study of political economy. It is true that some, who pretend to take the lead in this line, content themselves with ringing the changes on a certain string of set sentences, while their mouths are continually full of aggravated philippics against tyranny, taxation and oppression, and theoretical panegyrics upon universal liberty and the unshackled freedom of the press, without being able to bring them to bear really and substantially on the question in debate. This is not the case with the young Baronet. From a close investigation of his darling study, and a sincere desire of information, he has lately learnt a degree of moderation in his assertions which was heretofore a desideratum. He still, however, pushes the same outcries against existing corruptions, boroughmongers, and placemen;—the extravagance of the expenditure, and the incapacity of Ministers. Step into his room, and you will discover the man from the company he keeps. The first object which strikes the eye is an immense bust of Charles James Fox, with the "*Vincit amor patriæ*" on the pedestal. Look round you at the caricatures, and you will see the Ministers and their satellites falling headlong from their political spheres, like Lucifer and his angels, while the glorious sun of "Opposition" has gained the complete ascendancy in the firmament. His book-shelves are well provided with various works on statistics, from the tomes of Hume and Adam Smith, to the compositions of Malthus, Brougham, and Jeremy Bentham. Though there are some authors of questionable principles, the great majority consist of writers after Sir Frank's own heart; and never perhaps was my Lord Clarendon in such mixed company. The tables are strewn with the Edinburgh Reviews, Parliamen-

tary proceedings, files of old Chronicles and Examiners, and pamphlets of all sizes. Here is the room of audience, in which this blooming sprig of Whiggism assembles his friends and followers to breakfast, and communicates to them in confidence the latest despatches which he has received from town of the state of affairs; the new speculations which are afloat; and the general understanding there is that the Ministry are to be turned out—immediately another cabinet can be formed without them: he then reads out, for their edification, Lord Erskine's last publication, or some other text-book; and, having thus strengthened their minds, he sends them forth to fight in the "good cause," as he tells them, like sheep among wolves.

There are two distinguishing features in the mental physiognomy of MARTIN STERLING:—a religious and political firmness of principle. Awakened to a due sense of the importance of the passage, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth;" and disgusted with the thoughtlessness and levity with which every thing connected with religion was treated among a certain set of his schoolfellows, he was often caught in his study examining that old-fashioned book, which has been long exploded by the new school of philosophy, as utterly unworthy the attention of men of wit and genius—the Bible. Not that I would for a moment insinuate that the slightest tinge of scepticism, as to the truth of revealed doctrines, had infected the young *eleves* of Eton, many of whom are hereafter destined to mount the pulpit: but the assent given was too frequently a cold one, in which no interest was shown; a matter of course; an old deed, to which, for decency's sake, they felt themselves obliged to put their signatures, at the recommendation of parents, or from the force of general example; the validity of which they never, indeed, dreamt of questioning, though they did not once reflect that they were bound to fulfil its provisions, any further than preserving an appearance of decorum in attending Church-service. All other duties they imagined might be safely deferred to a more convenient season, when the amusements and gaieties of youth had lost their flavour. In addition to the offence which Martin gave by the bent which his closet studies had taken, his conduct at chapel was observed to be at variance with the usual nonchalance and listlessness of his neighbours. Instead of arranging matters for the next game at cricket or football, or composing a copy of verses, for which he could not find leisure at a more proper time, he was silly enough to be following the Chaplain in the lessons of the day, and has been even overheard to whisper an "Amen" at the conclusion of a prayer. This behaviour stamped him with the appellation of "*Methodist*;" and an everlasting fire of small shot, witticisms, sneers, and mockery was kept up against the *saint*, by those whose resentment he provoked by his stern home-driven phillippics against swearing, drunkenness, and the like. By no means of an irritable temper, he preserved his equanimity admirably, and his patience under insults never failed him. His conduct indeed subjected him to ridicule, but Martin was one on whom the opinion of the multitude weighed but as dust in the balance; in his discernment between right and wrong; nay, it generally took a contrary effect. Having paid great attention to ecclesiastical

writings, he is become a stout polemic in divinity, and as high a churchman as ever took the Bampton Lectures for the standard of faith; a work, by the bye, which an elder brother at Oxford is commissioned to procure for him regularly on the first day of publication. The superiority of his abilities is incontestible. To a thoughtful and unprejudiced mind, his clear reasoning, and the acute remarks which he makes on the last sermon he has heard in chapel, are a source of pleasing instruction; the analysis which a retentive memory enables him to give of the subject embraced by the preacher is true and correct; and the manner in which he embodies in theme the beautiful language and clear argument of the much-esteemed author of "*Records of the Creation*," has gained him great applause. But I have alluded to his political principles. These, if we may believe his adversaries, are bigotted to the extreme. In fact, he professes himself a Tory; or, more properly speaking, a Ministerialist; for the old distinction between Whig and Tory, according to Madame de Stael's definition, "*that the former approve of monarchy and love liberty—the latter approve of liberty but love monarchy*," is grown obsolete. The two parties, which at present divide the State, may be classed under the two heads of those who systematically support, and those who as systematically oppose, the measures of the existing administration. As the head of the Eton True Blues, Martin is often opposed in fierce debates and furious bickerings with Sir Frank Wentworth, and the epithets of Toad-eater and Demagogue are often exchanged between them. The one accuses his opponent of supporting the doctrines of the infallibility of Ministers, and the divine right of Kings; and the other retorts, by ridiculing the sovereignty of the mob, and stigmatizing the Utopian theories of Universal Representation.

But, gentle Readers, I flatter myself you are all expecting with impatience a sketch of the worthy Chairman himself. Like a literary gourmand I have reserved his character for a *bon-bouche*, but cannot sufficiently lament my inability to do it justice. The difficulty of the undertaking consists in distinguishing the different shades, which are so confused and blended together, that a sort of indefinable mystery is thrown over the *tout-ensemble*; and it would be presumption, and (what has more weight) bad policy for me to withdraw the veil, which forbids the gaze of the profane and uninitiated. There is something which attracts our respect and attention in whatever is without the pale of our comprehension. Where would have been the reverence which the Heathen paid to the oracles, had he been acquainted with the detail of the natural or artificial causes from whence they proceeded? Yet far be it from any one to conclude from what I have said, that in this case familiarity would breed contempt; I confidently refer you to that surest of all tests, Time. "*From his works thou shalt know him*:" and Time is the crucible which will show whether they contain most dross or pure gold. I will, however, venture on a few outlines.—

PEREGRINE COURTENAY has long been considered a *fac-totum* in Etonian literature;—a centre of gravity, which attracts to itself every boy who is in any way distinguished for talent or merit;—a solar orb, around which they

all revolve, and which (although they cannot be said to borrow their heat and light from it) serves as a consolidating head of the system, and gives the powers of each separate member of it that efficacy and direction which they would otherwise want. Possessed of sound good sense, rather than of brilliance of genius, he is better known for his general acquirements and universal information, than for extraordinary progress in any one individual branch of knowledge: and hence we may account for the influence which he possesses over, and the respect which he receives from, his brother students. He investigates questions of moral and natural philosophy with Allen, and very often solves them by the clear-sightedness of a good understanding, to the astonishment of his companion, whose brain has become muddled over them. With Montgomery he hunts for beauties, and inquires into the principles of poetry; and it is whispered that it is not merely for purposes of theory. With Frederick he bandies witticisms, and coins satirical critiques upon the foibles and follies of our miniature world; and he moreover acts as umpire in the political disputes between Frank and Martin Sterling. The admirable coolness and impartiality with which he composes the feuds of these adverse leaders, while he points out to them the difference between despotism and a constitutional monarchy, the freedom and licentiousness of the press, conciliates for him the esteem of both parties. Being now one of the senior Members of the Sixth Form, the intercourse which he is enabled to keep up with both the Universities in his correspondence with old acquaintances, who have preceded him in the road of life, has greatly extended his means of information; and with the world at large his thirst after knowledge has opened to him many sources of intelligence. If any new work is about to make its appearance, Peregrine has heard of it, and is in a fever of expectation: if it has appeared, Peregrine has read it, and his summing up of the merits and demerits of the composition generally influences the public verdict at Eton. Has any publication come forth anonymously? who so likely to have received accounts of the latest surmises which are current in the blue stocking circles on the subject of the author, as Peregrine? In addition to these traits of character, he has something of the virtuoso about him, at least if we may judge from the proofs of that pursuit which are so abundantly scattered over his room. Here a plaster cast of the Venus di Medicis or the Apollo Belvidere,—there imitations of Derbyshire spar, which have been effected by chemical process, as also various specimens of mineralogy. Around you are excellent prints, in neat frames, of the favourite works of the best artists; and as often as you will step into his room, Courtenay will entertain you with a dissertation on “Raphael, Corregio, and stuff,” and ask no price for his trouble, except a patient hearing.

These are the leading members, the literary phenomena of our excellent institution. We have besides sundry minor luminaries, of whom I will take at present a brief notice, leaving them to develop their own characters more fully by the part they will take in our proceedings.

ALEXANDER M'FARLANE is a Scotchman, possessed of all the characteristics of his countrymen. His habits, his manners, his prejudices, are all

strictly national. His temper is by nature hasty, a defect which is not a little heightened by his deep sense of honour, and his overbearing pride of ancestry. He is possessed of considerable information on various topics, and as he is particularly deep read in the legends and superstitions of the Highlands, will occasionally indulge the reader with a narrative of the feud between the Macgregor and the M'Callummore, or a dissertation on the Brownie of Glenmore, or the Fahm of Glen-Avin\*.

PATRICK O'CONNOR is the representative of the Irish part of our little community. His insurmountable good humour, and the utter unconsciousness which he evinces to the frequent sarcasms levelled at him by his brother members, render him a most agreeable addition to our party: but as his reading has not been very extensive, nor his pen much exercised, he will be of little use to our readers,—unless he may chance to strike out a *new Bull*, which we understand is much wanted for the next edition of Joe Miller.

ROBERT MUSGRAVE, if our characters had been arranged according to the amusement which each is likely to afford to our readers, would certainly have stood at the head of the list. Our young sportsmen will be glad to learn, that, although we present ourselves to their notice as a *literary* association, we have, in Robert Musgrave, a "*knowing one*," whom we can safely recommend to their notice as a model, and an oracle in all those matters for which they were formerly accustomed to refer to the "*Sporting Magazine*." His most remarkable peculiarity is his proficiency in the slang of the coach-box, as he seldom favours us with a speech which is not plentifully seasoned with what he himself terms "*vehicular metaphors*." The whole scope and tenor of his ideas may be collected from the humorous tone of indignant disappointment with which he commenced his first letter to Sir Robert, after his arrival at Eton:—"Dam'me Father—why, they don't allow top-boots!"

JOHN BURTON is the only son of a substantial inhabitant of Ludgate-hill, in whose steps he treads with great assiduity. His very infancy afforded perpetual predictions of his future ciphering celebrity; for it is related of him that he always preferred the inspection of the Ledger to "*The Cabinet of Birds and Beasts*;" and that he could utter quite distinctly, "*twelve times twelve are one hundred and forty-four*," when the pronunciation of "*Gingerbread*" was productive of sundry stutters and wry faces. His conversational powers are not great; but he has his use in making a good bargain for our Club dinners.

WILLIAM ROWLEY desires me to describe him as "*Professor of Gastrology and Head Cook to the King of Clubs*," an office for which he is certainly in every respect qualified. He understands to a nicety,

"*Quo gestu lepores, et quo Gallina secetur*;"

and has spent some time at Paris for the purpose of mastering the theory of sauces. This affection for the good things of this world, though occasionally amusing, is often ill-timed and troublesome; for we frequently hear him discussing the merits of rival *patissiers*, while Martin Sterling is on his right

\* "*Fahm is a little ugly monster, who frequents the summits of the mountains around Glen-Avin, and no other place in this world that I know of.*"—Notes to HOGG's "*Queen's Wake*."



hand quoting from Paley, and Le Blanc on his left elucidating the theory of atoms.

JOSSEPH LOZELL and MICHAEL OAKLEY afford so perfect a contrast to each other, that I shall take the liberty of introducing them hand-in-hand to the reader. The first is in the constant habit of assenting to the opinions of the last speaker; the latter is in the habit of assenting to no opinion at all. The first is a pliant courtier, disposed to keep *in* with all parties; the latter is a sturdy disputant, resolved to contend with the greatest pertinacity on every point which is advanced. Their characters are touched with the hand of a master in Patrick's last "capital good song,"

"There's a wonderful *likeness* in Michael and Joe;  
For the one is all 'Yes,' and the other all 'No.'"

And now, reader, I have only one more character to introduce to your notice, viz. that of your humble servant, RICHARD HODGSON, Secretary, officially designated "Knave of Clubs." The description of one's own qualifications is to most persons a very difficult and a very invidious task; but in my case the difficulty is easily obviated, as I profess to have no character of my own, but must speak, write, and act, as my employers desire. Reporting by turns the sentiments of Montgomery, of Le Blanc, and of Sterling, I shall wear by turns the dress of the poet, the philosopher, and the divine; while occasionally I shall give you the pedigree of a hunter from the pen of Robert Musgrave, or a receipt for an inimitable soup from the scrap-book of William Rowley. In short, you will find that I understand all sciences, and take upon myself all dispositions,—

"Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,  
Augur, Schoenobates, Medicus, Magus—omnia novi."

To continue my quotation, I will subjoin,—

"in cœlum, jusseris, ibo,"

which Dr. Johnson translates,

"And bid him go to *Hell*, to *Hell* he goes;"

but which, in my case, may be rendered,

"I'll go to the *Devil*\* whenever you please."

I now hasten to resume the detail of the proceedings which ensued upon the Chairman's giving notice that there was business before the house. When the acclamations, with which the party received the patriotic toast, before recorded, had subsided, PEREGRINE COURTENAY rose and opened the subject somewhat to the following effect:—

"GENTLEMEN,—The enthusiasm which I have just seen manifested by every member of our excellent institution, has convinced me that no flowers of rhetoric, no subtle arguments of logic, are here necessary in behalf of the good cause,—the real interests of Eton—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)—The reputation of our foster-mother should be handed down from generation to generation in undiminished lustre. The much-admired writings of Griffin and of Grildrig, and the rich stores of the Musæ Etonenses, were bequeathed to us, not merely as ornamental heir-looms for our libraries, but as spirit-stirring incitements for our imitation; and how have we answered the claims so justly

\* Scilicet—The Printer's.—R. H.

made upon us? Where are the publications which are to support the renown earned in the olden time by the pens of our illustrious predecessors? Are we, Gentlemen, are we, I say, to look for them in the pages of—‘The Salt-bearer?’”

(Here the President was interrupted by an universal murmur of indignation, in the midst of which MICHAEL OAKLEY rose, and, with much difficulty, succeeded in making himself heard.)

“Mr. President,—I dissent from, *in limine*, and disapprove of, *in toto*, any mention of ‘The Saltbearer.’ ‘The Saltbearer’ has done nothing,—(*Hear, hear, hear,*)—and is nothing to us; and I don’t see what right we have to meddle with him.”

(“Very true.”—from JOSEPH LOZELL.)

MARTIN STERLING rose.—It was evident that strong scruples had pervaded the minds of the Meeting, as to the propriety of attacking their schoolfellow, and all appeared anxious to hear the opinion of a gentleman who bore so high a character for honour and integrity as Mr. Sterling. His speech was delivered nearly in the following words:—

“GENTLEMEN,—I will state to you briefly the reasons which induced me to hope that our worthy President may be allowed to continue his remarks on the ‘Eton Salt-bearer.’ In the first place, I think we shall act with perfect justice towards the Editor of that work, if we take his conduct as the rule for ours. Has Mr. Book-worm shown any regard for the characters of his fellow-citizens? The whole of his work is calculated to bring disgrace upon the school collectively, and upon each of us individually.—(*Hear, hear.*)—His three Numbers appear to me deliberate libels upon the abilities of our generation; but I am more particularly disgusted with the indecorous and unjust insinuation conveyed by the letter of Senex, in No. III., which attributes to the Etonians of the present day, not merely a thoughtless foible, or a casual error, but a malicious spirit of ill-nature, by which I am sure our schoolfellows are never influenced.—(*Cries of Right, right, never!*)—But, independent of these considerations, I am of opinion that the President should state at once the motives on which he grounds a design, which I understand he is about to submit to us; that this design may stand or fall by those motives.”—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

Mr. OAKLEY attempted no reply, but preserved a sullen silence; upon which the President resumed:—

“GENTLEMEN,—It is of course a disagreeable task to speak with severity of a schoolfellow; and I shall therefore only allude to ‘The Saltbearer’ as far as is necessary for the prosecution of my own design. The murmurs, which I have just heard, prove to me that your opinion of the work coincides with my own.—(*Perfectly*, from Lozell;—*No*, from Oakley.) You think with me, that the work is not calculated to reflect credit on Eton. You may, perhaps, answer, that the publication was set on foot without the concurrence, or even the knowledge of the senior members of the school, and persisted in, notwithstanding the decided disapprobation of the community at large.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)—This, to be sure, is well known within the bounds of the College; and to some few at the Universities who keep up

a direct communication with Eton. But it is not so with the majority of those, who, from old associations, or a respect for the school, interest themselves in its welfare; and were gratified with the annunciation of the work, though disappointed and disgusted with the execution.—(*Hear.*)—By readers of this description it is believed, that the united efforts of Etonian talent are concentrated in ‘The Salt-bearer.’ Let it be remembered also, that the jealousy of other public schools is anxiously on the watch for an instance of our degradation in literature, and equally ready to take any advantage, as a certain one proved itself upon occasion of the paltry victory which it gained over us in the cricket field. The ‘Salt-bearer,’ Gentlemen, has gone forth to battle in the name of *you all*!—(*Murmurs.*)—I perceive that you think—you feel—as I do; and I will therefore no longer delay the question which I propose for your discussion:—‘What remedy is to be devised for the evil complained of?’”

Here the confusion was so great, in consequence of the number of Gentlemen who delivered their opinions at the same time, that it is impossible for me to report the proceedings with any degree of accuracy. GOLIGHTLY wished to know in what manner the title of ‘Salt-bearer’ was applicable to the work in question?—Sir FRANCIS defended the name, as fit and appropriate, for Mr. B. B. had really acted the part of a Montem Salt-bearer; who gives you a bit of *worthless paper* in exchange for *sterling money*.—Sir Francis was proceeding, when his voice became inaudible, amidst loud shouts of applause, intermingled with faint cries of *Order, order*!—*No politics*!—Mr. LOZELL chimed in with each member’s opinion, with a “decidedly,” “obviously,” “no doubt;” to which Mr. OAKLEY subjoined his “nonsense,” “absurd,” “ridiculous.”

The tumult having subsided, the PRESIDENT resumed:—

“Gentlemen,—I will therefore detain from you no longer the proposition I have to submit to you. It is my earnest recommendation that we should endeavour to efface, by our own efforts, humble as they may be, the effects produced by the Eton Salt-bearer; and that for this purpose a periodical publication be immediately started, under the auspices of the King of Clubs.”

The warmth and eagerness which had been evinced by several Honourable Gentlemen for an opportunity to express their sentiments, died into perfect silence; except that Mr. Musgrave continued to mutter, with a truly ludicrous *nonchalance*, “strange new coach;”—“cursed rough road;”—“take care your cattle are in good condition before you leave the office.” A mistrust of their own powers, accompanied by a due sense of the importance and difficulty of the attempt, prevented the other members from closing with the plan, and expressing the satisfaction they felt at the proposal of it. Each remained looking on his neighbour; and there were two or three murmurs of—“interference with study;”—“danger of ridicule;”—“disapproved of by those in authority.”

Mr. COURTENAY, in a luminous and forcible manner, obviated these objections to his proposal. He represented, that the few hours which the prosecution of this design would occupy, need not interfere in the slightest

degree with those studies, which ought, of course, to be our primary consideration; and that the advantages to be derived from the early cultivation of English composition would amply compensate for the inroads it would make upon our leisure hours. He argued that the world at large, and our fellow-citizens in particular, would be far from casting ridicule on a work begun from praiseworthy motives, and continued on honourable principles.—(*Hear, hear.*)—He next pointed out the absurdity of the idea, that our instructors, whose constant hope is for our welfare, whose constant study is for our improvement, should object to a work, whose principal design is to remove the obloquy which has been brought, by means of “The Salt-bearer,” both on the talents of the School, and the attention of its conductors.—(*Hear, hear.*)—The worthy Chairman then closed his remarks in the following manner:—“there is still one objection to my design, which I deem it proper to notice; it has been frequently urged, that it is the province of boys rather to *learn* than to *teach*. I acquiesce, Gentlemen, in the justice of this remark; and I am of opinion that our progress in learning would be very much furthered by the adoption of my proposal. For we shall find it necessary to *read* before we can *write*; before we discuss a subject, we must learn what has been said of it by older and wiser men: and we shall thus combine the improvement of ourselves with the amusement of our schoolfellows.—(*Applause.*)—I will now detain you no longer.—If you think that I have successfully combated the objections which your diffidence has brought forward, I can assure you that you will find in the citizens of our little world a competent and an unprejudiced jury.”

The worthy President resumed his seat amidst loud and repeated cheering.

The Hon. GERARD MONTGOMERY supported the Chairman’s arguments with great ability.

It is needless to pursue the Hon. Gentleman’s arguments; his efforts, combined with those of the President, produced such complete success, that the feeling of the Meeting appeared to be unanimous, and even Oakley refrained from expressing his dissent.

The PRESIDENT then rose, and briefly addressed the assembly as follows:—

“GENTLEMEN,—Finding that you are agreed on the subject of my original proposal, I will beg your attention, while I submit to your consideration a list of Resolutions which I hold in my hand. For this purpose I move that the House do now resolve itself into a Committee.

Sir FRANCIS WENTWORTH seconded the motion; which was carried, *nem. diss.*

The Committee having duly considered the Resolutions laid before them by the Chairman, and several additions and omissions having taken place in the original copy, at the instance of various members, Mr. P. Courtenay was requested to resume the Chair, and to read over the Resolutions in their amended state. They were as follows:—

RESOLVED,

I. That a new Publication be set on foot by the King of Clubs.

II. That the said work be called “THE ETONIAN.”

III. That the said work appear in Monthly Numbers, on the plan of a Miscellany, calculated to embrace every species of composition, except those hereafter to be specified.

IV. That although the Members of the Club conceive the publication of youthful productions to be in general detrimental to the prospects of maturity; yet, under existing circumstances, they feel that they act properly in courting that publicity, which is contrary, certainly to their wishes, and probably to their interests.

V. That the Members of the Club consider it the duty of all those who are interested in upholding the reputation of Eton, and more especially the Members of the Club, to lend their strenuous and hearty support to the undertaking, and that they be cordially invited thereto.

VI. That no article be received which is not certified to have been the *bona fide* production of an Etonian.

VII. That all religious controversy be excluded.

VIII. That no articles of a political tendency be admitted.

IX. That all satirical allusions of a personal nature be carefully avoided.

X. That no translations (however good) be accepted.

XI. That a difference in opinion with the Members of the Club be no impediment to the insertion of articles which may, in other respects, be deemed worthy of publication.

XII. That no anonymous contributions be inserted.

XIII. That bashful writers, in sending their favours to the Club, be directed to inclose their names in a separate scrap of paper, which paper shall be destroyed unopened, in the event of the rejection of the article which it accompanies.

XIV. That the strictest secrecy be observed by the Members of the Club with regard to the contributions of their correspondents.

XV. That the Club do meet *de die in diem*, for the inspection of articles, and transaction of general business.

XVI. That communications (post paid) be addressed to the care of Mr. C. KNIGHT, Castle-street, Windsor.

XVII. That Mr. Secretary HODGSON be requested to report from time to time the proceedings of the Club.

XVIII. That the conductors of the work do not consider themselves qualified to act as censors of our little community.

XIX. That to impute to their fellow-citizens any follies which are not in actual existence, be considered dishonourable, and unbecoming the character of an Etonian.

XX. That the Members of the Club forbear to attack, *with severity*, the harmless follies which do really exist among their companions, to which they consider themselves equally liable with the rest of their schoolfellows.

XXI. That, in particular, they have no objection to a pot of beer.

XXII. That (with all due deference to Mr. Benjamin Bookworm) it is their opinion, that an Etonian may occasionally smoke a cigar without being considered a blackguard.

XXIII. That an assumed superiority over his schoolfellows does not, in our opinion, constitute "a clever fellow."

XXIV. That any Member or Members who shall endeavour, in any way, to undermine the credit of the publication, be considered guilty of high treason against the King of Clubs, his crown and dignity; and that such Member or Members be sentenced to write an article (the length to be determined by the Club), on pain of immediate expulsion.

XXV. That any Member or Members who use not their best endeavours for the furtherance of this design, be considered guilty of petty treason against the aforesaid King of Clubs, his crown and dignity; and that the penalty of such offence be the purchase of a proportionate number of copies.

XXVI. That should the sale not cover the expenses, a subscription be set on foot by the Members of the Club to defray the deficiency.

It may be imagined, from the diversity of tastes and opinions to be found in our Club, that these Resolutions were not carried without much dissension. Perhaps a brief account of the discussions which each Resolution gave rise to may serve to illustrate the characters of the disputants, and more clearly elucidate the principles on which each was founded.

The first Resolution was carried unanimously. It may be right to observe in this place, that when I used the word unanimously, the expression by no means refers to my respected but somewhat eccentric friend, Mr. Michael Oakley; his character for pertinacity is so well understood, that an objection coming from him is seldom noticed, unless supported by the opinion of some more reasonable member. He is, as it were, a cipher at our sittings, which is of no weight or value without the addition of a figure.

The second produced a long and violent debate, in the course of which most of the Gentlemen present proposed for the forthcoming literary bantling the name which best suited his fancy.

Mr. Allen Le Blanc,	<i>Etonenses Disputationes.</i>
Mr. Sterling,	<i>The Eton Monitor.</i>
Hon. G. Montgomery,	<i>Horæ Etonenses.</i>
Mr. Musgrave,	<i>The Royal Eton Mail.</i>
Mr. Rowley,	<i>Regules Epulæ, or Olla Podrida.</i>

It should be noticed that the fumes of the punch had by this time somewhat ruffled the serenity of Mr. O'Connor's brain. He had fallen by degrees into a kind of stupor, from which he was roused by Mr. M'Farlane, who tapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming,—“Weel, Paddy,—and what name or title do you recommend?”—to which Mr. O'Connor replied with an “Och! Honey!” and “*Honey*” was immediately committed to paper, as Mr. O'Connor's suggestion. But whether Mr. O'Connor had at this moment a sufficiently clear intellect to understand the question which was put to him is to this time an ambiguity.

The members were still in hot dispute upon the comparative merits of their respective proposals, when the PRESIDENT rose.—He said “he preferred his original idea, ‘The Etonian,’ to any which had been brought forward. It was simple, unaffected, and embraced as well the labours of Etonians who have preceded us, as of those of a more modern date.” The President observed, that the name of ‘The Etonian’ had been recommended to him by a friend, for whom he was sure all present, in common with himself, felt the most sincere esteem.—(*Cries of name, name.*)—The President gave the name of the gentleman alluded to, which was hailed with loud acclamations, and the blank in the Resolution was immediately and unanimously filled up by the title of ‘The Etonian.’

Mr. GOLIGHTLY moved, as an Amendment to the third Resolution, “that the work should appear once a fortnight,” on the ground that sufficient interest was not kept up by a monthly publication: but it having been urged that such an arrangement would interfere too much with other and more important pursuits, Mr. Golightly withdrew his Amendment; and the Resolution, in its original state, was carried unanimously.

Upon the fourth and fifth there was no disagreement.

The sixth produced a violent discussion. Mr. STERLING advised the rejection of all articles, but those who should be supplied by Etonians of the present day; while Mr. MONTGOMERY, whose acquaintance with the first literary characters in the country is very extensive, recommended that contributions should be received indiscriminately from all quarters. It was at length determined, on the suggestion of the PRESIDENT, that assistance should be admitted from all those who had received their education at Eton; the CHAIRMAN at the same time observing, that such assistance could only be expected from gentlemen who had resided here within the recollection of, and had been in habits of intimacy with, the members of the Club.

MARTIN STERLING argued, with considerable vehemence, against the adoption of the seventh; maintaining that no topic could convey so much information to a youthful mind, as a due investigation of the principles of our religion. Messrs. GOLIGHTLY and MUSGRAVE replied to his observations; the former with that union of polish and originality which is a distinguishing feature of his character; the latter with all the quaint, though low humour, which has so often set the table in a roar.

The Resolution was finally passed by a large Majority.

*Dissentient.*

Martin Sterling.  
Allen Le Blanc.

Michael Oakley.

The eighth was also productive of a violent, but to the reader an uninteresting debate. Upon a division, the following gentlemen appeared in the minority against it:—

Sir F. Wentworth.  
Allen Le Blanc.

Martin Sterling.  
Michael Oakley.

The ninth called up Mr. PATRICK O'CONNOR; who, in a true Irish brogue, "hoped he should be allowed an occasional lick at the Salt-bearer." Mr. M'FARLANE thought that satirical remarks on "sic a carl" were quite allowable, and was proceeding to make some humorous personal observations on Mr. Bookworm, when he was interrupted by the PRESIDENT, who said he was confident that the Meeting would see the gross impropriety of the course the Hon. Gentleman was pursuing; he considered nothing so unbecoming the character of a gentleman as the slightest allusion to the personal defects of a schoolfellow. However such a proceeding might suit with Mr. Bookworm's notions of honourable conduct, he was sure it was utterly inconsistent with the principles of the *King of Clubs*.

The President's concluding declaration was loudly cheered, and the Resolution was carried by acclamation.

The tenth was added to the President's original list, at the instance of Mr. MUSGRAVE; who said that he had never found a translation from the Classics which was not "a *hackney coach*."

Mr. LE BLANC hoped an exception would be made in favour of a translation from Lucretius, upon which he had spent much labour.

Mr. ROWLEY hopes to find a corner for the reception of a translation of an ancient manuscript bearing the name of Apicius.

Mr. O'CONNOR wished to know whether the restriction applied to a version in Greek hexameters of

" Oh! Gra! sweet Mrs. Flanigan."

The Hon. G. MONTGOMERY observed that he considered nothing prettier than an ode of Horace elegantly turned.

In conclusion, the Resolution was carried *nem. diss.*; but it was decided that Mr. O'CONNOR's production, being something out of the common way, should be inspected, and inserted, if the Club should think proper.

The eleventh produced no discussion.

Upon the twelfth being put, Mr. GOLIGHTLY desired to be informed what object would be gained by departing from the usual course in this respect?

Mr. COURTENAY replied, that unless such a rule were enforced, it would be impossible to ascertain whether any composition was the actual production of an Etonian.

To the thirteenth no material objection was made.—N. B. It was found impossible to make it comprehensible to Messrs. O'Connor and Musgrave. The first thought it very unfair to destroy a paper without opening it. The latter did not approve of any underhand practices in the *way-bills*, neither would he consent that *passengers* should be *booked* under false names.

The fourteenth passed without altercation. Mr. O'CONNOR, however, was particularly inquisitive as to the extent of the penalty to be levied on the transgressors of this regulation.

Upon the fifteenth and sixteenth the Meeting was unanimous.

The seventeenth having been agreed to, Mr. ROWLEY inquired whether the rule extended to the publication of their *bill of fare*; and Messrs. GOLIGHTLY, MUSGRAVE, and O'CONNOR, begged that the Secretary might be particularly desired not to mention the number of glasses swallowed, or hereafter to be swallowed, by each member.

Mr. M. STERLING moved, as an Amendment to the eighteenth, "That this Meeting *do* consider themselves the censors of their little community, and that they *do* take notice of prevalent follies accordingly."

Mr. M. STERLING argued, at considerable length, in favour of his Amendment; urging, that the office of Censor was undertaken without scruple by Mr. Griffin, and had been always filled by his successors upon the same principle.

Mr. GOLIGHTLY hoped, that in the event of the adoption of the Amendment, no one would be very violent against a habit of running in debt.

Mr. M'FARLANE begged that no notice might be taken of "a guid gill of whisky toddy, in which he occasionally indulged, for the sake o' the Land o' Cakes."

Mr. ROWLEY insisted that no mention should be made of his favourite pudding.

Mr. O'CONNOR harangued, with great originality of expression, in favour of rowing; and begged that a slight tinge of *bargee-ism* might not be considered a *prevalent folly*.

Mr. MUSGRAVE hoped, that if Mr. Sterling thought proper to hold forth



against driving, an exception might be made in favour of himself, as he could not prevail on himself to forego *dandling the ribbons*.

The Amendment was ultimately thrown out, and the original motion carried without a division.

The nineteenth and twentieth were passed unanimously, and accompanied with cordial acclamations.

The twenty-first was carried *nem. diss.*—N. B. Mr. PATRICK O'CONNOR immediately testified how hearty an assent he gave to this Resolution, by calling for a gallon of beer, and inviting every member to follow his example in drinking—"Prosperity to 'The Etonian;'"—which was most cheerfully complied with.

The twenty-second was carried after some opposition from Mr. STERLING.

*Dissentient.*

Martin Sterling.  
Gerard Montgomery.

William Rowley.  
Michael Oakley.

Twenty-third, Mr. GOLIGHTLY thought a declaration of the Club's sentiments on this point unnecessary.

Mr. P. COURTENAY was sorry to be again compelled to allude to the "Salt-bearer;" but, after the very high ground which had been assumed by that publication, he conceived it proper to state that the "King of Clubs" set out upon different principles;—those of liberty and equality.—(*Loud cheering from Sir F. Wentworth.*)—No division took place.

Upon the proposal of the twenty-fourth, Sir F. WENTWORTH observed, that in England nothing was so vague or undefined as the law of High Treason. Before the Hon. Gentleman could apply his observation to the Resolution proposed, he was interrupted by loud cries of "*no Politics!*"

The Resolution was passed by a large majority.

*Dissentient.*

F. Wentworth.  
Michael Oakley.

Upon the proposal of the twenty-fifth, the same gentlemen appeared in the minority.

The twenty-sixth produced no division, but had a manifest effect in lengthening the faces of several gentlemen present, particularly Mr. Burton.

*Resolved unanimously—*

XXVII. That the above Resolutions be adopted, and signed on behalf of the Meeting, by the Chairman.

(Signed)

PEREGRINE COURTENAY,  
Chairman.

Mr. Courtenay having left the Chair, the Hon. G. MONTGOMERY moved,

XXVIII. "That the thanks of the Club be given to Peregrine Courtenay, Esq., for his able and impartial conduct in the Chair, and that he be further requested to take upon himself the office of Editor of 'The Etonian.'"

The motion having been seconded by Mr. LE BLANC, was immediately put, and carried by acclamation.

Mr. COURTENAY returned thanks in a neat speech, in which he exhorted every one, at the breaking up of the Meeting, to retire with feelings of the most perfect unanimity and cordiality in the good cause, and to exert his

utmost abilities in that line of composition which was most agreeable to his own taste, and most likely to support the interests of "The Etonian." The worthy Chairman concluded by proposing our usual parting toast, our stirrup-cup,\* (to use Mr. M'Farlane's expression,) "The King of Clubs."

Previous to the separation of the Meeting, Mr. ROWLEY begged Mr. Golightly to *dish up* a song; which request being loudly reiterated, Mr. Golightly entertained us with the following original melody, which terminated the festivities of the Meeting:—

## I.

THE Monarch of Clubs is a jolly old cock,  
His joy is a bumper of excellent hock;  
His joy is a sirloin, his joy is a row,  
But he never has wielded a pen, till now.  
What madness has come o'er his Majesty's soul?  
He flies from the beef, and he flies from the bowl;  
He flies in a fit from the row and the revel,  
He's writtten a book,—and it's gone to the Devil.

## II.

Look, look at the press! what a sorrowful sight!  
His Majesty's raving in plain black and white;  
His Majesty's mad! for he wakes from his slumbers,  
To meditate pages, and talk about "Numbers:"  
His Majesty's mad; for he puns, like the Johnians,  
And surfeits on books, till he vomits "Etonians;"  
Oh! where is an end, or a cure for the Evil?  
His Majesty's mad, and he'll go to the Devil.

---

*Saturni, 14<sup>o</sup> die Octobris, 1820.*

THIS day the Club again met, pursuant to agreement, to discuss the measures which had been taken for the promotion of the design agreed upon at the last sitting. The names having been called over, the thanks of the Club were immediately voted to Mr. Secretary Hodgson for his accurate report of the proceedings of the 3d of October. It was, however, suggested, that it would be expedient that his reports of the proceedings, for the future, should not be so prolix, and that he be requested never to exceed the limits of one sheet. The PRESIDENT then addressed the Meeting as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I rise with great pleasure to inform you, that such has been the readiness displayed by all ranks of the School to encourage and support our undertaking, that the first number of 'The Etonian' will make its appearance in the ensuing week.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)—I will proceed to lay before you the articles which have been sent in by various and able contributors;—from these it will be in your power to form an opinion of the merits and demerits of the Publication, and I have little or no doubt that, judging from these specimens, you will augur favourably of our success."

Mr. COURTENAY then read to the Meeting numerous compositions on va-

\* N.B. Mr. P. O'Connor inquired whether the expression was derived from the verb to *stir-up*; and was much jeered by his Scotch neighbour, Mr. M'Farlane, for his ignorance of Caledonian customs

rious subjects, which will, either in our first or our future Numbers, be submitted to an impartial public.

Mr. LE BLANC then moved, that the thanks of the King of Clubs be presented to Mr. Martin Sterling, for his sensible and eloquent treatise on Juvenile Friendship. The motion having been seconded by Mr. BURTON, Mr. MICHAEL OAKLEY rose amidst loud cries of "Question," and gave much entertainment to his auditors by the following specimen of eloquence:—

"SIR,—Michael Oakley is not one who can be put down by clamour; I will stand buff.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)—I will stand buff, I say, until this tumult has ceased—(*Loud laughter, succeeded by a dead silence*),—and then I will move, as an Amendment, 'that a vote of censure be passed on Mr. Martin Sterling for'"—

Here an inclination to mirth, which had long been with difficulty restrained, burst out with such ungovernable violence, that Mr. Oakley's "vote of censure," and Mr. Courtenay's "order, order," were alike inaudible. When the tumult had again subsided, Mr. Oakley continued:—

"I say, gentlemen, that I move that a vote of censure be passed upon Mr. Martin Sterling, for his direct and manifest infringement of one of the fundamental laws of our project. You yourselves determined, at our last sitting, that the King of Clubs should not esteem itself competent to the office of Censor over our schoolfellows, yet Mr. Martin Sterling has ventured to hold out a threat totally inconsistent with the spirit of this Resolution. I am aware that the majority is usually against me.—(*Hear, hear.*)—But I care not for this. I have an opinion of my own.—(*Hear, hear.*)—I do not knock under to that of other people. I am not a sycophant.—(*No, no.*)—I am not an umbra.—(*Laughter, and cries of hear.*)—I am not a flatterer.—(*Bravo.*)—No, gentlemen, I am a—"

Here the disorder was so great, that the Hon. Gentleman was obliged to resume his seat, before the Hon. Gentleman could conclude his *description* of himself; upon which Mr. GOLIGHTLY observed, that his Hon. Friend continued unwillingly a *non-descript*.

No one appearing to second Mr. Oakley's Amendment, the original motion was put, and carried unanimously, with the usual exception of Mr. Oakley's single dissentient voice. The PRESIDENT, in delivering the Thanks of the Meeting to Mr. Sterling, said, that if the Hon. Gentleman proceeded to put his threat in execution, it would be for the Meeting to determine how far the strict observance of the eighteenth Resolution might be dispensed with. Mr. STERLING, in returning thanks, assured the Meeting that in future he would be so guarded in his most minute observations, that not even his Hon. Friend Mr. Michael Oakley should have occasion to find fault with the license of his pen.

The Thanks of the Meeting were then unanimously given to the following gentlemen, who severally made their acknowledgments:—

To Mr. Golightly, for his Essay on Nicknames, his Remarks on the Practical Bathos, and on the Practical Asyndeton.

To the Hon. G. Montgomery, for his "Lines on the Coliseum."

To Sir F. Wentworth, for "Liberty and Dependence, an Allegory," and for his "Thoughts on the words *Turn Out.*"

To Mr. Le Blanc, for his paper entitled "Darkness."

To Mr. O'Connor, for his poetical description of "The Wedding of Phelim O'Shane."

To Mr. M'Farlane, for "The Bogle of Anneslie, a Tale."

To Mr. Musgrave, for his "Essay on the Whip-Hand."

To Mr. Burton, for his "Study of the Main Chance."

To Mr. Rowley, for his "Dissertation on a Beef-Steak," and his Poetry on Ditto.

To Mr. Lozell, for his "Essay on the Art of saying Yes."

To Mr. Oakley, for his "Essay on the Art of saying No."

The two last-mentioned names occasioned much mirth among the Members. When the laughter and applause had ceased, Mr. Courtenay again rose, and informed the Meeting, that several contributions had been received from Etonians not belonging to the Club, who were unwilling to have their names disclosed. He therefore moved, "That the Thanks of the King of Clubs be given to all contributors, and all well-wishers to 'The Etonian'; and that Mr. Secretary Hodgson be requested to communicate the same."

Mr. STERLING seconded the motion, which was carried by acclamation.

The PRESIDENT next observed, that he had received a communication from the Conductors of the *Apis Matina*, stating that any pieces which had appeared in that Miscellany were at the service of the Editor of "The Etonian."—(*Hear, hear, hear !*)

He further informed the Club, that he had accordingly selected, from the above-mentioned work, four pieces for insertion in the first Number of "The Etonian," viz. :—"The Temple of Diana at Ephesus;" "Edith;" "Genius;" and "Laura." And he concluded by moving, that the thanks of the King of Clubs be given to the Conductors of the *Apis Matina* for their obliging offer.

Mr. MONTGOMERY seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. STERLING rose to state, that while he coincided in every sentiment which had fallen from the President at the last meeting, upon the subject of the "Salt-bearer," he could not but express his utter disapprobation of any thing like a paper war. He conceived that enough had been said upon this disagreeable topic, and hoped that "The Etonian" would not degrade itself by any future mention of the "Salt-bearer."—(*Hear, hear.*)

The PRESIDENT said, that he was confident Mr. Sterling's observations expressed the sense of the meeting; at the same time it was his opinion that, in their first Number, it was incumbent upon them to state openly to the world the ground on which the measure originated. This done, he was sure the members of the Club would see the propriety of abstaining from petty disputes, which would be alike degrading to themselves, and uninteresting to their readers.—(*Loud cries of hear, hear.*)

The thanks of the Meeting were then voted to the President for his conduct in the chair.

Mr. COURTENAY returned thanks, and hoped that their next Meeting would be for the purpose of celebrating the success of the first Number of "The Etonian."—The Meeting then adjourned.

RICHARD HODGSON,

*Knave of Clubs.*

SECRETARY.

## RHYME AND REASON.

“Non eadem est ætas, non mens.”—HORACE.

HE whose life has not been one continued monotony ; he who has been susceptible of different passions, opposite in their origins and effects, needs not to be told, that the same objects, the same scenes, the same incidents, strike us in a variety of lights, according to the temper and inclination with which we survey them. To borrow an illustration from external senses,—if we are situated in the centre of a shady valley, our view is confined and our prospect bounded ; but if we ascend the topmost heights of the mountain by which that valley is overshadowed, the eye wanders luxuriantly over a perpetual succession of beautiful objects, until the mental faculties appear to catch new freedom from the extension of the sight ; we breathe a purer air, and are inspired with purer emotions.

Thus it is with men who differ from each other in their tastes, their studies or their professions. They look on the same external objects with a different internal perception ; and the view which they take of surrounding scenes is beautified or distorted, according to their predominant pursuit, or their prevailing inclination.

We were led into this train of ideas by a visit which we lately paid to an old friend, who, from a strong taste for agricultural pursuits, has abandoned the splendor and absurdity of a town life, and devoted to the cultivation of a large farming establishment, in a picturesque part of England, all the advantages of a strong judgment and a good education. His brother, on the contrary, who was a resident at the farm during our visit, has less of sound understanding than of ardent genius, and is more remarkable for the warmth of his heart than the soundness of his head. In short, to describe them in a word, Jonathan sees with the eye of a merchant, and Charles with that of an enthusiast ; Jonathan is a man of business, and Charles is a poet. The contrast between their tempers is frequently the theme of conversation at the social meetings of the neighbourhood ; and it is always found that the old and the grave shake their heads at the almost boyish enthusiasm of Charles ; while the young and the imprudent indulge in severe sarcasms at the mercenary and uninspired moderation of his brother. All parties however concur in admiring the uninterrupted cordiality which subsists between them, and in laughing good-humouredly at the various whims and foibles of

these opposite characters, who are known throughout the country by the titles of "Rhyme" and "Reason."

We arrived at the farm as Jonathan was sitting down to his substantial breakfast. We were delighted to see our old friend, now in the decline of life, answering so exactly the description of Cowper,—

"An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,  
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within."

We felt an inward satisfaction in contemplating his frieze coat, whose *débüt* we remember to have witnessed five years ago, and in speculating upon the snows which five additional winters had left upon his head since our last interview. It was some time before we recovered sufficiently from our reverie to inquire after the well-being of our younger companion, who had not yet made his appearance at the board.—"Oh!" said Jonathan, "Charles is in his heyday years; we must indulge him for the present: we can't expect such regularity from five-and-twenty as from six-and-fifty." He had hardly done speaking when a loud halloo sounded as the avant-courier of Charles's approach, and in less than a minute he presented himself before us.—"Ten thousand pardons!" he cried. "One's enough," said his brother. "I've seen the finest sunrise," said Charles. "You're wet through," said Jonathan. "I'm all over rapture," said Rhyme. "You're all over dirt," said Reason.

With some difficulty Charles was persuaded to retire for the re-adjustment of his dress, while the old man continued his meal with a composure which proved he was not unused to the morning excursions of his volatile yoke-fellow. By the time he had got through his beef-steak, and three columns of the *Courier*, Charles re-entered, and despatched the business of eating with a rapidity in which many a modern half-starved rhymers would be glad to emulate him. A walk was immediately proposed; but the one had scarcely reached an umbrella, and the other prepared his manuscript book, when a slight shower of rain prevented our design.—"Provoking," said Rhyme. "Good for the crop," said Reason.

The shower, however, soon ceased, and a fine clear sun encouraged us to resume our intentions, without fear of a second disappointment. As we walked over the estate, we were struck with the improvements made by our friend, both as regarded the comfort and the value of the property; while now and then we could not suppress a smile on observing the rustic arbour which Charles had designed, or the verses which he had inscribed on our favourite old oak.

It was determined that we should ascend a neighbouring hill,

which was dear to us, from its having been the principal scene of our boyhood's amusements. "We must make haste," said Charles, "or we shall miss the view." "We must make haste," said Jonathan, "or we shall catch cold on our return." Their actions seemed always to amalgamate, though their motives were always different. We observed a tenant of our friend ploughing a small field, and stopped a short time to regard the contented appearance of the man, and the cheerful whistle with which he called to his cattle. "*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*," said the poet; "A poor team, though," said his brother.

Our attention was next excited by a level meadow, whose green hue, set off by the mixture of the white fleeces of a beautiful flock of sheep, was, to the observer of nature, a more enviable sight than the most studied landscape of Gainsborough's pencil. "Lovely colours!" ejaculated Charles;—"Fine mutton," observed Jonathan. "Delightful scene for a rustic hop!" cried the enthusiast;—"I am thinking of planting hops," said the farmer.

We reached the summit of the hill, and remained for some moments in silent admiration of one of the most variegated prospects that ever the country presented to the contemplation of its most ardent admirer. The mellow verdure of the meadows, intermingled here and there with the sombre appearance of ploughed land, the cattle reclining in the shade, the cottage of the rustic peeping from behind the screen of a luxuriant hedge, formed a *tout-ensemble* which every eye must admire, but which few pens can describe. "A delightful landscape!" said Charles; "A rich soil," said Jonathan. "What scope for description!" cried the first; "What scope for improvement!" returned the second.

As we returned, we passed the cottage of the peasant, whom we had seen at his plough in the morning. The family were busily engaged in their several domestic occupations. One little chubby-faced rogue was conducting Dobbin to his stable, another was helping his sister to coop up the poultry, and a third was incarcerating the swine, who made a vigorous resistance against their youthful antagonist. "Tender!" cried Rhyme;—he was listening to the nightingale. "Very tender!" replied Reason;—he was looking at the pigs.

As we drew near home, we met an old gentleman walking with his daughter, between whom and Charles a reciprocal attachment was said to exist. The lateness of the evening prevented much conversation, but the few words which were spoken again brought into contrast the opposite tempers of my friends. "A fine evening, Madam," said the man of sense, and bowed;—"I shall see you to-morrow, Mary!" said the lover, and pressed her

hand. We looked back upon her as she left us. After a pause,—“She is an angel!” sighed Charles;—“She is an heiress,” observed Jonathan. “She has ten thousand perfections!” cried Rhyme;—“She has ten thousand pounds,” said Reason.

We left them the next morning, and spent some days in speculations on the causes which enabled such union of affections to exist with such diversities of taste. For ourselves, we must confess, that while Reason has secured our esteem, Rhyme has run away with our hearts; we have sometimes *thought* with Jonathan, but we have always *felt* with Charles.

P. C.

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### THE EVE OF BATTLE.

“It is not yet near day. Come, go with me  
Under our tents. I’ll play the eaves-dropper.”—SHAKESPEARE.

THE night comes on, and o’er the field  
The moon shines bright on helm and shield;  
But there are many on that plain,  
That shall not see her light again:  
She looks serene on countless bands  
Of mailed breasts and steel-bound hands;  
And shows a thousand faces there,  
Of courage high, and dark despair;  
All mingled as the legions lie,  
Wrapt in their dreams of Victory.  
A lowering sound, of doubt and fear,  
Breaks sudden on the startled ear,  
And hands are clench’d, and cheeks are pale,  
And from bright blade and ringing mail  
A thousand hands, with busy toil,  
Clean off each ancient stain or soil;  
Or spots of blood, where truth may read  
For every drop a guilty deed.

Survey the crowds, who there await,  
In various mood, the shock of fate;



Who burn to meet, or strive to shun,  
The dangers of to-morrow's sun.  
Look on the husband's anxious tears,  
The hero's hopes, the coward's fears,  
The vices that e'en here are found,  
The follies that are hovering round ;  
And learn, that (treat it as you will)  
Our life must be a mockery still.  
Alas ! the same caprices reign,  
In courtly hall, or tented plain ;  
And the same follies are reveal'd,  
In ball-room, and in battle-field.

Turn to yon open tent, and see  
Where, drunk with youth and Burgundy,  
Reclines, his midnight revel o'er,  
The beau of battle, Theodore.—  
Before him, on his desk, he lays  
The billet-doux of other days ;  
And while he reads, his fancy lingers  
On those white hands and witching fingers,  
That traced the darling signatures—  
The “ yours till death ” and “ truly yours : ”—  
And, as by turns they meet his eye,  
He looks, and laughs, and throws them by,  
Until perchance some magic name  
Lights up a spark of former flame ;  
And then he ponders, in his trance,  
On Mary's love-inspiring glance,  
On Chloe's eye of glittering fire,  
And Laura's look of fond desire.  
Poor Theodore ! if valiant breast,  
And open heart, and song, and jest,  
And laughing lip, and auburn hair,  
And vow sent up by lady fair,

Can save a youthful warrior's life,—  
Thou fall'st not in to-morrow's strife.

Look yonder—on the dewy sward  
Tom Wittol lies—a brother bard;  
He lies, and ponders on the stars,  
On virtue, genius, and the wars;  
On dark ravines, and woody dells,  
On mirth and muses, shot and shells;  
On black mustachios, and White Surrey,  
On rhyme and sabres—death and Murray;  
Until at last his fancy glows,  
As if it felt to-morrow's blows;  
Anticipation fires his brain,  
With fights unfought, unslaughtered slain;  
And on the fray that—*is to be*,  
Comes forth a Dirge or Elegy:—  
And if he meets no heavier harm  
To-morrow from a foeman's arm,  
Than crack'd cuirass, or broken head,  
He'll hasten from his fever's bed,  
And, just broke loose from salve and lint,  
Rush, like a hero, into print;  
Heading his light and harmless prattle—  
“Lines—written on a field of battle.”  
Thou favoured bard—go boldly on,—  
The Muse shall guard her darling son;  
And when the musquet's steady aim  
Is levell'd at the pet of fame,  
The Muse shall check the impious crime,  
And shield thee with a ream of rhyme;  
But if 'tis doom'd, and fall thou must,  
Since bards, like other men, are dust,  
Upon the tomb where thou shalt sleep  
Phœbus and Mars alike shall weep;

And he that lov'd, but could not save,  
Shall write "Hic jacet" o'er thy grave.

What wight is that, whose distant nose  
Gives token loud of deep repose?  
What! honest Harry on the ground!  
I'faith thy sleep is wondrous sound,  
For one who looks, upon his waking,  
To sleep "the sleep that knows not breaking."  
But rest thee, rest! thou merriest soul  
That ever lov'd the circling bowl;  
I look upon his empty cup,  
And sudden tears uncall'd spring up;  
Perchance, in this abode of pother,  
Kind Harry may not drain another,  
But still our Comrades at the Bell  
Of Harry's prowess long shall tell;  
And dignify with well-earn'd praise  
The revelry of other days.  
And then the merry tale will run  
Of many a wager lost and won,  
On many a jest, and many a song,  
And many a peal of laughter long,  
That from our jovial circle broke  
At Harry's toast, or Harry's joke,  
Again, at Fancy's touch restor'd,  
Our old sirloin shall grace the board;  
Again at Fancy's touch shall flow  
The tap we drain'd an age ago.  
And thou, the soul of fun, the life  
Of noisy mirth and playful strife,  
May'st sleep in honour's worm-worn bed  
The dreamless slumber of the dead.  
But oft shall one sad heart at least  
Think on the smile, that never ceas'd

Its catching influence, till the earth  
 Clos'd o'er the lips that gave it birth.  
 I'll pour upon thy tranquil rest  
 The hallow'd bowl of Meux's best ;  
 And recollect, with smile and sigh,  
 Thy " beer with E, and bier with I."\*

Dazzle mine eyes ? or do I see †  
 Two glorious Suns of Chancery ?  
 The pride of Law appears the first,  
 And next, the pride of Moulsey Hurst.  
 Faithless and feeless, from the bar  
 Tim Quill is come to practise war :  
 Without a rival in the ring,  
 Brown Harry "*peels*" for Church and King.  
 Thus ever to your country's fights  
 Together go, ye kindred knights !  
 Congenial arts ye aye pursued ;  
 "*Daylight*" ye studied to exclude ;  
 And both of old were *known to Cribb*,  
 And both were very apt to *fib*.  
 Together go ; no foe shall stand  
 The vengeance of our country's brand,  
 When on his ranks together spring  
*Cross-buttocks* and *Cross-questioning*.

Sir Jacob arming ! what despair  
 Has snatch'd him from his elbow-chair ?  
 And hurried from his good old wine  
 The bachelor of fifty-nine ?

\* *Suum cuique* :—

" So that day I still hail with a smile and a sigh,  
 For his beer with an E, and his bier with an I."—CANNING.

† "*Edw.* Dazzle mine eyes ? or do I see three suns !

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun."—SHAKESPEARE.

What mighty cause has torn him thus  
Unwilling from "*suburban rus*,"  
Bade him desert his one-horse chaise,  
His old companions and "old ways;"  
Give up his Baccalaurean tattle,  
And quit the bottle—for the battle?  
Has he forgot, in martial ardour,  
His wig, his teapot, and his larder?  
Has he forgot—ungrateful Sub.—  
Champagne, backgammon, and—the club?  
Has he forgot his native earth,  
His sofa, and his decent hearth?  
Has he forgot his homely fare,  
And her, the maid with yellow hair,  
That dress'd the meat, and spread the board,  
Laid fuel on the fire, and pour'd  
In stream as sparkling as her eye,  
From its green gaol the Burgundy?  
That Hebe, in thy native town,  
Looks from her lattic'd window down,  
And, when the newsman paces by,  
Runs, with a sharp and fearful cry,  
And cheek all pale, and eye all wet,  
To seek thy name in the Gazette.  
What fate has bid her master roam  
An exile from his cheerful home?  
What! has his landlord turn'd him out?  
Is he gone mad with love—or gout?  
Has death impos'd his finger bony  
Upon his mistress—or his crony?  
Have sober matrons ceas'd to praise  
The lover of their youthful days?  
Are belles less eager to command,  
With wink and smile, his ready hand?

Fears he the sudden dissolution  
 Of club-house—or of constitution?  
 Has the last pipe of hock miscarried?  
 Has—I forget, last week he—*married*.

Thou too thy brilliant helm must don,  
 Etona's wild and wayward son,  
 Mad merry Charles.—While, beardless yet,  
 Thou look'st upon thy plume of jet,  
 Or smilest, as the clouds of night  
 Are drifted back by morning's light,  
 Thy boyish look, thy careless eyes,  
 Might wake the envy of the wise.  
 Six months have past, since thou didst rove  
 Unwilling through Etona's grove,  
 Trembling at many an ancient face  
 That met thee in that holy place;  
 To speak the plain and honest truth,  
 Thou wast no scholar in thy youth.  
 But now go forth—broke loose from school,  
 Kill and destroy by classic rule,  
 Or die in fight, to live in story,  
 As valiant Hector did before ye.  
 On! on! take forts and storm positions,  
 Break Frenchmen's heads—instead of Priscian's,  
 And seek in death and conflagration  
 A *gradus* to thy reputation.  
 Yet, when the war is loud and high,  
 Thine old mistakes will round thee fly;  
 And still, in spite of all thy care,  
 False quantities will haunt thee there;  
 For thou wilt make, amidst the throng,  
 Or ζωη short, or κλεος long.

Methinks I know that figure bold,  
 And stalwart limbs of giant mould!

'Tis he—I know his ruddy face,  
My tried staunch friend, Sir Matthew Chase.  
His snore is loud, his slumber deep,  
Yet dreams are with him in his sleep,  
And Fancy's visions oft recall  
The merry Hunt and jovial Hall—  
And oft replace before his sight  
The bustle of to-morrow's fight.  
In swift succession o'er his brain,  
Come fields of corn, and fields of slain ;  
And, as the varying image burns,  
Blood and blood-horses smoke by turns ;  
The five-barr'd gate and muddy ditch,  
Smolensko and “ the spotted bitch,”  
Parisian puppies—English dogs—  
“ Begar” and “ damme,”—beef and frogs,  
In strange unmeaning medley fly  
Before poor Nimrod's wandering eye.  
He speaks ! what murmuring stifled sounds  
Burst from his throat : “ Why, madam ! zounds !  
“ Who scar'd me with that Gorgon face ?  
“ I thought I saw my Lady Chase !”

And thou too, Clavering—Humour's son !  
Made up of wisdom and of fun !  
Medley of all that's dark and clear,  
Of all that's foolish, all that's dear,  
Tell me what brings thee here to die,  
Thou prince of eccentricity ?  
Poor Arthur ! in his childhood's day  
He cared so little for his play,  
And wore so grave and prim a look,  
And cried so, when he miss'd his book,  
That aunts were eager to presage  
The glories of his riper age,

And fond mamma in him foresaw  
The bulwark of the British law,  
And Science from her lofty throne  
Look'd down and mark'd him for her own.  
Ah! why did flattery come at school  
To tinge him with a shade of fool!  
Alas! what clever plans were crost!  
Alas! how wise a judge was lost!  
Without a friend to check or guide,  
He hurried into fashion's tide,  
He aped each folly of the throng,  
Was all by turns, and nothing long;  
Through varying tastes and modes he flew,  
Dress—boxing—racing—dice—Virtu,  
Now looking blue in sentimentals,  
Now looking red in regimentals,  
Now impudent, and now demure,  
Now blockhead—and now connoisseur,  
Now smoking at "the Jolly Tar,"  
Now talking Greek with Doctor Parr,  
A friend by turns to saints and sinners,  
Attending lectures, plays, and dinners,  
The Commons' House, and Common Halls,  
Chapels of Ease—and Tattersall's;  
Skilful in fencing, and in fist,  
Blood—critic—jockey—methodist;  
Causeless alike in joy or sorrow,  
Tory to-day, and Whig to-morrow,  
All habits and all shapes he wore,  
And lov'd, and laugh'd, and pray'd, and swore:  
And now some instantaneous freak,  
Some peevish whim, or jealous pique  
Has made the battle's iron show'r  
The hobby of the present hour,  
And bade him seek, in steel and lead,  
An opium for a rambling head.



A cannon ball will prove a pill  
To lull what nothing else can still ;  
And I, that prophecy his doom,  
Will give him all I can—a tomb,  
And—o'er a pint of *half and half*,  
Compose poor Arthur's epitaph :—  
“ Here, join'd in death, th' observer sees  
“ Plato—and Alcibiades ;—  
“ A mixture of the grave and funny,  
“ A famous dish of Salmagundi.”

Allan M'Gregor ! from afar  
I see him 'midst the ranks of war,  
That all around are rising fast  
From slumbers that may be their last ;  
I know him by his Highland plaid,  
Long borne in foray and in raid,  
His scarf all splash'd with dust and gore,  
His nodding plume and broad claymore ;  
I know him by that eagle eye,  
Where foemen read their destiny ;  
I know him by that iron brow,  
That frowns not, burns not, quails not now,  
Though life and death are with the ray  
That redly dawns upon to-day.  
Woe to the wretch whose single might  
Copes with dark Allan in the fight ;  
He knows not mercy—knows not fear ;  
The pibroch has to Allan's ear  
A clearer and a sweeter note  
Than mellow strains that blithely float  
From lyre or lute, in courtly throng,  
Where Beauty smiles upon the song.  
Of artful wiles against his foe  
Nothing he knows or cares to know ;

*The Eve of Battle.*

Far less he reck's of polish'd arts,  
 The batteries in the siege of hearts.  
 And hence the minions of the ton,  
 While fair and foolish dames look on,  
 Laugh at old Allan's awkward bow,  
 His stern address, and haughty brow.  
 Laugh they?—when sounds the hollow drum,  
 And banded legions onward come,  
 And life is won by ready sword,  
 By strength to strike and skill to ward,  
 Those tongues, so brave in woman's war,  
 Those cheeks unstain'd by scratch or scar,  
 Shall owe their safety in the fight  
 To hoary Allan's arm of might.

Close to the clansman's side is seen  
 Dame Fortune's soldier, James M'Lean.  
 I know him well—no novice he  
 In warfare's murderous theory;  
 Amidst the battle's various sound,  
 While bullets flew like hail around,  
 M'Lean was born; in scenes like this  
 He past his earliest hours of bliss:  
 Cradled in war, the fearless child  
 Look'd on the scene of blood, and smil'd;  
 Toy'd with the sabre of the Blues,  
 Long ere he knew its hellish use;  
 His little fingers lov'd to feel  
 The bayonet's bright point of steel,  
 Or made his father's helmet ring  
 With beating up—"God save the King."  
 Those hours of youthful glee are fled;  
 The thin grey hairs are on his head;  
 Of youth's hot current nought remains  
 Within the ancient warrior's veins.

Yet, when he hears the battle-cry,  
His spirit beats as wild and high  
As on the day that saw him wield  
His virgin sword in battle-field;  
The eve on which his comrades found him,  
With England's colours wrapt around him,  
His face turn'd upwards, and his hand  
Still twin'd around his trusty brand,  
As, spent with wounds, and weak with toil,  
He lay upon the bloody soil.  
E'en now, though swift advancing years  
Might well decline this life of fears,  
Though the deep scars upon his breast  
Show claim to honourable rest,  
He will not quit what time has made  
His joy, his habit, and his trade.  
He envies not the peasant's lot,  
His cheerful hearth, and humble cot;  
Encampments have to him become  
As constant, and as dear a home.

Such are the hearts of steel, whom War  
Binds in their cradle to his car,  
And leaves them in their latter day,  
With honour, medals, and half-pay,  
Burthen'd with all the cares of life,  
Repentance—asthma—and a wife.

And what am I who thus can choose  
Such subject for so light a muse?  
Who wake the smile, and weave the rhyme,  
In such a scene, at such a time.  
Mary! whose pure and holy kiss  
Is still a cherish'd dream of bliss,  
When last I saw thy bright blue eye,  
And heard thy voice of melody,

*The Eve of Battle.*

And felt thy timid mild caress,  
I was all hope—all joyousness!  
We parted—and the morrow's sun—  
Oh God! my bliss was past and done;  
The lover's hope, the husband's vow—  
Where were they then?—ah! where wert *thou*?

Mary! thou vision lov'd and wept,  
Long years have past since thou hast slept,  
Remov'd from gaze of mortal eye,  
The dreamless sleep of those that die;  
Long years!—yet has not past away  
The memory of that fatal day,  
When all thy young and faded grace  
Before me lay in Death's embrace.

A throb of madness and of pain  
Shot through my heart, and through my brain;  
I felt it then, I feel it now,  
Though time is stamp'd upon my brow;  
Though all my veins grow cold with age,  
And o'er my memory's fading page  
Oblivion draws her damning line,  
And blots all images—save thine.

Thou left'st me—and I did become  
An alien from my house and home;  
A phantom in life's busy dream;  
A bubble on misfortune's stream;  
Condemn'd through varying scenes to rove,  
With nought to hope,—and nought to love;  
No inward motive, that can give  
Or fear to die, or wish to live.

Away, away! Death rides the breeze!  
There is no time for thoughts like these;

Hark ! from the foeman's distant camp  
I hear their chargers' sullen tramp ;  
On ! valiant Britons, to the fight !  
On ! for St. George, and England's right !  
Green be the laurel—bright the meed,  
Of those that shine in martial deed !  
Short be the pang—swift pass the breath,  
Of those that die a Soldier's death !

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### A VISIT TO ETON.

*To the Editor of the Etonian.*

SIR,

I SHOULD think that no one unless he is a misanthrope, or a methodist, which is little better, can pass through Eton without being amused at the various looks, sizes, and occupations of the motley group of which that Lilliputian world is composed. Methinks I hear one of them say, in all the dignity of offended pride, "Softly, Mr. —, not so Lilliputian; there are A—, T—, S—, E—, six feet high; and I myself, though far from being one of the biggest, would easily chastise you for your impertinence." Boys still they all are, and boyish are their habits. I hope, however, I shall not be known as the author of these opinions, or the next time I visit Eton I shall meet with a sorry reception. Whether it is that my countenance is not very repulsive, my dress not very extraordinary, and my appearance on the whole not singular, I passed through the Quadrangle, (as it happened, particularly crowded,) without being so much quizzed as I expected; for, after the alarming stories which I had heard of the practical jokes of Etonians, it required no small resolution to encounter the mirth of such a formidable body of humourists. Once, to be sure, I heard a whisper, remarking it as very odd that I should wear gaiters under my trowsers; and a second time, when I happened to turn round on a sudden, I surprised a circle of dashing young fellows laughing at my look behind, where I suppose the cut of my coat was not according to the newest fashion. Some of them I recognised as old acquaintances, having seen them the evening before parading on the Terrace of Windsor Castle. The approaching school hour did not appear at all to have changed or saddened their looks, for they were laughing, quizzing, and flitting about, exactly in the

way which first attracted my attention on the Royal Promenade. They all had books, some very gay ones, others such as hardly deserved the name, an inconsistency which I was at a loss to reconcile, unless it were that the first-mentioned had caught the infection of their master's finery. Here and there a cluster of Collegers, with their black gowns, had a good effect among the many varied colours which the greater proportion displayed : indeed I am so far bigotted that I never could have imagined a place of learning without some such classical costume. It was not easy to mistake the settled step, the sedate demeanour, and the pallid and rather sickly hue, which marked the countenances of those boys, whom, for the want of a more expressive name, with which I dare say the Eton vocabulary could supply me, I shall call the *studious*—such as I could picture to myself never mixing in the sports of their schoolfellows, and preferring a problem of Euclid to the finest game at cricket ever contested. Many of the lesser tribe appeared to be extremely busy in construing their lessons, and comparing their notes, as the time of purgatory grew nearer. Two or three seemed to be looked upon as a sort of oracles whom they all assailed with different interrogations. I was almost tempted to ask a question of one of the nearest of them, when the clock struck, and they all hurried away at the same instant to different entrances, and, in less than five minutes, the area was cleared, and the cloisters were silent. There are some associations connected with the sight of a school, particularly a large one, which always bring me back to the time of my boyhood, and recall to my recollection so strongly what I did, and what I thought, in former days, that I fancied myself, in this instance, nearly thirty years younger, and seemed almost transported again to the rule of my ancient *Orbilius*. I must confess that my situation at that time, both in point of happiness and liberty, was very different from that of an Etonian. The walls were my boundaries ; and merely to pass them, without any consequent misdemeanor, was reckoned among the heaviest of those crimes to which the wisdom of the legislative founder had allotted punishments. This place of my education I always considered as a better sort of prison, and left it with all the joy that a prisoner would feel on obtaining his *Habeas Corpus* ; except on stated occasions, when, preceded by our master, we walked in due order and regularity up a high green hill, at a short distance off, famous for its having been formerly the station of a Roman camp. Well do I recollect how often I unwillingly encountered the cold frosty air of a winter morning on this bleak and desolate spot ; how often, under a sweltering summer sun, I laboured and toiled up the entrenchments, with which the caution of our ancient enemies had fortified the natural steepness. However, such an excursion as this was some relief ; and I generally

contemplated with increased horror, on my return, the grim bars, the narrow courts, and the closing gates, of — School. The very servants partook of the character of the place, and were the most unaccommodating, surly old beings that can possibly be imagined. In fact, I led a sort of mechanical existence, being compelled to take exercise, as it were by a physician's prescription, to enable me to perform what was required from my mental faculties. Any brought up as I have described myself, agreeably to the most rigid maxims of scholastic discipline, will have many scruples to overcome, many old prejudices to vanquish, before they can bring themselves to allow, that the superior liberty, which Eton grants to her children, can be compatible with the necessary studies of such an institution. What indignation would have ruffled the agry wrinkled visage of my ancient pedagogue, had any of the wretched victims committed to his care ventured to inform him, that there is a place where boys comparatively do as they will,—where they are tacitly allowed to commit the unheard-of sin of passing their bounds,—and where, in fact, the measure of their labours is in a great degree under the control of their own discretion ! When, however, we see in good earnest the first characters in the Bar, the Senate, and the Church, boasting Eton as their common parent,—when we review the illustrious names in former times, whose glory she considers as her own, it really becomes time to account for the effects of this magical education. I myself cannot pretend to any accurate investigation ; but, merely as a speculative and casual observer, I should ascribe its influence to that hatred of immoderate restriction which generous talents naturally entertain, and the elevation and expansion which they feel on being principally left to their spontaneous exertions, and experiencing gentle direction rather than positive and harsh control. The spirit of encouragement and emulation cherished by this system is more likely, than any fear of punishment, to stimulate a young and ardent mind to extraordinary efforts. Where much is required, to do that well is, of course, considered sufficient ; but where comparatively little is required, and much, on the contrary, expected, true abilities will perceive their own strength, and will labour to obtain praise, which is the more valuable as it is given to labours and acquirements in a great measure voluntary. I have heard from very good authority, that few leave Eton without feeling real sorrow at their departure. It is the fashion, too, at that versifying establishment to compose a poetical farewell, to testify at once their grief and their gratitude. Some of these I have seen ; and nature seems really to have a considerable share in their composition. It is lucky for me that this custom did not exist at the school of which I was an unwilling member ; or I am afraid that my *Vale*, as they call it, would have been

highly indecorous, since the overflowing joy of my heart would have effectually negatived all expressions of woe. By the bye, this brings me to myself again, and reminds me that my reverie on paper has been much too long and too reasoning already. I shall therefore leave every one to form his own conjecture and opinion, and only wish for myself, that I could glory in the name of—"an Etonian."

K. S

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 TO ———

IN many a strain of grief and joy,  
 My youthful spirit sung to thee ;  
 But I am now no more a boy,  
 And there's a gulph 'twixt thee and me.  
 Time on my brow has set his seal—  
 I start to find myself a man,  
 And know that I no more shall feel  
 As only boyhood's spirit *can*.  
 And now I bid a long adieu  
 To thoughts that held my heart in thrall,  
 To cherish'd dreams of brightest hue,  
 And thee—the brightest dream of all.  
 My footsteps rove not where they rov'd,  
 My home is chang'd ; and, one by one,  
 The " old, familiar " forms I lov'd  
 Are faded from my path and gone.  
 I launch into life's stormy main,  
 And 'tis with tears—but not of sorrow,  
 That, pouring thus my parting strain,  
 I bid thee, as a Bride, good-morrow.  
 Full well thou know'st I envy not  
 The heart it is thy choice to share ;  
 My soul dwells on thee, as a thought  
 With which no earthly wishes are.  
 I love thee as I love the star,  
 The gentle star that smiles at Even,



That melts into my heart from far,  
And leads my wandering thoughts to Heaven.  
'Twould break my soul's divinest dream  
With meaner love to mingle thee ;  
'Twould dim the most unearthly beam  
Thy form sheds o'er my memory.  
It is my joy, it is my pride  
To picture thee in bliss divine,  
A happy and an honour'd bride,  
Blest by a fonder love than mine.  
Be thou to *one* a holy spell,  
A bliss by day—a dream by night,—  
A thought on which his soul shall dwell,—  
A cheering and a guiding light.  
His be thy heart,—but while no other  
Disturbs *his* image at its core,  
Still think of me as of a brother—  
I'd not be lov'd, nor love thee more.  
For thee each feeling of my breast  
So holy, so serene shall be,  
That when thy heart to his is prest,  
'Twill be no crime to think of me.  
I shall not wander forth at night,  
To breathe thy name—as lovers would ;  
Thy form, in visions of delight,  
Not oft shall break my solitude.  
But when my bosom-friends are near,  
And happy faces round me press,  
The goblet to my lips I'll rear,  
And drain it to thy happiness.  
And when, at morn or midnight hour,  
I commune with my God, alone,  
Before the throne of Peace and Power  
I'll blend thy welfare with my own.  
And if, with pure and fervent sighs,  
I bend before some lov'd one's shrine,

When gazing on her gentle eyes,  
 I shall not blush to think of thine.  
 Thou, when thou meet'st thy love's caress,  
 And when thy children climb thy knee,  
 In thy calm hour of happiness,  
*Then sometimes—sometimes think of me.*  
 In pain or health—in grief or mirth,  
 Oh! may it to my prayer be given  
 That we may sometimes meet on earth,  
 —And meet, to part no more, in Heaven.

M.

Sept. 18, 1820.

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#### ON YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIP.

“Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.”—VIRG.

FROM the little world, for whose amusement we collect the productions of our leisure moments, and for whose advantage we offer the results of our more contemplative hours, the consideration of subjects which most affect its habits, and are nearest allied to its interests, is, we conceive, best calculated to attract attention and engage respect. And since, in this design, we embrace the good of our whole community, we indulge a hope that no individual will consider his own peculiar circumstances overlooked in the general nature of our remarks; or allege the insignificance and unimportance of singular and isolated error as an apology for his disregard, or an extenuation of his neglect. To remove, however, the alarm which, as self-constituted censors, we might possibly create among our fellow-citizens, we pledge ourselves to the strict observance of a rule already proposed—the unreserved rejection of personal invective, and the total absence of satirical malignity. Still we openly profess little delicacy or mercy towards vices and follies, as they successively gain the ascendant in our day; and we hope that those who shall acknowledge the correspondence of our admonitions with their imperfections, will, in justice to their own candour, and in obedience to their own conscience, encourage the application, and receive the impression of advice. With such austere subjects we propose to blend topics of a more agreeable nature; and occasionally to show the brighter and the fairer side of things,—to point out the advantages which assist us in the perform-

ance of the offices of life,—to direct to proper objects the noblest passions and most beneficial propensities of our nature,—to awaken the legitimate affections of the human heart,—and to soften the cares, the discontents, and animosities, which the envy of the world has engendered, and the emulation of society has increased.

In our first introduction, to appear in the most fascinating character, and display to the best of our means and abilities our inclination and power to please, is a natural and laudable desire. We therefore propose to consider the advantages of youthful friendship, and the manner by which the intimacies of our early days may be cultivated for more lasting profit than the colder connexions of riper years.

Youth, the season of unsuspecting openness and disinterested zeal, of buoyant hope and cheerful confidence, presents to us the happiest division in the life of man. Ambition has, as yet, exercised but little influence, and pride sustained but few disappointments. Temper is not yet embittered by unexpected frustration, nor is exertion checked by insuperable competition. Animated by the gay perspective of future prospects, youth ever casts off the consciousness of care; and, in the contemplation of happiness, present or to come, delights to dwell upon the glittering scene of promise and expectation. Associated in the enjoyment of these exhilarating ideas with others, sharing equally the gladness and the glory of its hopes, it pursues with avidity the same path, which leads to the stations of distinction, and opens to future views of elevation and of honour. The struggle is that of sport, and like it concludes with satisfaction; the witnesses of the contest, the partners in the success, and the least prosperous in the fortune of the fray, unite to revivify dejected hope, and rekindle the spirit of emulation. The influence which this reciprocal communication of sentiment, this continual contact of mental power and acquirement, possesses over our society, is unlimited: it binds the most distant in the closest union to one another, and first discovers to them the necessity and the usefulness of mutual dependence. For within this varied scene of exertion and inactivity, there always will be those who press forward with impatience to the different degrees of merit and reputation; while there will be others, who as eagerly decline the restraint of application and the sacrifice of abstraction; who depend for present assistance and freedom from labour on the efforts of the studious, for whom, in after-days, they rationally hope to reserve due tributes of gratitude and esteem; anxiously considering the success and fame of their friends as involved in the event of every action over which their interest and inclination enjoy even a partial control; since, in the perfect exercise of genuine friendship, no advantage can attend either party in which both do not equally participate; for surely they

shall be strong in the strength, wealthy in the wealth, and powerful in the influence, of each other ; their friendship shall change storms and tempests in the affections to a day of sunshine, and out of darkness and confusion of thoughts shall bring daylight on the understanding. But there are many connexions, less interested in the commencement, which may prove more beneficial in the event ; for such as are founded on personal predilection, or intellectual appreciation, are secured by affection, and confirmed by respect. These have been known to survive the sprightliness and the prime of life, and remain constant even to “ the murmurs of peevishness and the dreams of dotage ;” till, when those aged companions have shaken off their load of years, and gone to rest in the peacefulness of the tomb, the memory of their virtue is bequeathed as a monitor to surviving friends, and a cheering director to re-union in a happier world.

If there is felicity in cherishing the social tendencies of the human heart, or if there is advantage in cultivating the social relations of human life, how sincere and pure a pleasure we feel in perusing the simple dialogues of the Roman philosopher, which perpetuate the memory of the best and wisest men, who have filled the world with history and wonder—who have displayed, even in chains and in death, the power of attachment and the spell of affection—and left to posterity the sense of that sublime generosity and moral beauty, which is calculated to produce the most beneficial effects both on the state of general society, and the constitution of individual sensibility. But these ancient pairs, as their conduct towards each other was influenced by esteem and love, so their actions in the world were governed by unblemished integrity ; the course of their happy and honourable days terminated, as they commenced, in the light of virtue. For to them what was more beautiful than virtue ? It refined their intentions, and sublimed their thoughts ; it endued them with dignified notions of their relative situations, and spread a sanctity over that closest and gentlest of all endearments, the *bosom friend*.

It is a chastening task to review the steady friendships of such venerable characters ; but to calculate on each impulse or caprice, which excite and regulate our age of enthusiasm, would be the wildest among the absurdities of cold speculation. To measure the ardour which hurries forward the execution of precipitate designs, and the declaration of incautious opinions, is to attempt impossibilities, and struggle against the laws of reason. For the commencement has been appropriately termed the romance of life : its most unaccustomed scenes are succeeded by novelties more unexpected ; the transitions and the changes in its situations are rapid and brilliant ; admiration is attracted by the lustre of dazzling possession, and rapture elicited in the delight of luxu-

rious gratification. But the splendor of the pageant serves only to disguise its own unsubstantial and transitory nature, since the next stage of existence reduces the aspiring and unequal thoughts of man to a level with the sober realities of common life. He now discovers the capriciousness of accidental intimacy; the possibility of friendships being obliterated; the warmth of feeling frozen into courteous formality; and the unaffected zealous eagerness of regard checked and bridled into managed condescension. He sees men looking abroad into the world with circumspect reserve and deliberate caution, reposing confidence in no assistance and fidelity but their own—themselves the little centres of their narrow systems, the sole objects of their solicitude and labour. Under such impressions, without great violence, he may in some respects compare such a state of society to that of the ancient Barons, when “every man’s house was his castle,” and his sword the only means which the occasion and the law allowed him for defence. He may, indeed, think himself free from personal violence, at least possessed of sufficient remedies for such abuses; but he will discover a painful reality, that he is scarcely free from insidious circumvention, and barely protected from treacherous importunity; he may be stung by the lifeless adder, which he had imprudently warmed on his hearth; he may be plundered by the houseless steward, to whose hands he had confided the advancement and preservation of his wealth. From this sickening view of worthlessness and corruption, he will look with transport to the days that are gone, when the advanced experience of life had not as yet disclosed the alloy which lurked beneath so brilliant, yet so slight a covering, so near the surface; the brightness of which was so speedily tarnished, and the substance so easily worn away. He will find the consolation of this bitter season, in early recollections connected with former pleasures, unsullied and without alloy; far different from those transitory enjoyments, so happily compared to the crackling of burning thorns, the sound of which is just heard as it is silenced—the flame just seen as it sinks into ashes.

From such prospects we have ventured to remove the veil which the thoughtlessness of boyhood spreads across the range of its vision. If their aspect is calculated to check impatience for that freedom from restraint, which presents itself with unreal attractions to the imagination; if their description tends to recall the fancy from that eccentricity to which it had been propelled in search of treasures without value, and objects without existence, to its natural course, or determine the relative proportion of happiness and misery allotted to the young and to the old—we shall rest satisfied with the picture we have drawn; and in the hope that it will attach the memory and the affections of those for

whom it is designed, to the scenes and associations of their early days, we are content to resign it to their hands, without adding another embellishment, which may endanger the reputation, or weaken the impression, of our labour.

M. S.

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TO MARY.

I'VE danc'd with Fanny fifty times,  
I've laugh'd with Susan fifty more,  
I've pros'd with Charlotte about rhymes,  
And Boileau, Milanie, Fodor.

A younger came, with angel mien,  
A dovelike eye, and heart so free—  
Oh! Mary, had I never seen,  
Or seeing, never ceas'd to see!

---

EDITH.

EDITH! o'er the waters blue  
Ere I'm gone, my love, adieu!  
Ere from hence I fly away,  
Hear, oh, hear me, while I pray!  
Oh! whate'er may be my lot,  
Edith, love, forget me not!

When you see this shady scene,  
Where together we have been;  
When yon babbling brook you view,  
Which so oft we've listen'd to;  
When you see my father's cot,  
Edith, love, forget me not!

By the pow'r thou hast to grieve me—  
 By the thoughts that will not leave me—  
 By the fear that will not fly—  
 By the hope that cannot die—  
 By this sacred parting spot—  
 Edith, love, forget me not.

O'er the waters when I ride,  
 Thou shalt o'er my thoughts preside;  
 In the battle's wild affray  
 Thou shalt hold thy wonted sway;  
 Then, whate'er may be my lot,  
 Edith, love, forget me not!

Yet one—yet another kiss!  
 Then adieu to you and bliss!  
 Oh! what anguish 'tis to part  
 From the ruler of my heart!  
 Edith, sweet, forget me not—  
 Thou canst never be forgot.

---

LAURA.

“ For she in shape and beauty did excel  
 All other idols that the heathen do adore.”

“ And all about her altar scatter'd lay  
 Great sorts of lovers piteously complaining.”—SPENSER.

A LOOK as blithe, a step as light  
 As fabled nymph, or fairy sprite;  
 A voice, whose every word and tone  
 Might make a thousand hearts its own;  
 A brow of fervour, and a mien  
 Bright with the hopes of gay fifteen;

These, lov'd and lost one!—these were thine,  
 When first I bow'd at Beauty's shrine.  
 But I have torn my wavering soul  
 From woman's proud and weak control ;  
 The fane where I so often knelt,  
 The flame my heart so truly felt,  
 Are visions of another time,  
 Themes for my laughter,—and my rhyme.

She saw and conquered ; in her eye  
 There was a careless cruelty,  
 That shone destruction, while it seem'd  
 Unconscious of the fire it beam'd.  
 And oh ! that negligence of dress,  
 That wild infantine playfulness,  
 That archness of the trifling brow  
 That could command—we knew not how—  
 Were links of gold that held me then,  
 In bonds I may not bear again ;  
 For dearer to an honest heart  
 Is childhood's mirth than woman's art.

Already many an aged dame,  
 Skilful in scandalizing fame,  
 Foresaw the reign of Laura's face,  
 Her sway, her folly, and disgrace.  
 Minding the beauty of the day  
 More than her partner, or her play :—  
 “ Laura a beauty ?—flippant chit !  
 I vow I hate her forward wit ! ”  
 (“ I lead a club ”)—“ why, Ma'am, between us,  
 Her mother thinks her quite a Venus ;  
 But every parent loves, you know,  
 To make a pigeon of her crow.”  
 “ Some folks are apt to look too high—  
 She has a dukedom in her eye.”



"The girl is straight," ("we call the ace,")  
 "But that's the merit of her stays."  
 "I'm sure I loath malicious hints—  
 But—only look, how Laura squints."  
 "Yet Miss, forsooth,"—"who play'd the ten?"  
 "Is quite perfection with the men;  
 The flattering fools—they make me sick,"  
 ("Well—four by honours, and the trick.")

While thus the crones hold high debate,  
 On Laura's charms, and Laura's fate;  
 A few short years have roll'd along,  
 And—first in pleasure's idle throng,  
 Laura, in ripen'd beauty proud,  
 Smiles haughty on the flattering crowd;  
 Her sex's envy—fashion's boast,  
 An heiress—and a reigning toast.

The circling waltz and gay quadrille  
 Are in, or out, at Laura's will;  
 The tragic bard, and comic wit,  
 Heed not the critic in the pit,  
 If Laura's undisputed sway  
 Ordains full houses to the play;  
 And fair ones, of a humbler fate,  
 That envy, while they imitate,  
 From Laura's whisper strive to guess  
 The changes of inconstant dress.  
 Where'er her step in beauty moves,  
 Around her fly a thousand loves;  
 A thousand graces go before,  
 While striplings wonder and adore:  
 And some are wounded by a sigh,  
 Some by the lustre of her eye;  
 And these her studied smiles ensnare,  
 And those the ringlets of her hair.

The first his fluttering heart to lose,  
 Was Captain Piercy, of the Blues ;  
 He squeez'd her hand—he gaz'd, and swore  
 He never was in love before ;  
 He entertain'd his charmer's ear,  
 With tales of wonder and of fear ;  
 Talk'd much, and long, of siege and fight,  
 Marches by day, alarms by night ;  
 And Laura listen'd to the story,  
 Whether it spoke of love or glory ;  
 For many an anecdote had he,  
 Of combat, and of gallantry ;  
 Of long blockades, and sharp attacks,  
 Of bullets, and of bivouacks ;  
 Of towns o'ercome—and ladies too—  
 Of billet—and of billet-doux ;  
 Of nunneries, and escalades,  
 And damsels—and Damascus blades.

Alas ! too soon the Captain found  
 How swiftly Fortune's wheel goes round ;  
 Laura at last began to doze,  
 E'en in the midst of Badajoz ;  
 And hurried to a game at loo,  
 From Wellington and Waterloo.  
 The hero,—in heroics left,—  
 Of fortune—and a wife—bereft ;  
 With nought to cheer his close of day,  
 But celibacy—and half-pay ;  
 Since Laura—and his stars were cruel,  
 Sought his quietus in a duel.

He fought, and perish'd ; Laura sigh'd,  
 To hear how hapless Piercy died ;  
 And wip'd her eyes, and thus express'd  
 The feelings of her tender breast :—

“What? dead!—poor fellow—what a pity!  
He was so handsome and so witty;  
Shot in a duel too!—good gracious—  
How I did hate that man’s mustachios!”

Next came the interesting beau,  
The trifling youth—Frivolio;  
He came to see—and to be seen,  
Grace and good-breeding in his mien;  
Shone all Delcroix upon his head,  
The West End spoke in all he said;  
And in his neckcloth’s studied fold,  
Sat Fashion, on a throne of gold.  
He came, impatient to resign  
What heart he had, at Laura’s shrine:  
Though deep in self-conceit encas’d,  
He learnt to bow to Laura’s taste;  
Consulted her on new quadrilles,  
Spot waistcoats, lavender, and gills;  
As will’d the proud and fickle fair,  
He tied his cloth, and curl’d his hair;  
Varied his manners—or his clothes,  
And chang’d his tailor—or his oaths.

Oh! how did Laura love to vex  
The fair one of the other sex!  
For him she practised every art  
That captivates and plagues the heart.  
Did he bring tickets for the play?  
No—Laura had the spleen to-day.  
Did he escort her to the ball?  
No—Laura would’nt dance at all.  
Did he look grave?—“the fool was sad;”  
Was he jocose?—“the man was mad.”  
E’en when he knelt before her feet,  
And there, in accent soft and sweet,

Laid rank and fortune; heart and hand,  
 At Laura's absolute command,  
 Instead of blushing her consent,  
 She "wonder'd what the blockhead meant."

Yet still the fashionable fool  
 Was proud of Laura's ridicule;  
 Though still despised, he still pursued,  
 In ostentatious servitude,  
 Seeming, like lady's lap-dog, vain  
 Of being led by Beauty's chain.  
 He knelt, he gaz'd, he sigh'd, and swore,  
 While 'twas the fashion to adore;  
 When years had past, and Laura's frown  
 Had ceas'd to terrify the town,  
 He hurried from the fallen grace,  
 To idolize a newer face;  
 Constant to nothing was the ass,  
 Save to his follies—and his glass.

The next to gain the beauty's ear  
 Was William Lisle, the sonneteer,  
 Well deem'd the prince of rhyme and blank;  
 For long and deeply has he drank  
 Of Helicon's poetic tide,  
 Where nonsense flows, and numbers glide;  
 And slumber'd on the herbage green,  
 That decks the banks of Hippocrene.  
 In short—his very footmen know it—  
 William is mad—or else a poet.\*

He came—and rhym'd—he talk'd of fountains,  
 Of Pindus, and Pierian mountains;

\* "Aut insanit homo,—aut versus facit."—HOR.

"All Bedlam—or Parnassus is let out."—POPE.

Of wandering lambs, of gurgling rills,  
And roses, and Castalian hills ;  
He thought a lover's vow grew sweeter,  
When it meander'd into metre ;  
And planted every speech with flowers,  
Fresh blooming from Aonian bowers.

“ Laura—I perish for your sake,”—  
(Here he digress'd about a lake ;)  
“ The charms thy features all disclose,”—  
(A simile about a rose ;)  
“ Have set my very soul on fire,”  
(An episode about his lyre ;)  
“ Though you despise—I still must love,”—  
(Something about a turtle dove ;)  
“ Alas ! in death's unstartled sleep,”—  
(Just here he did his best to weep ;)  
“ Laura, the willow soon shall wave,  
Over thy lover's lowly grave.”  
Then he began, with pathos due,  
To speak of cypress and of rue :  
But Fortune's unforeseen award  
Parted the Beauty from the Bard ;  
For Laura, in that evil hour  
When unpropitious stars had power,  
Unmindful of the thanks she owed,  
Lighted her taper with an ode.  
Poor William all his vows forgot,  
And hurried from the fatal spot,  
In all the bitterness of quarrel,  
To write lampoons—and dream of laurel.

Years fled by, and every grace  
Began to fade from Laura's face ;  
Through every circle whispers ran,  
And aged dowagers began

To gratify their secret spite:—  
 “How shocking Laura looks to-night!  
 We know her waiting-maid is clever,  
 But rouge won’t make one young for ever;  
 Laura should think of being sage,  
 You know—she’s of a *certain* age.”

Her wonted wit began to fail,  
 Her eye grew dim, her features pale;  
 Her fame was past,—her race was done,  
 Her lovers left her one by one;  
 Her slaves diminish’d by degrees,  
 They ceas’d to fawn—as she to please.  
 Last of the gay deceitful crew,  
 Chremes, the usurer, withdrew;  
 By many an art he strove to net  
 The guineas of the rich coquette;  
 But (so the adverse fates decreed),  
 Chremes and Laura disagreed;  
 For Chremes talked too much of stocks,  
 And Laura of her opera box.

Unhappy Laura! sadness marr’d  
 What tints of beauty time had spared;  
 For all her wide-extended sway  
 Had faded, like a dream, away;  
 And they that lov’d her pass’d her by,  
 With alter’d, or averted eye.  
 That silent scorn, that chilling air  
 The fallen tyrant could not bear;  
 She could not live, when none admir’d,  
 And perish’d, as her reign expir’d.

I gaz’d upon that lifeless form,  
 So late with hope and fancy warm;

That pallid brow—that eye of jet,  
 Where lustre seems to linger yet ;  
 Where sparkled through an auburn tress  
 The last dim light of loveliness,  
 Whose trembling ray was only seen,  
 To bid us sigh for what had been.  
 Alas ! I said, my wavering soul  
 Was torn from woman's weak control ;  
 But when, amid the evening's gloom,  
 I look'd on Laura's early tomb ;  
 And thought on her, so bright and fair,  
 That slumber'd in oblivion there ;  
 That calm resolve I could not keep,  
 And then I wept,—as now I weep.

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 SONNETS.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST LEAF OF SHAKSPEARE.

So now the charmed book is ended, Mary !  
 The wand is broken, and the spell is o'er ;  
 And thou hast mused or smiled o'er witch and faery,  
 Till Fancy's imps familiar semblance wore.  
 What though thy tongue's sweet song be distant far !  
 By that soft bosom, and that gentle eye,  
 I knew thee genuine child of poesy,  
 When erst thou toldst me of that twin-born star,  
 Divinest SPENSER ! When did either seem  
 (As they to thee) two boats upon one stream,  
 Wafting the rapt soul to some region fair,  
 If meek-eyed Genius were not hovering there ?—  
 Never ! therefore, thrice-happy Maiden, wander on,  
 Again the wand is whole, the spell is not yet gone !

## FROM HARTLAND POINT.

GALES of th' Atlantic! blithely are ye blowing!

What news bring ye from o'er the Ocean waste?  
Tides of th' Atlantic! fiercely are ye flowing!

Mysterious agents! whither do ye haste?  
Answer! for here I stand as once of yore \*

That glorious demigod, Alcmena's son,  
Foil'd all his foes, and all his labours done,  
Companionless, and listen'd to the roar  
Of waves that seem'd to live, and gaz'd intent  
Where the red Sun down in the west was setting,  
And saw the vision, whose bright shape besetting  
The dreams of the Ligurian†, him first sent  
Over the dim horizon! Matchless race!  
To seek the Great Light in his hiding-place.

## DUNSTER HERMITAGE.

HERE were a bower for Love! This balmy grot  
Cresting the mountain summit, whiles around  
The thick oaks shut the world from this sweet spot,  
The great sea rolls beyond with ceaseless sound!  
On such an eve as this, O Mary, be  
In such a place as this, and I will tell  
My love with holier warmth, touch'd by the spell  
Intense of heaven, of air, of earth, and sea.  
Then should our love be glowing as yon sky,  
Pure as the crescent in the dim twilight,  
Eternal as the ocean in his might,  
And we the Lovers joyously on high  
Sitting above the world. But distant far  
Art thou, and lonely, like the evening star.

\* *Herculis Promontorium*.—CAMDEN.

† Columbus.



## BARLE-EDGE ABBEY.

AND Time has spared no more! Those ruins gray  
Left the sole vouchers for the house of prayer,  
To tell the pensive truant from his way  
That voice of rapture once was breathing there!  
Strange! for the mountain rears its head as high,  
The river murmurs in its course as clear;—  
E'en yet methinks a spirit lingers here;  
And each lone fragment, as I wander by,  
Speaks of a fall'n Religion. Awful thought!  
To those who know how frail all earthly power,  
When the dread summons of our latest hour  
Calls us away—to be as we have fought  
The fight of faith! but hark! the night-wind sings!  
Farewell! still record of forgotten things.

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## ON THE PRACTICAL BATHOS.

“To sink the deeper—rose the higher.”—POPE.

ALTHOUGH many learned scholars have laboured with much diligence in the illustration of the Bathos in poetry, we do not remember to have seen any essay calculated to point out the beauties and advantages of this figure when applied to actual life. Surely there is no one who will not allow that the want of such an essay is a desideratum which ought, as soon as possible, to be supplied. Conscious as we are that our feeble powers are not properly qualified to fill up this vacuum in scholastic literature; yet, since the learned commentators of the present day have their hands full either of Greek or politics, we, an unlearned, but we trust a harmless body of quacks, will endeavour to supply the place of those who kill by rule, and will accordingly offer, for the advantage of our fellow-citizens, a few brief remarks on the Practical Bathos.

We will first lay it down as a principle, that the ἀπροσδόκητον, as well in life as in poetry, is a figure, the beauties of which are innumerable and incontrovertible. For the benefit of my fair readers (for Phæbus and Bentley forbid that an Etonian should here need a Lexicon) I will state that the figure ἀπροσδόκητον is “that which produceth things unexpected.” Take a few examples. In poetry there is a notable instance of this figure in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, where the messenger who discloses to Œdipus his mistake in supposing Polybus to be his father, believing that the intelligence he brings is of the most agreeable nature, plants a dagger in the heart of his hearer by every word he utters. But Sophocles, although he must be acknowledged a great master of the dramatic art, is infinitely surpassed in the use of this figure by our good friend Mr. Farley of Covent-Garden. When we sit in mute astonishment to survey the various pictures which he conjures up, as it were by the wand of a sorcerer, in a moment; when columns and coal-holes, palaces and pig-sties, summer and winter, succeed each other with such perpetually diversified images;—we are continually exclaiming, “Mr. Farley, what next?” Every minute presents us with a new and more perfect specimen of this figure. Far be it from us to speak disrespectfully of Sophocles, for whom, as in duty bound, we entertain a most sincere veneration; but he certainly must rank beneath Mr. Farley as a manager of the ἀπροσδόκητον. One of the most striking examples of the present day which we can recommend to those who wish to apply this figure to the purposes of actual life, is (may we say it without being accused of a political allusion?) her Majesty Queen Caroline. That illustrious personage, in one beautiful passage (we mean her passage from Calais to Dover), has certainly proved herself a perfect mistress of the ἀπροσδόκητον.

Of this figure the Bathos must be considered a most elegant species. Again, for the benefit of our fair readers, we will observe, that the usual signification of the Bathos is—the Art of Sinking in Poetry; but what we here propose to discuss is “the Art of Sinking in Life;”—an art of which it may be truly said, that those who practise it skilfully only stoop to conquer.

It must be evident to every person who is at all conversant with the motives and origin of human opinions, that man is accustomed to regard with a feeling of animosity those who are pre-eminent in any science or virtue,—

“Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes  
Infra se positas.”

But this invidious and hostile feeling vanishes at once, when we behold the object of it sinking suddenly from the dazzling sphere

he originally occupied, and reducing himself to a level with ordinary mortals. The divine and incomparable Clarissa would never have been considered divine and incomparable, had she never been betrayed into a *faux pas*; and I question whether Bonaparte was ever looked upon with so favourable an eye as when he afforded a specimen of the Bathos, in his descent from "the Emperor of France" to "the Captive of St. Helena."

But the strongest argument that can be used in recommendation of this science is, that we are by Nature herself compelled to make use of it. Whatever riches we may amass, whatever age we may attain, whatever honours we may enjoy, we are continually looking forward to one certain and universal Bathos, "Death." From learning, from wealth, from power, our descent is swift and inevitable. We look upon the graves of our kindred, and say with Hamlet,—“to this must we come at last.”

This doctrine is so beautifully illustrated by a passage in Holy Writ, that we cannot refrain from laying it before our readers:—

“Alexander, son of Philip the Macedonian, made many wars, and won many strong holds, and slew the kings of the earth. And he gathered a mighty strong host, and ruled over countries and nations and kings, who became tributaries to him. And after these things he fell sick,—and perceived that he should—*die*.”\*

A more beautiful instance of this figure cannot be imagined. It needs no comment. But we fear we are growing too serious, and shall therefore pursue this branch of our dissertation no further.

We hope our readers are by this time thoroughly convinced of the beauty and utility of this figure; we will proceed to exhort them most earnestly to apply themselves immediately to the study of “the Art of Sinking in Life.”

The art may be divided into a great number of species; but all, we believe, may be comprehended under two heads,—the *Bathos Gradual*, and the *Bathos Precipitate*. We will offer a few concise remarks upon both, without pretending to decide between the various merits of each. Indeed, the opinion of the world appears to be pretty much divided between them; as there are some *bathers*, who stand for a time shivering on the brink, and at last totter into the stream with a tardy and reluctant step,—while there are others who boldly plunge into the tide with a hasty and impetuous leap.

The *Bathos Gradual* is principally practised by poets and by coquettes. Of its use by the former we have frequent examples in our own day. A gentleman publishes a book; it is bought, read, and admired. He publishes another, and his career of sinking immediately commences. First he *sinks* into a book-

\* Maccabees, chapter 1.

maker; next he *sinks* into absurdity; next he *sinks* into mediocrity; next he *sinks* into oblivion; and, as it is impossible for him to *sink* much lower, he may then begin to think of *rising* to a garret.

The life of *Chloe* affords an admirable instance of the effect with which this species of the art may be exercised by coquettes. At twenty-four, *Chloe* was a fashionable beauty; at twenty-six she began to paint; at twenty-eight she was—not what she had been; and at thirty she was voted a maiden lady! Or, to use the slang of the loungers of the day: at twenty-four she was *bang-up*; at twenty-six she was a *made-up* thing; at twenty-eight she was *done up*; and at *thirty* it was—all *up* with her.

The Bathos Precipitate is adapted to the capacities of great generals, substantial merchants, dashing bloods, and young ladies who are in haste to be married.\* For examples of it in the first we must refer you to Juvenal's Tenth Satire, as this part of our subject is hackneyed, and we despair of saying any thing new upon it.

For examples of the Bathos Precipitate in trade, you must make inquiries among the Bulls and Bears on the Stock Exchange; they can instruct you much better than ourselves by what method you may be a *good* man at twelve o'clock, and a bankrupt at one.

Upon referring to our *memoranda*, we find some inimitable examples of this species of the Bathos among the two latter classes of its practitioners. Some of these we will extract for the amusement of our readers:—

Sir Edmund Gulley.—Became possessed of a handsome property by the death of his uncle, February 7, 1818.—Sat down to *Rouge et Noir*, February 14, 1818, 12 o'clock P. M.—Shot himself through the head, February 15, 1818, 2 o'clock A. M.

Lord F. Maple.—Acquired great eclat in an affair of *honour*, March 2, 1818.—Horsewhipped for a scoundrel at the Second Newmarket Meeting, 1818.

Mr. G. Bungay.—September, 1819. Four in hand—blood horses—shag-coat—pearl buttons. October, 1819, Plain chaise and pair.

Miss Lydia Dormer.—May, 1820. Great beauty—manifold accomplishments—£4000 a-year. June, 1820—*Chere amie* of Sir J. Falkland.

The Hon. Miss Amelia Tempest.—(From a daily paper of July 1820.)—"Marriage

\* We might have added Stage Managers. Their genius for the Bathos Precipitate is frequently displayed in Notices of the following kind:—

Monday, January 7.

"The New Drama, entitled ———, has been received with uninterrupted bursts of applause, and will be repeated every evening till farther notice."

Tuesday, January 8.

"In obedience to the wishes of the Public, the New Drama, entitled ———, is withdrawn."

in high life.—The beautiful Miss Amelia Tempest will shortly be led to the hymeneal altar by the Marquis of Looney.”

(From the same paper of August 1820.)—“Elopement in high life.—Last week the Hon. Miss Am-l-a T-mp-st eloped with her father’s footman.”

Reader,—When we inform you that we ourselves had long entertained a sneaking kindness for the amiable Amelia, you will imagine to yourself the emotion with which we read the above paragraph. We jumped from the table in a paroxysm of indignation, and committed to the flames the obnoxious chronicler of our disappointment; but the next moment composed our feelings with a truly stoic firmness, and, with a steady hand, we wrote down the name of the Hon. Miss Amelia Tempest, as an admirable proficient in the Bathos Precipitate.

F. G.

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### THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHEBUS.

WHILE the lost eye in mournful glances falls  
O’er the sad relics of thy mouldering walls,  
Still, Ephesus, thy ancient glories roll,  
In fancied visions, through the gazer’s soul;  
And round his heart the far-famed altars throng,  
That live in history’s page, or poet’s song;  
Where nations flock’d in wondering awe to own  
The mighty fane—the Virgin Goddess’ throne.

Bright o’er the mind the kindling prospect glows,  
Where fresh to life the chaste Ionic rose;  
Twice sixty columns rear’d the glorious pile,  
Twice sixty monarchs rais’d the length’ning file;  
These, rudely grand, in native greatness please,  
In varied sculpture’s softer graces, these;  
Here the fleet steed, the warrior’s madd’ning strife,  
Awake each struggling nerve to mimic life;  
The Goddess breathes through all: still—still we trace  
The lofty dome, the massy portal’s base;

Still the bright gold and blazing diamond shines  
 'Mid boundless aisles, and flower-encircled shrines.  
 High in the midst appear'd the heavenly form,  
 Breathing in lifelessness, in coldness warm,—  
 Warm, as of yore she smil'd in conscious pride,  
 On Cynthus' brow, or swift Eurotas' tide ;  
 Fair, as 'mid heaven's almighty powers above,  
 She stood confest, the progeny of Jove.

Accurst Ephesian ! \* when thine impious hand  
 Seiz'd the red torch, and hurl'd the fiery brand,  
 Destruction hurried from her midnight hell,  
 Smiled o'er the ruin, and thy country fell.  
 'Twas then afar the fated clime gave birth  
 To Philip's son, the mighty lord of earth ; †  
 Round him, avenger of his country's wrongs,  
 Fair Grecia's boast, the conquering phalanx throngs,  
 The guardian powers desert the tottering prey,  
 And Asia bows beneath the avenger's sway.

'Reft of thy pride—spoil'd by the victor's sword,  
 See thy lost joy, deserted Queen, restor'd.  
 E'en now thy sons behold, with wondering eyes,  
 The gorgeous pile in brighter glories rise ;  
 Again the goddess views her glittering fane,  
 The Pæan rings, the victim bleeds again ;  
 Fly swift, ye hours ! and haste, ye fateful years !  
 'Tis done—the messenger of heaven appears !  
 'Tis he, ‡ whose heart his mild Redeemer warms,  
 'Mid Treachery's rage, and Superstition's storms ;

\* Eratostratus.

† The Temple of Diana was destroyed by fire, on the same night in which Alexander the Great was born.

‡ St. Paul.

Where erring myriads rais'd th' unhallow'd rite,  
 Gleams the pure ray of Heaven's auspicious light ;  
 And on those stones the godless Pagan trod,  
 The sainted Christian stands, and spreads the word of God.

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### GENIUS.

X WHAT is Genius? 'tis a flame  
 Kindling all the human frame ;—  
 'Tis the ray that lights the eye,  
 Soft in love—in battle high ;—  
 'Tis the lightning of the mind,  
 Unsubdued and undefin'd ;—  
 'Tis the flood that pours along  
 The full clear melody of song ;—  
 'Tis the sacred boon of Heav'n,  
 To its choicest favourites given ;—  
 They who feel can paint it well,  
 What is Genius ? † — tell.

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### NICKNAMES.

“Lusco qui possit dicere ‘lusce.’”

THE invention and appropriation of Nicknames are studies which, from want of proper cultivation, have of late years very much decayed. Since these arts contribute so much to the well-being and satisfaction of our Etonian witlings—since the younger part of our community could hardly exist if they were denied the

† It is proper to state, that these lines have appeared surreptitiously a few weeks back in the “*Morning Chronicle*,” in which the blank in the last line was filled up with the name of Lord “Byron.” We deem it right to mention this, because the name which originally occupied the space was that of a schoolfellow, whom we are happy to reckon among the number of our contributors.—P. C.

pleasure of affixing a ludicrous addition to the names of their seniors,—we hope that the consideration of this art in all its branches and bearings, will be to many an amusing, and to some an improving, disquisition.

The different species of nicknames may be divided and subdivided into an endless variety. There is the nickname direct, the nickname oblique, the nickname *κατ' ἑξοχήν*, the nickname *κατ' ἀντιφρασιν*, and a multitude of others, which it is unnecessary here to particularize. We shall attempt a few remarks upon these four principal classes.

The Nickname Direct, as might be expected, is by far more ancient than any other we have enumerated. Much has been argued upon the elegance or inelegance of Homer's perpetually-repeated epithets; for our part we imagine Homer thought very little upon the elegance or inelegance of the expressions to which we allude, since we cannot but regard his *Ξανθὸς Μενέλαος*—*πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς*—*ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων*, and other passages of the same kind, not even excepting the thundering cognomen which is tacked-on to his Jupiter, *Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης*, as so many ancient and therefore inimitable specimens of the nickname *direct*. This class is with propriety divided into two smaller descriptions; the nickname Personal, and the nickname Descriptive. The first of these is derived from some bodily defect in its object; the latter from some excellence or infirmity of the mind.

The nicknames which were applied to our early British kings generally fell under one of these denominations. William Rufus and Edward Longshanks are examples of the first, while Henry Beauclerc and Richard Cœur de Lion afford us instances of the second.—We cannot depart from this part of our subject without advertng to the extreme liberty which the French have been accustomed to take with the names of their kings. With that volatile nation, “the Cruel,” “the Bald,” and “the Fat,” seem as constantly the insignia of royalty, as the sceptre and the crown. We must confess, that, were it not for the venerable antiquity of the species, we should be glad to see the nickname personal totally discontinued, as in our opinion the most able proficient in this branch of the science evinces a great portion of ill-nature, and very little ingenuity.

The merit of the nickname *Oblique* consists principally in its incomprehensibility. It is frequently derived, like the former, from some real or imaginary personal defect; but the allusion is generally so twisted and distorted in its formation, that even the object to whom it is applied is unable to trace its origin, or to be offended by its use. The discovery of the actual fountain from whence so many ingenious windings and intricacies proceed, is



really a puzzling study for one who wishes to make himself acquainted with the elementary principles of things. In short, the nickname oblique resembles the great river, the Nile: its meanders are equally extensive; its source is equally concealed. We have a specimen of this species in the appellation of our worthy Secretary. Mr. Golightly made a pleasant, though a sufficiently obvious hit, when he addressed Mr. Richard Hodgson by the familiar abbreviation of *Pam*. We should recommend to the professors of the nickname oblique, two material, though much neglected, requisites—simplicity and perspicuity; for, in spite of the long and attentive study which we have devoted to this branch of the art, we ourselves have been frequently puzzled by unauthorized corruptions both of sound and sense, and lost amidst the circuitous labyrinth of a far-fetched prænomen. We were much embarrassed by hearing our good friend, Mr. Peter Snaggs, addressed by the style of “*Fried Soles*,” until we remembered that his grandfather had figured as a violent Methodist declaimer in the metropolis: nor could we conceive by what means our old associate, Mr. Mathew Dunstan, had obtained his classical title of *Forceps*, until we recollected the miraculous attack made by the tongs of his prototype upon the nasal orifices of his Satanic antagonist.

The third species is derived from an implied excellence in any one specified study. It is known by the sign “*The*.” Thus, *The Whistler*, in *Tales of My Landlord*, is so called from his having excelled all others in the polished and fashionable art of whistling. When we call Mr. Ouzel “*the blockhead*,” we are far from asserting that he is the *only* blockhead among our well-beloved companions, but merely that he holds that title from undisputed superlative merit; and, when we distinguish Sampson Noll by the honourable designation of “*The Nose*,” we mean not to allege that Mr. Noll is the *only* person who challenges admiration, from the extraordinary dimensions of that feature, but simply, that Sampson’s nose exceeds, by several degrees of longitude, the noses of his less distinguished competitors.

We know not, however, whether the species which we are discussing is not rather to be considered a ramification of the first, than a separate class in itself; for it unavoidably happens that the two kinds are frequently confused, and that we know not under which head to arrange a name which is of an ambiguous nature, and may be referred with equal propriety to either definition.

The fourth and last kind is promiscuously derived from sources similar to those of the three preceding; but in its formation it entirely reverses their provisions. We all know that a grove was called by the Latins “*lucus*,”—*a non lucendo*,—that the Præses of the Lower House of Parliament is called by us, “*Speaker*,”

because he is not allowed to speak. Such is the system of the nickname which is at present under consideration; it is applied to its object, not from the qualities which he possesses, but from those which he does *not*; not from the actions which he has performed, but from those which he has *not*: in short, contrariety is its distinguishing character, and absurdity its principal merit.—Antiquity will supply us with several admirable specimens. Ptolemy murdered his brother, and was called “Philadelphus.” The Furies, to say the best of them, were spiteful old maids, and they were nicknamed “The Benevolent.” In our times it is certainly in more general use than any other class; nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the extraordinary neatness of irony which is with great facility couched under it. It has been well observed by some French author, whose name has escaped our memory, that if you call Vice by her own name, she laughs at you; but if you address her by the name of Virtue, she blushes. To give a plainer illustration,—if you say to Ouzel, “Blockhead,” it is an unregarded truth; if you cry out to him, “Genius,” it is a biting sarcasm. Nothing, indeed, can be imagined more malignantly severe than this weapon of irony, exercised with skill and pointed with malevolence; no satire is more easy to the assailant, and more painful to the assailed, than that which gives to deformity the praise of beauty, and designates absurdity by the title of Absolute Wisdom.

We lately had the honour of reckoning among our nearest and dearest friends Dr. Simon Colley, a gentleman who was as estimable for the excellent qualities of his mind, as he was ridiculous from the whimsical proportions of his body. Must we give a description of our much-lamented friend? If the reader will collect together the various personal defects of all his acquaintance,—if he will add the lameness of one to the diminutive stature of another,—if he will unite the cast of the eye which designates a third, to the departure from the rectilineal line which beautifies the back of a fourth, he will then have some faint idea of the bodily perfections of Dr. Simon Colley. The Doctor was perfectly conscious of his peculiarities, and was frequently in the habit of choosing his corporal appearance as the theme of a hearty laugh, or the subject of jocular lamentation; yet the sound sense and cultivated philosophy of our respected friend was not proof against the unexpected vociferation of a well-applied nickname; and although his favourite topic of conversation was the personal resemblance he bore to the renowned *Æsop*, he flew into the most violent paroxysms of rage when he was pointed at by some little impertinents, as the *Apollo Belvidere*.

But this sort of nickname is not used merely as the instrument of wit, or the weapon of ill-nature; it assumes occasionally a

more serious garb, and becomes the language of flattery, or the adulation of hypocrisy. In this form it is of great service in dedicatory epistles and professions of love. When Vapid entreats Lord —— to prefix his name to a list of subscribers, he whines out the praises of his “Mæcnas,” with all the mournful earnestness with which a criminal exalts the clemency of his judge; but the manner in which he chuckles at the munificence of his patron over a beef-steak at the Crown and Cushion, prove very evidently that Vapid is a hypocrite, and that “Mæcnas” is a nickname. And when Miss Pimpkinson, a maiden lady with 40,000*l.*, smiles upon the adoration of Sir Horace Conway, a fashionable without a farthing, she little dreams that “Venus,” which is her title in the boudoir, is only her nickname at the club.

Having now presented our friends with a cursory sketch of these four principal classes, we shall sum up the whole by offering to the reader a specimen in which we lately heard the four kinds admirably blended together. “Toup,” cried “All the Talents,” tell ‘Swab’ that I have a thrashing in store for the ‘The Poet.’” “Toup” is the nickname *Oblique*, borne by its possessor in consequence of some supposed relation between the *longitude* of his physiognomy and the *Longinus* of the erudite Toupius. “Swab” is the nickname *Direct*, applied to a rotund gentleman. “The Poet” is κατ’ ἐξοχήν; “the poet,” because he is supereminently poetical: and “All the Talents” is κατ’ ἀντιφράσιν; “All the Talents,” because he is the veriest blockhead upon the face of our Etonian hemisphere.

It will be needless to enumerate the many minor classes of this important subject; it will be needless to dwell upon the nickname *Classical*, the nickname *Clerical*, the nickname *Military*, and the nickname *Bargee*; as we believe that no specimen of these is to be found which may not be ranked under one of the preceding descriptions. There is, however, one great and extensive species remaining, to which we shall here give only a brief notice, as we may possibly, at some future period, devote a leading article to its consideration,—we mean the nickname *General*. This last-mentioned class claims our attention, from the comprehensive range of its operation. It is not applied to the mental foibles or personal defects of a single object; it does not attack the failings of a solitary individual; it wastes not the lash of censure on an isolated instance of absurdity,—but it inflicts a wound upon thousands in a moment, and stamps the mark of ridicule upon numberless victims. The Quizzes, the Prigs, the Marines, the Chaises, are, amongst our *alumni*, well-known examples of the nickname *General*.

But we have too long lost sight of the main object of our present lucubration, which was, the recommendation of this art to

our fellow-citizens, as a commendable, though much-neglected study. When we say much-neglected, we mean not that nicknames have ceased to be the rage, and are falling into disuse (for certainly there never was an age in which they spread more luxuriantly); but we allude to the lamentable decay of imagination and ingenuity in their formation. If we look back to ancient times, we shall find, that, in those days, nicknames were derived from the same sources as in the present age; they had their origin from natural defects, from personal deformities; yet how amazingly do the *cognomina* of antiquity exceed in elegance and taste the nicknames of more modern date. How wonderfully are the "*Chicken*," the "*Shanks*," the "*Nosey*," of Etonian celebrity surpassed by the "*Pullus*," the "*Scaurus*," the "*Cicero*," of Roman literature. It is a disgrace upon the genius of our generation, that, at a time when other arts have arrived at such a high perfection that our age may almost be considered the Augustan age of the world, the art of nicknames should have totally lost the classical polish for which it was in the olden time so eminently remarkable, until it has sunk into the vehicle of vulgar abuse, neither adorned by wit nor chastened by urbanity.

These considerations have induced us to give our most serious attention to the advancement and improvement of the art. We are confident that our researches in this line of literature have not been misapplied; and our readers will surely agree with us, when they reflect on the manifold utility of the study, when properly cultivated. There is so little variety in English Christian names, that, where friends are in the habit of using them, great mistakes must naturally take place. A surname, as Charles Surface observes, "is too formal to be registered in Love's calendar." A nickname avoids alike the ambiguity of the one, and the stiffness of the other; it unites all the familiarity of the first with all the utility of the second. Besides this, the nickname is a brief description of its object;—it saves a million of questions, and an hour of explanation: it is in itself a species of biography. Homer, when he gives to his Juno the nickname of "*Bull's-eyed*," expresses in a word what a modern rhymer would dilate into a Canto.

For the rescuing of nicknames from the obloquy into which they have fallen, we have collected a large assortment of them, which we are ready to dispose of to applicants at a very low price. We have in our stock appellations of every description,—the Classical, the Familiar, the Theatrical, the Absurd, the Complimentary, the Abusive, and the Composite. By an application at our publisher's, *new* nicknames may be had at a moment's notice. —The wit and the blockhead, the sap and the idler, shall be fitted with denominations which shall be alike appropriate and

flattering, so that they shall neither outrage propriety, nor offend self-conceit. The Dandy shall be suited with a name which shall bear no allusion to *stays*, and the Coquet with one which shall in no way reflect upon *rouge*. In short, we have a collection of novelties adapted to both sexes, and proper for all ages. In one thing only is our stock deficient; and that, we are confident, will be supplied previous to the appearance of our Second Number. We have no doubt that some obligingly sarcastic associate will favour us with a new and an ingenious nickname for THE ETONIAN.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

*(From the Poetry of the College Magazine.)*

BENEATH the chancel's hallow'd stone,  
 Expos'd to every rustic tread,  
 To few, save rustic mourners, known,  
 My brother, is thy lowly bed.  
 Few words, upon the rough stone 'graven,  
 Thy name—thy birth—thy youth declare—  
 Thy innocence—thy hopes of Heaven—  
 In simplest phrase recorded there.  
 No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,  
 In mockery o'er my brother's grave.

The place is silent—rarely sound  
 Is heard those ancient walls around;  
 Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet  
 Discoursing in the public street;  
 Nor hum of business dull and loud,  
 Nor murmur of the passing crowd,  
 Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell,  
 From neighb'ring fort or citadel;  
 No sound of human toil or strife  
 To death's lone dwelling speaks of life,

Nor breaks the silence, still and deep,  
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,  
Art laid in that unstartled sleep  
The living eye hath never known.  
The lonely sexton's footstep falls  
In dismal echoes on the walls,  
As, slowly pacing through the aisle,  
He sweeps th' unholy dust away,  
And cobwebs, which must not defile  
Those windows on the Sabbath-day ;  
And, passing through the central nave,  
Treads lightly on my brother's grave.

But when the sweet-ton'd Sabbath-chime,  
Pouring its music on the breeze,  
Proclaims the well-known holy time  
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees ;  
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,  
And lips and hearts to God are given,  
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet  
Of earthly ills, in thoughts of Heaven ;  
What voice of calm and solemn tone  
Is heard above thy burial stone ?  
What form in priestly meek array  
Beside the altar kneels to pray ?  
What holy hands are lifted up  
To bless the sacramental cup ?  
Full well I know that rev'rend form,  
And if a voice could reach the dead,  
Those tones would reach thee, though the worm,  
My brother, makes thy heart his bed ;  
That Sire, who thy existence gave,  
Now stands beside thy lowly grave.

It is not long since thou wert wont

Within these sacred walls to kneel ;

This altar, that baptismal font,

These stones which now thy dust conceal,

The sweet tones of the Sabbath-bell,

Were holiest objects to thy soul ;

On these thy spirit lov'd to dwell,

Untainted by the world's control ;

My brother, those were happy days,

When thou and I were children yet ;

How fondly memory still surveys

Those scenes, the heart can ne'er forget !

My soul was then, as thine is now,

Unstain'd by sin, unstung by pain ;

Peace smil'd on each unclouded brow—

*Mine* ne'er will be so calm again.

How blithely then we hail'd the ray

Which usher'd in the Sabbath-day !

How lightly then our footsteps trod

Yon pathway to the house of God !

For souls, in which no dark offence

Hath sullied childhood's innocence,

Best meet the pure and hallow'd shrine,

Which guiltier bosoms own divine.

I feel not now as then I felt,

The sunshine of my heart is o'er ;

The spirit now is chang'd which dwelt

Within me, in the days before.

But *thou* wert snatch'd, my brother, hence,

In all thy guileless innocence ;

One Sabbath saw thee bend the knee,

In reverential piety—

For childish faults forgiveness crave—

The next beam'd brightly on thy grave !

*My Brother's Grave.*

The crowd, of which thou late wert one,  
Now throng'd across thy burial stone ;  
Rude footsteps trampled on the spot,  
Where thou lay'st mouldering and forgot ;  
And some few gentler bosoms wept,  
In silence, where my brother slept.

I stood not by thy feverish bed,  
I look'd not on thy glazing eye,  
Nor gently lull'd thy aching head,  
Nor view'd thy dying agony :  
I felt not what my parents felt,  
The doubt—the terror—the distress—  
Nor vainly for my brother knelt—  
My soul was spar'd that wretchedness.  
One sentence told me, in a breath,  
My brother's illness—and his death !

And days of mourning glided by,  
And brought me back my gaiety ;  
For soon in childhood's wayward heart  
Doth crush'd affection cease to smart.  
Again I join'd the sportive crowd  
Of boyish playmates, wild and loud ;  
I learnt to view with careless eye  
My sable garb of misery ;  
No more I wept my brother's lot,  
His image was almost forgot ;  
And ev'ry deeper shade of pain  
Had vanish'd from my soul again.

The well-known morn, I used to greet  
With boyhood's joy, at length was beaming,



And thoughts of home and raptures sweet  
In ev'ry eye, but mine, were gleaming ;  
But I, amidst that youthful band  
Of beating hearts and beaming eyes,  
Nor smil'd nor spoke at joy's command,  
Nor felt those wonted ecstasies  
I lov'd my home—but trembled now  
To view my father's alter'd brow ;  
I fear'd to meet my mother's eye,  
And hear her voice of agony ;  
I fear'd to view my native spot,  
Where he who lov'd it—now *was not*—  
The pleasures of my home were fled—  
My brother slumber'd with the dead.

I drew near to my father's gate—  
No smiling faces met me now—  
I enter'd—all was desolate—  
Grief sat upon my mother's brow ;  
I heard her, as she kiss'd me, sigh ;  
A tear stood in my father's eye ;  
My little brothers round me prest,  
In gay unthinking childhood blest,  
Long, long that hour has past, but when  
Shall I forget its mournful scene ?

The Sabbath came—with mournful pace  
I sought my brother's burial place—  
That shrine, which when I last had view'd,  
In vigour by my side he stood.  
I gaz'd around with fearful eye—  
All things reposed in sanctity,  
I reach'd the chancel—nought was chang'd—  
The altar decently arrang'd—

*My Brother's Grave.*

The pure white cloth above the shrine—  
 The consecrated bread and wine—  
 All was the same—I found no trace  
 Of sorrow in that holy place:  
 One hurried glance I downward gave—  
 My foot was on my brother's grave!

And years have past—and thou art now  
 Forgotten in thy silent tomb—  
 And cheerful is my mother's brow,  
 My father's eye has lost its gloom;  
 And years have past—and death has laid  
 Another victim by thy side;  
 With thee he roams, an infant shade,  
 But not more pure than thee he died.

Blest are ye both! your ashes rest  
 Beside the spot ye lov'd the best;  
 And that dear home, which saw your birth,  
 O'erlooks you in your bed of earth.  
 But who can tell what blissful shore  
 Your angel-spirits wander o'er?  
 And who can tell what raptures high  
 Now bless your immortality!

My boyish days are nearly gone,  
 My breast is not unsullied now;  
 And worldly cares and woes will soon  
 Cut their deep furrows on my brow—  
 And life will take a darker hue  
 From ills my Brother never knew.  
 And I have made me bosom friends,  
 And lov'd and link'd my heart with others;  
 But who with mine his spirit blends,  
 As mine was blended with my brother's!

When years of rapture glided by,  
The spring of life's unclouded weather,  
Our souls were knit, and thou and I,  
My brother, grew in love together.  
The chain is broke which bound us then—  
When shall I find its like again?

M.

*November, 1818.*

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*It has years of repentance gilded by  
 The spring of life's unclouded weather,  
 Our souls were knit, and thou and I  
 My brother, grew in love together.  
 The chain is broke which bound us then—  
 When shall I find its link again?*

## No. II.

### THE KING OF CLUBS.

#### SUCCESS OF NO. I.

*Jovis 9<sup>o</sup> die Novembris, 1820.*

ALL preliminaries having been discussed, (N. B. By preliminaries I mean a good substantial dinner, composed of beef-steaks, and a Mrs. Garraway pudding) Mr. Golightly prepared the punch-bowl, and Mr. Courtenay, after ringing for the Secretary's pen and ink, produced his Green Bag, and informed the Meeting that he was ready to proceed to business. Some time elapsed before silence could be obtained, as Sir Francis was engaged in an argument with Mr. M. Sterling upon the expediency of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, and Mr. P. O'Connor was loud in a dispute with Mr. Golightly upon the propriety of adding another lemon to the punch. When these difficulties were surmounted, and order finally restored, the PRESIDENT rose and opened the business of the evening in the following manner:—

“Gentlemen,—The first topic to which I request your attention, is the success which our first Number has met with.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)—That success, Gentlemen, has been more complete, more decisive, more general, than the most sanguine well-wisher to our design had reason to expect. Wherever “the Etonian” has made his appearance he has been received with unanimous applause. Oppidan and Colleger, Sixth Form and Fourth, Dandy and Bargee, have united in a feeling of partiality to our work and its conductors:—(*Hear!*)—We complain of no calumny—no detraction—no prejudice. In the Tutor's study, and the Beauty's boudoir, at the Schoolboy's and the Officer's mess, we have experienced the same kindness, and we owe the same acknowledgments.—(*Hear!*)—Having premised thus far, it is almost unnecessary to add that our sale has been astonishingly rapid.—(*Hear! hear! hear! from Mr. Burton.*)—It is allowed by every one that our pages, considering the quantity of matter contained in them, are unusually cheap; nevertheless, our sale has been so extensive, that no demand will for the present be made upon the Privy Purse.—(*Repeated cries of hear! hear! from Mr. Burton.*)—I have in this Green Bag, Gentlemen, various communications upon the subject of “the Etonian;” many of them, however, are too complimentary for a public reading: I shall therefore proceed to submit to you such only as contain objections to the plan or execution of the work, in order that we may have an opportunity of replying to them.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

Mr. STERLING suggested that some one of the Members present should take upon himself the office of reading and supporting the said objections, and that the Chairman should afterwards reply to them in the name of the

Club. The proposal was agreed to, and there was a loud cry for Mr. Oakley. Mr. Oakley accordingly rose, and was hailed by universal acclamation.

As soon as there was once more a prospect of being heard, Mr. Oakley proceeded to return thanks for the office conferred upon him.

"Gentlemen,—You are quite mistaken in your ideas: you have given me this employment, because you think I delight in objection and opposition;—here I beg leave to contradict you all: if you ask whether I accept this duty, I again reply—No! I have a few objections of my own—*(Laughter)*—whicb I shall bring forward in due time, but I never will stoop to coincide in those of another"—*(Hear, hear, hear.)*

With these words Mr. Oakley pushed the bag and its contents to his next neighbour, Mr. Lozell, who refused it, observing, that he could not but agree in what had fallen from his Hon. Friend. Mr. Rowley observed that it was too bitter a *dish* for him; and Mr. Musgrave assured the Meeting that he would never run his *coach* that *road*; Mr. Burton made some remarks on the price of the material of which the Bag was composed; and Sir F. Wentworth avowed a strong dislike of *Green Bags* in general. Finally, that the business of the Meeting might not be longer interrupted, the Hon. G. Montgomery agreed to press the objections.

#### OPENING OF THE GREEN BAG.

The Hon. G. MONTGOMERY, after inspecting one of the letters, informed the Club that he held in his hand a communication from Amicus, on the subject of an article contained in our last Number—he meant "The Visit to Eton." Amicus found fault with the insertion of this article, upon the ground that it purported to come from a gentleman who had not been brought up at Eton. Amicus commented strongly upon the inconsistency of mentioning in one page that support could only be received from gentlemen who had been brought up at Eton, while in another we departed from the restriction by accepting assistance from old Wiccamist.

Mr. M. STERLING defended the Article in the following manner:—

"Gentlemen,—Of 'The Visit to Eton,' to which this gentleman objects, I am the author. I must confess when I wrote that paper I had no idea that such an objection would be urged, since it has been the practice of all periodical writers to write under any signature they think fit. It is needless to multiply examples of this license, since the periodical writers who have set us this example must be familiar to every one's recollection.—*(No, from Mr. Oakley.)*—It must be evident to you, Gentlemen, how very confined our range of topics would be, if every article were written in the character of an Etonian.—*(Hear, hear.)*

Mr. MUSGRAVE hoped that no such restriction would be adopted, as he had by him a Letter from the Guard of the Devonshire Subscription, which, under the proposed regulation, would become inadmissible.

Mr. O'CONNOR, in a strong brogue, observed that he had been preparing a sentimental paper—*(Loud laughter.)*—signed Amelia Araminta, and hoped the said paper would not be rejected, because the said Amelia had not been educated at Eton.—*(Laughter.)*

Sir F. WENTWORTH was heard to say something on the subject of *ex post*

*facto* laws, but the Hon. Bart. was immediately stopped by cries of *order, order!*

MR. PEREGRINE COURTENAY then put a stop to the discussion by stating that he was sure Amicus, on a re-consideration of the subject, would perceive that although the work is strictly confined to the writings of Etonians, it is of course allowed them to write under whatever signature or character they think fit.—(*Hear, hear!*)

MR. MONTGOMERY next read a letter from "Oxoniensis," informing the Club that it was the general opinion that "The Etonian" was principally supported by auxiliaries from the Universities.

MR. PEREGRINE COURTENAY said, that in order to prevent misapprehension upon this point, he would state the limits which he had assigned to foreign contributions. They had hitherto been restricted to twenty pages, and he did not intend they should exceed that number.

MR. MONTGOMERY next produced a letter from Cambridge, signed "An Etonian," containing some animadversions on several parts of No. 1. The first of these was a censure of the Anachronisms in "The Eve of Battle." Our Correspondent remarks with some force upon the inconsistency of the mixture of "steel-bound hands" with "Blues" and "bayonets;" and points out the impropriety of placing "Allan the Moss-trooper" in the same epoch with "Cribb" and "Tattersall's." He is also somewhat severe upon the usage of "unpeels," which, he observes, is to be found "neither in the Slang, or Johnson's Dictionary." He next notices the error of "*rouge et blanc*;" and finally enters into an argument upon the nickname "Swab," which he maintains to be the nickname Oblique; whereas we have brought it forward as a specimen of the nickname Direct.

Mr. Montgomery having concluded, the President briefly replied to the arguments of "An Etonian." He would willingly admit that "The Eve of Battle," strictly analyzed, presented throughout a mass of absurdity and inconsistency; the very idea of discovering such a diversity of characters, lying side by side in such a situation, presented at once a glaring impossibility. But as the situation of a field of battle was merely chosen as a vehicle for the introduction of characters, he considered the above-mentioned errors venial, though not perhaps justifiable, faults. "Unpeels" *vice* "peels" was evidently a slip of the pen, but not *metri gratia*, as our correspondent imagined, since nothing could have been more easy than the alteration of the name which precedes it. Rouge et "*Blanc*" was an inaccuracy of a similar kind; our friends are requested to substitute with their pens "noir" for "blanc." The objection relating to the Nick-name "Swab," Mr. Courtenay considered too insignificant for notice. The President concluded, by expressing his obligations, as Editor, to "An Etonian," for his good wishes and good opinion.

Mr. Montgomery was proceeding to select another letter, when Mr. Musgrave remarked, that this seemed a strange long *stage*, and the *Passengers* were all falling asleep. Mr. Lozell *begged leave* to coincide with his Honourable Friend's sentiments. Mr. Oakley then made the following harangue, which had at least the effect of waking "the Passengers:"—

Gentlemen,—I don't *beg leave* to speak, like my friend Lozell; because I have a right to speak, and what is more, I will speak.—(*Hear, hear.*)—Nor do I “coincide” with my Hon. Friend's (Mr. Musgrave) sentiments. I differ from him on both points.—(*Laughter, and cries of hear, hear.*)—If you think I'm to be *upset*—(*Hear, from Mr. Musgrave.*)—by ridicule, I differ from you there.—(*Hear, hear.*)—If you think—(*Cries of Go on—go on.*)—If you think I'm going to “go on” at your bidding, I'm sorry for you—and I differ from you there.”

The Honourable Gentleman sat down amidst loud and continued plaudits; at the close of which the President rose and spoke as follows:—

“Gentlemen,—I believe it is your wish that the letters I have laid before you should be disposed of in a speedier manner than can be accomplished, as we are at present proceeding;—I will therefore briefly mention to you the scope and tendency of the remainder of these communications, few of which require a serious answer; indeed our correspondents for the most part are in their opinions so perfectly dissimilar, that the expressions of one not unfrequently form a reply to the expressions of another. The first I take up is an admonitory Epistle from Chancery-lane, signed Thales; its object is to recommend less levity, and more sound principle in our succeeding Numbers. The next is from ‘A Fourth Form;’ he hopes to see no more prosy essays, and plenty of ‘Slang’ from Mr. Musgrave.”

Mr. Musgrave swore “A Fourth Form” drove good cattle; and F. Wentworth was sure that if our young well-wisher would come to the next Meeting, every member of the Club would give him his *Liberty*.

The President then continued:—

“‘The Shade of Addison’ wishes Poetry to be excluded; ‘Philomusus’ expresses the same wish with regard to Prose. ‘A Midnight Taper’ disapproves of the careless manner in which the King of Clubs composes; and a ‘Landscape Painter’ advises us to remove the Robes of his Fusticular Majesty from our cover.—‘These,’ remarked the Chairman, “are the only objections to our Work which we have received; and from these it must be obvious to you that the First Number of ‘The Etonian,’ as a whole, has experienced very general approbation. This approbation I do not attribute to the merit of the contents, but to the principles on which it is founded.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)—Our only aim is to exert our utmost abilities for the reputation of Eton, and the amusement of her *alumni*: the event has been as I expected.—The condescension of our Superiors, and the good-nature of our Equals, have alike looked with partiality on our undertaking.—(*Loud cheers.*)—I will now detain you no longer on this topic—”

Here the worthy Chairman was interrupted by Mr. Oakley, who observed that his objections had not yet been heard.—He then proceeded to deliver them in the following manner:—

#### MR. OAKLEY'S AVOWED PREDILECTION FOR TEA.

“Gentlemen,—The first point to which I shall call your attention, is a manifest indecorum in the proceedings of the King of Clubs. I allude to the Punch-bowl.—(*Murmurs.*)—Do not mistake me—I love Punch,—(*Hear,*



hear),—for there is in it the spirit of contradiction.—(*Laughter.*)—The ingredients all oppose each other :—

“ For when a bowl of Punch we make,  
Four striking opposites we take.”

“ But,” Gentlemen, “ much as I admire Punch in private, I disapprove of it altogether in public. It may be all very well in Manuscript, but it will will never do in Print.—(*Murmurs.*)—You differ from me, gentlemen, but I repeat, it will never do. I propose, as a substitute, a cup of tea.—(*Ungovernable laughter.*)—You think me a fool, gentlemen !—(*Loud cries of hear, hear.*)—All I say is, I differ from you.—(*Hear.*)—I will bring forward arguments. Tea is a wholesome Beverage ; Punch is not. Tea is a Classical Beverage ; Punch is not.—(*The Hon. G. Montgomery intimated his dissent.*) Punch, gentlemen, is a mere modern invention ; Tea has been celebrated by Romans. I cannot conclude my address better than by quoting the beautiful panegyric pronounced on Tea by Horace ; in which you will find that our own country is particularly alluded to, as addicted to this admirable potation :

‘ *Te, fontium qui celat origines,  
Nilusque, et Ister, Te rapidus Tigris,  
Te belluosus qui remotis  
Obstrepi Oceanus Britannis,  
Te non paventis funera Galliæ,  
Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ ;  
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri  
Compositis venerantur armis.*’ ”

Mr. GOLIGHTLY said, as the Hon. Gentleman had set the example of quoting, he would give him—

“ Non tecum possum vivere.”—“ Vina fere dulces oluerunt mane Camænæ.”—

The Honourable Speaker was proceeding, when he was cut short by Mr. Musgrave, who declared, that if the drivers persisted in booking Latin and Greek Passengers, to the manifest annoyance of all Christians in the Coach, he should feel it his duty to submit a proposition to the proprietors for the exaction of a fine for every Heathenish Passenger.

Mr. A. McFARLANE considered Punch so good a thing that he should be loth to abandon it for “ any thing but whiskey.”

Mr. MONTGOMERY assured the Meeting, that in the event of the adoption of Tea, there would be a sensible deterioration in his style.

Mr. BURTON hoped the Hon. Gentleman would not continue to press his motion, as it had presented him so unexpected a *product*. He had observed a *falling* of at least fifty per cent. in the *spirits* of the Meeting since Mr. Oakley's proposal.

Mr. O'CONNOR had no idea there had been such a fall in the price of spirits.—(*A laugh.*)—In the event of a change in the Club Beverage he said a few words in recommendation of Hot Pot.

Mr. A. LE BLANC gave an explanation of the various effects of the two fluids upon the brain ; we have not leisure to follow him in his discussion, particularly as it was so wrapped up in science, that we could not perfectly

understand to which he assigned the preference. (Mr. Le Blanc was stopped by loud cries of *Question*; in the midst of which the Chairman rose and observed, that the motion had not been seconded; it was therefore abandoned amidst general applause.)

The PRESIDENT said he had now only to inform the Meeting that the Second Number of "The Etonian" would appear on Wednesday, November 15, nearly a week before its day.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

#### ELECTION OF SIR THOMAS NESBIT.

Mr. GOLIGHTLY, pursuant to notice given at the commencement of the proceedings, rose to propose that Sir THOMAS NESBIT be admitted to take the Oath of Allegiance, and henceforward to enjoy all privileges and immunities to which a liege subject of our Lord the King is entitled. This, reader, is our form of electing a new Member.

Halt! I must resume my Brush and Pallet, and give you, previous to the Ballot, a rough sketch of Sir THOMAS NESBIT. Yet, in preparing my outline, I am much at a loss how or where to begin; for every feature in the character of Sir Thomas is so distinct from its neighbour, that I am afraid of losing the expression of one while I am heightening the effect of another. With his father I was unacquainted, so that I cannot go back to the days of his boyhood, nor describe to you the education which has produced so whimsical and so amusing a composition of eccentricities. I know him only as an Etonian, and as such only I can describe him. He is then, for the time being, the leader or chief of a new sect, which has of late years gained an extensive footing in our little world! I mean that sect, which, by a *studied*, or sometimes by a *natural*, roughness of demeanour, and by an assiduous attention to the proper cultivation of *slang*, has merited and obtained the denomination "*Bargee*." I must say, however the pursuits of these gentlemen may be at variance with rigid discipline, however they may offend the over-nice tastes of some of their companions, I never yet found any harm in a "*Bargee*." He is generally possessed of firm integrity, and of inexhaustible good-humour; and the venial errors of a light head and an inconsiderate temper, are, in my estimation, fully compensated by the advantages of an open heart and warm feeling. To sum up his merits, in behalf of an oppressed schoolfellow he will often encounter an antagonist, at the sight of whom the cheek of the *sap* would grow much paler than it has already become from study, and the jaw of the intimidated Exquisite would chatter within its fence of neckcloth. But Sir Thomas Nesbit is sitting for his picture, and I must waste no more time.

Sir Thomas, as I before observed, is the chief of the class I have been describing, and it is fit he should be so. I do not allude so much to his acquirements in the necessary accomplishments, for in these he has equals, or even superiors. Mr. O'Connor, for instance, has more Brass in his face, more Bass in his voice, than has my good friend, Sir Thomas. But Sir Thomas grounds his pretensions upon the appearance of originality, which he gives by his quaint expression to the oldest conceits; upon the inexhaustible good humour with which he parries the sarcasms of his more

nice, though perhaps less worthy, companions; finally, upon the fine sense of Honour, and the real warmth of Feeling, which it is impossible for him totally to conceal under the mask of affected vulgarity. Warmth of feeling! Mr. Sterling is shaking his head, and the sentimental Gerard considers me guilty of something little better than sacrilege. "I am sorry to differ from you, Gentlemen," as Mr. Oakley, says, but I must repeat, that from the veil of coarseness which Sir Thomas has thought fit to throw over a disposition intended by nature for other pursuits, there do occasionally burst forth specimens of a firm religious principle which Martin Sterling might admire, and a glowing generosity of sentiment which Gerard Montgomery might envy. I have been long acquainted with Sir Thomas, and I can safely aver that I have found in him a stronger idea of honourable conduct, a more constant regard for the happiness of his schoolfellows, than is possessed by a hundred of those who walk up Windsor Hill for the purpose of eating warm patties, and think no pleasure on earth comparable to a glass of Maraschino (no disparagement to Maraschino, which I consider a good thing in its way).

I have often wondered what can have induced a young man, gifted as Sir Thomas undoubtedly is, with a quick imagination, and no inconsiderable portion of judgment, to give up externally the appearance and the habits of a gentleman, and pride himself on the assumption of those of a contrary nature. Nature has made him a gentleman, and he labours, but ineffectually, to convert himself into a clown. He cannot divest himself of the first essentials of the character which he dislikes; he cannot "throw to the dogs," or, as he would express it, "to the *puppies*," his native honour, his innate goodness. Many of his best friends bitterly regret what they term the abuse of the powers with which he is endowed. Perhaps it is a feeling of selfishness which actuates me when I profess a contrary opinion. I do not, I cannot regret the turn which his pursuits have taken. Had they been directed into a more proper channel, he might have become the Idol of Science, or the Star of Fashion, but he never would have been Sir Thomas Nesbit—the warm, the generous, the honest Sir Thomas Nesbit;—the Sir Thomas Nesbit of our mirth, of our affections,—of our Club.

Of our Club? Yes, reader! after the fervent panegyric which I have bestowed upon my worthy friend, you will not be surprised to hear that he passed through the ballot with success. There appeared against him only one black-ball, (supposed from Mr. Oakley).

#### INAUGURATION CEREMONY.

Mr. Golightly left the room, and returned in a few minutes, accompanied by the Member Elect. There was a deep silence. Mr. Peregrine Courtenay, as the representative of the King of Clubs, threw into his august countenance a double portion of solidity and wisdom, in order to receive with due decorum the homage of his new vassal. The other Members preserved a like degree of dignity. On this occasion the loquacious Rowley seemed to assume the contemplative manners of Le Blanc, and the broad unthinking physiognomy of Robert Musgrave laboured to screw itself into the sedate gravity of Martin Sterling. Meantime Mr. Golightly led Sir Thomas to the

throne, and the punch-bowl, which, as Mr. Musgrave expressed it, seemed to have taken off its horses at the O'Connor Public-house, was handed to the top of the table. Sir Thomas threw himself on one knee.—The scene was most impressive. The Secretary was called upon to read the Oath of Fealty, which I did in a clerklly manner.

“ You shall swear faithful vassalage to your liege Lord the King of Clubs, his crown and dignity; you shall swear to drink his health, once a week, in Champaigne, Claret, Port, Punch, or Porter, as seemeth to you best; you shall swear to do what you can for the amusement of your schoolfellows, whether by prose or verse, wit or absurdity, song or sonnet, as seemeth to you best: all this you shall swear in the name of your liege Lord the King, and the Club which he wields, and the Punch which he drinks.”

Then Sir Thomas, laying his hand to his heart, replied, with all the originality of expression for which he is so deservedly celebrated,

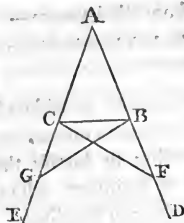
“ I SWEAR.”

The Ceremony was completed by comotation. Each Member, in succession, drank to the health of his new fellow-subject, who returned the compliment by turns to the whole body of his future associates. By the time he had arrived at the end of the list, he was evidently on terms of familiarity with every gentleman present, and felt himself (to use his own expression) “ a Good Fellow to the bottom of the soul and the bottom of the bowl.”

Some conversation arose among a few gentlemen who felt doubts upon the meaning of Sir T. Nesbit's expression, “ a Good Fellow.”—Mr. Le Blanc understood it to mean “ *Regiæ Societatis Socius*,” “ a *Member* of the *King* of Clubs.” Mr. Sterling hoped no sarcasm was intended at the Fellows of the College, many of whom he was sure were sincere friends to the undertaking. Sir T. Nesbit was finally requested to draw up a few remarks on the words in question, and to publish the said remarks in “ *The Etonian*,” under the title of “ Sir Thomas Nesbit's Definition of a Good Fellow.” Sir Thomas promised to comply with the wish of the Meeting, and concluded a neat address by paying a high and deserved compliment to Mr. Golightly, who, he was sure, although he asked for a definition of a Good Fellow, was by no means in want of a definition of “ Good Punch.”—N. B. The bowl had been replenished.

#### MR. BURTON'S SONNET ON THE ASSES'-BRIDGE.

Here the harmony of the Meeting was disturbed by loud snoring from Mr. Burton. Gerard Montgomery was preparing to wake him from these delicious slumbers, when a small piece of neat Bath paper was observed projecting from his waistcoat-pocket. Gerard motioned to the company to be silent, and deprived the unconscious sleeper of the treasure. Gerard immediately proceeded to unfold the precious MS., and gave much entertainment to the Meeting by the recital of Mr. Burton's first offering to the Muses.



# SONNET

WRITTEN ON THE ASSES'-BRIDGE.

"The Asses'-Bridge, for ages doom'd to hear  
The deafening surge assault his wooden ear."—CANNING.

GREAT A! that on thy balanc'd elevation  
Lookest serenely from these columns high,  
How beautifully in their meet gradation  
B C, F G, D E, beneath thee lie:  
Angles and space, Great A! thou dost bestride,  
Like a Colossus; and thy subject letters,  
Beneath thee bound in Adamantine fetters,  
Look trembling up to thine imperial pride;  
Like the fell Titans, when they madly strove  
To top the cloud-conceal'd Olympus—vain,  
Vain was the toil!—Labour, and Rout, and Pain  
O'erturn'd the earth-born!—and Almighty Jove  
Struck,—and was King:—not thine a weaker sway!  
Sit on thy matchless throne!—sit ever thus, Great A!

Mr. BURTON, upon his waking, (which event was possibly occasioned, or rather, accelerated, by the laughter and cheers of the Club), was saluted by the congratulations of all his friends, which he received with an affected appearance of astonishment, and look of conscious satisfaction, which gave room for conjecture that he had heard all that passed, feigning sleep in order to save blushes.

The above Sonnet, in its original state, was without the figure which we have prefixed; and was therefore somewhat unintelligible. Mr. STERLING for Great A suggested Grant-A, and supposed the Sonnet to be addressed to Cambridge. The fourth line he would read thus,—“B. A. M. A. D. D.,” which he would explain—Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, Doctor of Divinity. For “thy” in line 6 he would insert “the”—“The arts,”—“The letters.” The rest of the Sonnet he thought might be addressed with equal propriety *figuratively* to Cambridge.

Mr. LE BLANC had no doubt the Sonnet was *figurative*, but differed from his Honourable Friend as to its meaning. We were indebted to Mr. Le Blanc for the construction we have put upon it, which was afterwards allowed to be correct by Mr. Burton.

MR. GOLIGHTLY quoted from Shakspeare—

“ Why! Man, he doth bestride this narrow world,  
Like a Colossus!”

THE HON. GERARD MONTGOMERY considered Mr. Burton's Sonnet excellent, in every respect, save only the comparison of Jupiter with Great A.

MR. LE BLANC was proceeding to justify the comparison, by an allusion to the “ Alpha and Omega” of Scripture, when he was silenced by an authoritative “ Order!” from Mr. Martin Sterling.

MR. O'CONNOR had no doubt it was all very fine, but as he did not understand *Algebra*, he could not be expected to enter into the spirit of “ Great A.”

SIR FRANCIS WENTWORTH wondered that poets should concur in their censure of the insurrection of the Titans; he conceived that at the epoch alluded to, Olympus would evidently have been the better for a Radical Reform—(the Hon. Baronet was stopped, as usual, by cries of “ No Politics.”)

#### MR. BURTON'S PROPOSED EPIC.

MR. BURTON said, he was happy to hear his first attempt at versification applauded in terms so much higher than he had *calculated* upon. The approbation he had received might possibly induce him to continue a plan he had in contemplation, which had at least the merit of novelty. He intended, for the use of young mathematicians, to *subtract* somewhat from what some persons called the *gravity* of Euclid, by the *addition* of a bit of rhyme to each proposition. Nay! he had some thoughts of joining the several *products*, and connecting them in such a manner, that their *total* would amount to a tolerable Epic.—(Hear.)

THE HON. G. MONTGOMERY, although he did not object to the little *jeu d'esprit* before them, would certainly oppose the insertion of an Epic, the argument of which would be that  $AB=CD$ .—(Laughter.)

MR. ALLEN LE BLANC said it would be as easy to fetter Enceladus with bands of roses, as to confine the clear definitions, the admirable arguments, the convincing conclusions of mathematics, within the futile and nugatory chains of sacrilegious Thalia.—(Hear, hear.)

SIR F. WENTWORTH could not but declare his conviction that a *Treaty of Alliance* between the republics of Algebra and Poetry, would be alike ruinous to both parties.—(Hear, hear.)

MR. MUSGRAVE thought that Rhyme and Mathematics had always been Opposition Coaches. He was no friend to “ *The Union*,” and protested vehemently against “ *Double Bodies*.”—(Laughter.)

MR. OAKLEY told us what his opinion was, or rather, what it was *not*, in these words;—I do not mean to approve of the idea started by my Honourable Friend Mr. Burton; still I cannot admit the position laid down by Mr. Le Blanc.—(Laughter.)—I differ in an equal degree from Mr. Montgomery and Sir F. Wentworth. Mr. Musgrave's observation I do not conceive to be worth a contradiction.—(Laughter.)

MR. BURTON rose with a countenance somewhat expressive of chagrin, and spoke nearly as follows:—The majority of the Meeting appear to think

that Poetry is incompatible with Mathematics. I shall endeavour to prove the contrary by a comparison of a Proposition with an Epic, which I shall present to No. III. I hope every one will forbear to make up his mind upon this point until he has read the said article.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

MR. BURTON'S MISBEHAVIOUR PRODUCTIVE OF AN IMPORTANT MOTION.

The CHAIRMAN then rose—

“As the discussion of Mr. Burton's threatened Epic seems at an end, I wish to call the attention of the Meeting to an impropriety in the Honourable Gentleman's conduct, which I am sure they will perceive and reprove. Mr. John Burton has gone to sleep in the Club-Room. This, gentlemen, is a practice which, if persevered in, will be productive of the most lamentable effects. What becomes of the dignity of the King of Clubs if his subjects are allowed to throw off the respect which is due to him, and to insult the presence of Majesty by an irreverent snore.—(*Hear, hear.*) But this, gentlemen, is not the *only*, nor is it the *greatest* evil attendant upon this disloyal Practice. I am willing to make allowances for the frailty of Human Nature; I am willing to admit that the business of the Club may occasionally be too dull to amuse the lower end of the Table—and on these grounds I should be disposed to concede to its occupiers a short space of repose, were I not persuaded to the contrary by another reason, which I am sure will have great weight in deciding your opinions. Gentlemen, if a Member is permitted to *sleep* he is by the same regulation permitted to *dream*.—(*Hear, hear! from Mr. Lozell.*)—It is very difficult, when we compose ourselves to sleep after drinking deep of the inspiration which is on the table, to divest ourselves of the airy visions which hover fantastically round our slumbers. But these Shapes of the Imagination will never go down with the Public.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)—We really must not *dream* in the Club-room.—(*Hear, hear!*)—I will prove to you the necessity of adopting some regulation on this subject, by informing you of the Dreams which have already been dreamt in the service of “The Etonian.”—“Love's young Dream” by the Hon. Gerard Montgomery. “The Dream of Mawse Muckleskirk!” by Mr. Alexander M'Farlane. “The Vision of Marglip, an Allegory,” by Mr. Martin Sterling. “Somnium Stoici” by Mr. Allen Le Blanc. From this, it must be obvious to you, that were we to license the *slumbers* of the Members of the Club, we should infallibly contribute to the *slumbers* of our readers, and in this point I must confess I have no desire to be serviceable to our fellow-citizens.—(*Loud shouts of hear, hear.*)—Before I counteract the effect of my observations by sending *you* to sleep, I will conclude by moving “that no Member be allowed to sleep in the Club-Room; and that Mr. Secretary Hodgson be directed to insert the said clause after Resolution X.”—(*Hear! hear!*)

Sir T. NESBIT rose to second the motion—

“I must adduce,” said the worthy Baronet, “an argument on the subject, which seems to have escaped the notice of the Honourable President. If gentlemen are allowed to go to sleep, there will be an end of all Good Fellowship and Conviviality.—No ‘laughter’ will resound—no ‘Hear,

hear' will be uttered—no jokes will be cut—finally, gentlemen, no Punch will be drunk.—You saw the delay occasioned by Mr. Burton's nap.—For these reasons I most cordially second the motion of the Worthy President."

The Honourable GERARD MONTGOMERY implored the Meeting to take into their consideration,

"Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus."

Sir F. WENTWORTH protested most strongly against this unprecedented and unwarranted infringement on the liberties of the subject.—All periodical Writers had hitherto exercised the right of expressing their thoughts in this manner, and he could see no reason for denying sleep to the King of Clubs.—(Hear.)

Mr. GOLIGHTLY could not check his inclination to quote—

"O, gentle Sleep!—"

Why liest thou with the vile

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the *Kingly couch*," &c.

Mr. MUSGRAVE did not precisely understand the Hon. Gentleman who spoke last, but by his talking of "the *Kingly coach*," he supposed some allusion was meant to the "*Royal Eton Mail*," mentioned in No. I. p. 22.

—(Laughter.)

The Question was then put, and carried by a majority of three in favour of the motion:—

Ayes 9.

Noes 6.

#### LIST OF THE MINORITY.

Le Blanc, Allen.

M'Farlane, A.

Montgomery, Hon. G.

Oakley, Michael.

Wentworth, Sir F.

Teller—J. Burton.

Mr. PEREGRINE COURTENAY said, that in consequence of the unusually large number of Members who had voted in the Minority, he would modify in some measure the rigour of the restriction by the following proposal:—Any Member was at liberty to come to him (Mr. Courtenay) to explain upon what subject it was his wish to *dream*; and if such subject should be one which had never been *dreamed* upon before, Mr. Courtenay would promise to submit it to the decision of the Club, whether the said Member should not be allowed to *Dream*.—(Hear, hear, hear!)

#### PETITION FROM JEREMY GUBBINS.

Mr. BURTON rose and stated, that he had been requested by a very worthy individual, Mr. Jeremy Gubbins, to present to the King of Clubs the Petition which he held in his hand. He would not anticipate the amusement of his hearers by giving any account of its subject or purpose, but would merely state that it contained nothing disrespectful to the Club. The Honourable Gentleman concluded by desiring that the Petition be read by the Secretary.

The Petition having been read accordingly, the Honourable Member moved—"that this Petition be received, and do lie on the Table, to be taken into consideration at the next meeting of the Club."

The motion was seconded by Mr. MARTIN STERLING, and was carried *Nem. Diss.*



The PRESIDENT informed the Club, that having completed their retrospect of No. I., he would invite them to look forward to their

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

"These, Gentlemen," he continued, "wear indeed the most flattering appearance. You will remember that the Prose in No. I. was the production of pens totally unaccustomed to such composition; these, Gentlemen, may certainly be expected to acquire greater facility of expression as they proceed. We are sure of the support of our equals, as long as we continue to amuse. When this shall cease to be the case, the Etonian will cease to write: it will not be my wish to send our papers into the world in opposition to the wish and opinion of the majority of our schoolfellows.—(*Cheers.*)—But, gentlemen, I have no reason for apprehending such a termination to our efforts; I have every foundation for a contrary expectation; and, what is perhaps more to the purpose, our good friend and publisher, Mr. Charles Knight, is even more sanguine than myself. I will now read to you a variety of compositions which have been sent to 'The Etonian' by Gentlemen, not Members of the Club."

Mr. Courtenay proceeded to read several Articles, of which it is needless to give a minute account. Suffice it to say that the following were deemed by the Club inadmissible; and that the thanks of the Meeting were voted to the authors for their kind support, although at present it is not in our power to avail ourselves of it:—"Tacitus,"—"Q. S. D."—"Edward De Brent,"—"Basha of Three Tails,"—"Looney M'Twolver,"—"News from Nottingham," (humbly suspected to be fictitious),—"Seraphina Timms,"—"A Clod,"—"T."—"Patentee of an Improvement in Lamps,"—"Virga and Virgil, a Parallel,"—"A Marine,"—"R. N."—"A Lame Duck,"—"Lucian Junior,"—"But Indifferent,"—"A Chaise and Pair."

The Members of the Club were then requested to give in a list of what articles they had in preparation or contemplation, and the Secretary was ordered to publish the said list, in order that the public may see what entertainment they have to expect from our future Numbers.

ARTICLES IN PREPARATION.

An Essay on the Advantage of having only One Eye; to be illustrated and confirmed by the invariable practice of great Conquerors, Hannibal, Philip, John Zisca, Lord Nelson, Aurelian, &c.

Mr. Martin Sterling's Admonitory Hints on Theme Composition.

Mr. Oakley's Objections to Other Men's Wit.

Treatise on Blarney, by Mr. Patrick O'Connor.

Mr. Golightly on Hair-dressing; with a Eulogium on Mr. John Smith.

Meditations on Mutton; by W. Rowley.—"The Beef of to-morrow will succeed to the Mutton of to-day, as the Mutton of to-day succeeded to the Beef of yesterday."—Canning.

On Mr. Wordsworth's Poetry in a General Sense; by the Honourable G. Montgomery.

On his Theory and Manner; by Mr. A. Le Blanc.

Punning Defended, on the score of its Antiquity, Utility, &c. &c. &c.

Inconvenience of a Sympathetic Heart ; from the Hon. G. Montgomery.  
Biography of a " Boy's Room."

Miseries of the Christmas Holidays in Town.

Mr. Martin Sterling's Review of the Present State of Literature at Eton.

Mr. Golightly's Review of the Present State of Cricketing at Eton, with  
some Cursory Remarks on our Contest with Harrow.

Foot-ball ; a Sketch.

The County Ball ; a Poem.

Treatise on Checkmate.

Ditto on Mud Cottages.

Ditto on a "*Certain Age*."

The More the Merrier.

A Few Thoughts on Slang, by Sir T. Nesbit.

Cautions for Young Poets.

Ditto for Young Ladies.

Essay on Pedants.

Pride and Prejudice, }  
Sense and Sensibility, } By P. Courtenay.

Sketches from Windsor Terrace.

Lines on Leaving Llandogo, a Village on the Banks of the Wye.

The Contented Lover.

Stanzas in Imitation of Wordsworth ; by Gerard Montgomery.

Lines to Ellen on her Departure ; by X. C.

Mr. Oakley on Negative Happiness.

The Correspondence of the Bunbury Family.

#### THANKS OF THE CLUB.

The PRESIDENT then rose to propose a Vote of Thanks to the Honourable GERARD MONTGOMERY for the active and able part which he had taken in the execution of the Second Number of "*The Etonian*." Mr. COURTENAY prefaced his motion by a high and well-merited eulogium upon the two articles which had been contributed by his Honourable Friend.

"The Essay on Wordsworth," said Mr. COURTENAY, "is a powerful attempt to counteract the effects of a groundless prejudice against one of the first poets of the day. Wordsworth, whose glowing genius and intense feeling his most severe critics cannot but allow, has been too long a stranger to the bookshelves of Etonians. We may be allowed to hope that the efforts of my Honourable Friend will induce our schoolfellows to *read* before they *ridicule*. I feel convinced that '*The Etonian*' will have strong claims upon the gratitude of his readers, although the only service he renders to them should be the introduction of Wordsworth to their acquaintance.—(*Loud cries of hear, hear.*) It is needless, as it would be endless, for me to enlarge at present upon the merits of Godiva. Before our next meeting takes place, the voice of our schoolfellows will have bestowed upon this composition an encomium far more gratifying to its author than any thanks or approbation from the lips of Peregrine Courtenay."—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

The Hon. G. MONTGOMERY returned thanks in an eloquent speech, which, for the sake of brevity, we are obliged to omit. He congratulated the Club

on its reasonable prospect of success, and concluded by assuring the President that he was mistaken in the last words of his flattering speech, and that the wish he entertained for Mr. Courtenay's approbation was much higher than Mr. Courtenay himself seemed ready to believe.

The thanks of the Club were also voted, upon the motion of Mr. Courtenay—

To Mr. Golightly, for his "Account of the Windsor Ball," and his "Solitude in a Crowd."

To Mr. Matthew Swinburne, for his "Description of the Miseries of the Christmas Holidays."

To S. D. for his "Ode on Despair."

The thanks of the Club were finally given to all who write, speak, or think, in favour of "The Etonian."

#### ALARMING DISCOVERY.

MR. COURTENAY then rose, and addressed the Meeting in the following manner:—

"Gentlemen,—While we are upon the subject of a vote of thanks to our numerous and obliging supporters, I feel it my duty to bring forward a topic upon which I am sure you, in common with myself, will look with the deepest anxiety.—(*A dead silence—every one seemed wrapt up in expectation.*)—Gentlemen, there is among the enemies of our Institution a terrible, a nefarious conspiracy to blow up the "King of Clubs"—(*A burst of horror on all sides.*)—Yes, Gentlemen, I repeat, a conspiracy utterly to exterminate the 'King of Clubs.' We have within these few days witnessed the rejoicings made on the anniversary of that day, when a grievous plot was laid for the destruction of the King of *England*. Alas! we have now to contemplate a plot almost as detestable for the destruction of the King of *Clubs*. You will ask me for proofs of this dark transaction!—the imprudence of our enemies has furnished them. As if they were certain of success in this atrocious villainy, they have anticipated the accomplishment of their purpose, and have already caused it to be believed that our Institution is no more; that the King of Clubs exists not.—(*A start of surprise from all the Members.*)—Yes! they have dared to assert that in the land of the living we have no station—that the Members of this Society are shades. Shades! Gentlemen! Can one who lives, who drinks, who writes, be a Shade? Is the humble individual who has now the honour of addressing you, a mere shade? Are you not all substantial beings? Are you not all equally plain flesh and blood with myself?—(*Loud cries of yes, yes, equally.*)—Then, Gentlemen, what can be more flagitious than the machinations of these designing persons, who argue against the existence of a body of young men, who not only perform with propriety the usual functions of human nature, but have just sent into the world an undeniable proof of their health and safety in the pages of 'The Etonian?'—(*Loud cries of hear, hear.*)—This brings me to another point, which it is necessary to impress most firmly on your consideration. These secret destroyers, not content with arguing us out of our existence, have already disposed of our property. They have bestowed those little hoards, which we have deposited in 'The Etonian' with so much care and anxiety,

upon other gentlemen, who never were or will be Members of the King of Clubs. It shocks me, Gentlemen, to see the trifling riches we have collected thus openly taken from us: it shocks me to behold the Treasury of the King of Clubs publicly plundered, that the wealth of it may be bestowed upon MESSRS. DURNFORD, OUTRAM, ASHLEY, TROWER, CURZON, BEALES, PRAED, and others, with whom the King of Clubs has no connexion whatever—(*Low murmurs of indignation.*)—After the unequivocal assertion we have made of our sole right to the property in dispute, I cannot but look upon this appropriation as a most degrading and flagitious attempt. Whether the gentlemen, whose names I have mentioned, are parties to the iniquitous transaction I know not. If they have any feeling of honour, any obligation of principle, let them come forward to disavow any right or claim to that which is exclusively the property of the King of Clubs.”—(*Loud cheers.*)

The PRESIDENT having concluded, I, even I, RICHARD HODGSON, Knave of Clubs, Secretary, albeit unused to the study of oratory, did essay to speak; for, indeed, my honour had been attacked, and the distinction which was conferred upon me by the voice of the Club, had been taken away, and insidiously bestowed upon another. Grieved at heart, I could not keep silence, and in truth I was much applauded when I spoke as is here set down:—

“Most Worthy Gentlemen,—It is impossible for me to heighten the effect of the President’s discourse; howbeit, one circumstance hath escaped his recollection: our designing enemies have taken from us our honours as well as our wealth—I allude most particularly to mine own case. Me they have despoiled of the rank to which you have exalted me, and they have bestowed it unjustly upon the Gentleman whose name was last mentioned by the worthy Chairman. I have no doubt that when the claims of that Gentleman are duly considered, it will be found that he does in no respect deserve the title which has been given to him. I pray you to aver publicly, that Richard Hodgson, your humble Secretary, has the only just claim to the title of Knave of Clubs.”

The PRESIDENT said, he hoped what had passed would have the effect of securing to the Club the undisturbed possession of their property and distinctions.—(*Hear, hear.*)

The Thanks of the Club, on the motion of the Hon. G. Montgomery, were presented to Mr. Courtenay, for his conduct in the Chair—for his attention on all occasions to the interest of Eton, and the ability he had displayed in the management of “THE ETONIAN.”

Mr. COURTENAY returned thanks in a neat speech.

The Meeting then adjourned.

RICHARD HODGSON,  
*Knave of Clubs, Secretary.*

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*Notice is hereby given, that his Majesty the King of Clubs has signified his gracious intention of holding a Drawing Room on Monday the 27th Inst.*

## TO RICHARD HODGSON,

*Knave of Clubs, Secretary.*

MY DEAR KNAVE,—Great geniuses are subject from their very nature to ebbs and flows of inspiration. Milton and Dryden, during the best half of every year, could never rise higher than to Essays on Divorce, Prefaces, Translations, and English Grammars. Just so it is with me at present; and I, your appointed Laureat, after having put in practice every mean I ever heard of for creating verses, as biting the nails, scratching the head, &c., have absolutely effected nothing, saving six lines and a half of a Sonnet to Mary, and the joke of an Epigram without any beginning. The very truth of it is, I am at low water mark; and accordingly, actuated, as I am, by the purest patriotism for our Club and its bantling, I resign my mantle of poetry for this Number to other bards less affected by weather\* than myself; though I claim it as my right, *virtute officii*, that you make them understand, that, like the Cæsars of the Empire, they are bound, if their verses be good, to refer all their credit and success to the auspicious influence of Gerard Montgomery, their Augustus.

Having doffed, therefore, my mantle of Poetry, I sit clothed in my short coat of Criticism, after the universal example of modern Poets, who rarely send forth a volume of verses without associating it with another in prose, to prove the said verses to be the best that were ever written. Not that I am going to waste a sheet and an hour in proving *my* poems such, for that would be superfluous: but what from the vehement desire I have of venting my spleen against Golightly and M'Farlane, who cannot endure the writings of the Poets nicknamed the Lake School, (whether *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, or directly, is a doubt,) and what from my own long and constant admiration of them, I have determined to devote this my interlunar page to a short and popular elucidation of the genius of the most eminent among the said poets, William Wordsworth; Allan le Blanc having engaged to furnish, if called for, a full and complete account of the more mysterious and esoteric department of his metaphysics.

I have just before said that these persons had been nicknamed a School of Poets; and I said so, because, if we understand by that term what we do when talking of the Schools of Plato or Raffaele, it is to all intents and purposes a misnomer. Every one knows that in schools of philosophy and painting the precepts and the manner are scrupulously obeyed and imitated; and when any striking aberration from that standard has occurred, the author of such separation has ever been considered the founder of

\* We are happy to perceive that the recent *change* of weather has induced the Hon. G. Montgomery to *change* his mind.—Vide Godiva.—P. C.

a new sect or school in his own person. Now whoever is at all acquainted with the writings of the Lake Poets (I use the term at present for conciseness) must have perceived, that, so far from there existing any imitation of, or intimate communion with each other, with respect to the choice of subject-matter, or the manner of treating it in their works, nothing can be more essentially different, in almost all points of importance, than they are; and as far as concerns the individual genius of each person, I will venture to say that there do not exist such opposite and strikingly various characters of intellect in any other given number of writers of the present day, whether English or Foreign. I shall not stay now to exemplify this position at length, because it is no more than what every one who reads these authors must acknowledge, and what to those who *will* turn a deaf ear to a charmer, "charm he never so wisely," is immaterial whether it be fact or not.

In the meantime it may be worth while to observe this first instance of that liberal and discriminating criticism, that abhorrence of misrepresentation and sneering, which has so honourably distinguished a certain Scotch (*pace M<sup>r</sup> Farlan's* *dixerim*) Review, and with which the Lake Poets have been for a long period of time so unceasingly and conspicuously favoured, to the no small detriment of the shares rightly appertaining to many a famous bard of the present time. But the motives, which prompted this imposition of a nickname are not very mysterious, at least to the initiated;—having pocketed all that was to be extracted by conversation and repeated epistolary correspondence with these very men, those generous critics found it necessary, in order to avoid the suspicion of plagiarism, to turn sharp round upon their benefactors, to whom they owed the reputation by which they got their bread, quiz all their little peculiarities, and finally "spit in their faces and call them asses!" Accordingly, after sporting whole sheets full of admired reasoning, and, as was generally supposed, original theory, (almost the whole of which, it is well known by many persons in this country, was actually stolen from the unreserved communications of one of the most distinguished of these writers,) they have the charity to fall most especially foul upon that very person; and, in consideration of his favours, pleasantly denominate him "fool," "simpleton," "ingenious gentleman," or "old woman;" and, with a discrimination and significance peculiarly their own, pronounce all his writings "*Lakish!*" In short, they know the meaning of the proverb, "Give a dog," &c., and acted upon its benevolent principles; in lieu of all particulars, one formula was amply sufficient. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey were "Lake Poets," and their works of course "*Lakish!*" These Scotchmen were born with the malignity of Caligula, but purloined his wit as usual, and gave a collective name to destroy at once.

Since, however, this consummation so devoutly wished for has not taken place, and the reputation and pervading influence of these bespattered Poets, so far from decreasing to a nonentity under the "unceasing stowre," have on the contrary gone on slowly, but steadily widening and deepening, and still continue so to do, it becomes a matter of reasonable curiosity to inquire into the causes which have preserved and invigorated them under this tyranny of abuse, whilst not a few of their contemporaries, who, at their first appearance, were bepraised *ad nauseam* by these same learned Thebans, are now sinking fast, some into neglect, and others into contempt.

Now a Poet, in the highest and strictest sense of that word, is he who is a ποιητής, a *Maker*, an *Inventor*, whose Imagination, or Shaping Power, can and does embody the forms of things unknown, and can create realities out of airy nothings. This energy, which is the highest heaven of Invention in a Poet, is not however peculiar, in an exclusive manner, to a writer of verses;—it may exist as vitally and essentially in prose;—rhythm and metre are to this Power, as two wings to a Soul, investing it with the robes and resemblances of a Seraphim. Therefore the Wise Man of Israel was a Poet, when he burst forth, "Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah; comely as Jerusalem; terrible as an army with banners." Therefore Demosthenes was a Poet, when by an instantaneous effort of his power he evoked the canonized shades of his ancestors, and caused them, as it were, to flit over the spell-bound mob around him;—"Οὐ μὰ τοὺς ἐν Μαραθῶνι προκινδυνεύσαντας τῶν προγόνων," &c. Therefore Jeremy Taylor was a Poet when he prayed for humility;—"And yet I know thou resistest the proud, and didst cast the morning stars, the angels, from heaven, into chains of darkness, *when they grew giddy and proud, walking upon the battlements of heaven, beholding the glorious regions that were above them.*" This power is the essence of all rightful Poetry; or, in other words, it is that without which Poetry is not.

The second accomplishment of an absolute poet, or, rather, of Poetry, is Imitation; by which term I mean all efforts of the mind, which are not in a genuine sense *original* and *self-springing*, but are modelled after prototypes existing somewhere in *rerum naturá*; i.e. all descriptions of passive Nature and Art;—Dramatic representations of manners—and Satire, &c., because all these, in their external form and composition, merely aim at imitating objects set before them, and they become more or less really Poetical, as they are more or less powerfully impregnated with the living soul and breath of the Imagination. The last requisite for perfection is, as was hinted above, a copious and splendid

command of language, and thorough acquaintance with the laws of metre, tempered by an ear tuned up, if it were possible, to the "noiseless music of the spheres."

It may be fairly questioned whether this *beau ideal* has ever been realized amongst men in all its members;—the most glorious specimens of this, the most sublime exaltation of human intellect, are undoubtedly Homer and Shakspeare, even without the Margites. That many have been endowed more or less with detached emanations of the Poetical Power, and that more have possessed the auxiliar accomplishments, *without* that Power, is also as certain: but to enter upon that subject would be endless;—it is more my immediate object to show that a large portion of the spirit, and an absolute empire over the dependencies, are in the present day centered in the person of William Wordsworth.

This object, I imagine, cannot be more effectually attained, and certainly not more expeditiously and delightfully to the reader and myself, than by extracting a few passages of different kinds, containing all the essentials, as before laid down, of genuine Poetry; but which shall not be connected particularly with the Author's more private theory, as it is quite necessary, according to all good reasoning, to show that Wordsworth is *generally* a great Poet, before it can be proved even worth the while to investigate that theory at all. For I acknowledge that there is no intrinsic excellence in Singularity of itself, unless it be grounded on, and spring from, the immutable laws of reason and nature, and be *therefore* singular, simply because it is a straight line exposing the obliquities of a thousand crooked ones.

My first proof is the beginning of the "Address to H. C. six years old:—"—

"O Thou! whose fancies from afar are brought;  
 Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,  
 And fittest to unutterable thought  
 The breeze-like motion, and the self-born carol;  
 Thou fairy Voyager! that dost float  
 In such clear water, that thy Boat  
 May rather seem  
 To brood on air than on an earthly stream  
 Suspended on a stream as clear as sky,  
 Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;  
 O blessed Vision! happy Child!  
 Thou art so exquisitely wild,  
 I think of thee with many fears  
 For what may be thy lot in future years."

I make no comments upon this extract, or those which follow; because I really suppose that there can be no lover of poetry in any shape who will not confess this and them to be admirable, and such as neither Milton nor Shakspeare in their highest moments would have been ashamed of.



My second proof:—

“She was a Phantom of Delight  
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful fawn;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see, with eye serene,  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A Traveller betwixt life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd,  
To warn, to comfort, to command;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.”

I produce then my third proof from “Ruth:”—

“The Youth of green savannahs spake,  
And many an endless, endless lake,  
With all its fairy crowds  
Of islands, that together lie  
As quietly as spots of sky  
Among the evening clouds.

\* \* \*

‘What days and what sweet years! Ah me!  
Our life were life indeed, with thee  
So pass'd in quiet bliss!  
And all the while,’ said he, ‘to know  
That we were in a world of woe,  
On such an earth as this!’

\* \* \*

Through dream and vision did she sink,  
Delighted all the while to think  
That on those lonesome floods,  
And green savannahs, she should share  
His board with lawful joy, and bear  
His name in the wild woods.

\* \* \*

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,  
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,  
Fair trees and lovely flowers;  
The breezes their own languor lent;  
The stars had feelings, which they sent  
Into those gorgeous bowers.”

I have written and quoted so much, that I must hasten to a conclusion, after having given to Eton two more exquisite stanzas from "Peter Bell :"—

" At noon, when by the forest's edge,  
He lay beneath the branches high,  
The soft blue sky did never melt  
Into his heart,—he never felt  
The witchery of the soft blue sky !  
On a fair prospect some have look'd  
And felt, as I have heard them say,  
As if the moving time had been  
A thing as steadfast as the scene  
On which they gaz'd themselves away."

I have but a few words to say more, and I will then put an end to a very long, though I confidently hope not uninteresting letter. If the passages, which have been quoted, were the only ones known by experience to be of that degree of merit, whatever that be, which they may lay claim to, yet most assuredly all the laws of good reasoning would *infer*, that it was highly probable, at least, that he who could write a hundred such lines on different subjects, could also write other hundreds with more or less of the same power. Now I declare, and every one, who knows Wordsworth's poems well, will bear me out in the assertion, that almost every page contains similar passages ;—nay, there are many who will think I have not selected the finest specimens of his genius, which is indeed true, as I have not touched upon the Platonic Ode, the most magnificent of all his efforts, simply because I was anxious to show Wordsworth only in the character of a great poet, independent of what he may be thought to gain or lose by his own peculiar theory.

If I find that these remarks have not been distasteful to the generality, or even to a few of your readers, I will at some future period advance one step farther, and endeavour to explain and illustrate Wordsworth as a very singular and peculiar poet, quite set apart from the troop of every-day metrists, and living and breathing in a world of his own. This I think would not be without its amusement ; at least I am sure the fault would be in the critic if it were so, and not in the Poet himself. I end all by leaving in the ears of all objectors and sneerers the eloquent words of Edmund Burke :—

" I am sensible I have not disposed my materials to abide the test of a capacious controversy, but of a sober and even forgiving examination ; that they are not armed at all points for battle, but dressed to visit those who are willing to give a peaceful entrance to—Truth."

G. M.

YES AND NO.

"We came into the world like brother and brother,  
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another."—SHAKESPEARE.

MR. LOZELL'S TREATISE ON THE ART  
OF SAYING "YES."

"He humbly answered 'Yea! Bob.'"  
ANON.

OUR opinion is very much strengthened by the relief that many of our friends will assent to it, when we assert that no art requires in a greater degree the attention of a young man on his entrance into life than that of saying "Yes." A man who deigns not to use this little word is a bull-dog in society; he studies his own gratification rather than that of his friends, and of course accomplishes neither: in short, he deserves not to be called a civilized being, and is totally unworthy of the place which he holds in the creation.

Is not it right to believe the possible fallacy of one's own opinion?—Yes. Is not it proper to have a due consideration for the opinion of others?—Yes! Is not it truly praiseworthy to sacrifice our conviction, our argument, our obstinacy, upon the shrine of politeness?—Again and again we answer—Yes! yes! yes!

Nothing indeed is to us more gratifying, than to behold a man modestly diffident of the powers which nature has bestowed upon him, and assenting, with a proper sense of his own fallibility, to the opinions of those who kindly endeavour to remedy his faults, or to supply his deficiencies. Nothing is to us more gratifying than to hear from the lips of such a man that true test of a complying dis-

MR. OAKLEY'S TREATISE ON THE ART  
OF SAYING "NO."

"My son—learn betimes to say No."  
MISS EDGEWORTH.

OUR opinion is not a jot weakened by the probability that many of our friends will dissent from it, when we assert that no art requires in a greater degree the attention of a young man, on his entrance into life, than that of saying "No." A man who is afraid to use this little word is a spaniel in society; he studies to please others, rather than to benefit himself, and of course fails in both objects: in short, he deserves not to be called a man, and is totally unworthy of the place which he holds in the creation.

Is he a rational being who has not an opinion of his own?—No. Is he in the possession of his five senses who sees with the eyes, who hears with the ears of other men?—No! Does he act upon principle who sacrifices truth, honour, and independence, on the shrine of servility?—Again and again we reply—No! no! no!

Nothing indeed is to us more gratifying, than to behold a man relying boldly on the powers which nature has bestowed upon him, and spurning, with a proper consciousness of independence, the suggestions of those who would reduce him from the rank he holds as a reasonable creature, to the level of a courtier and a time-server. Nothing is to us more gratifying than to hear from the

position—that sure prevention of all animosity—that immediate stop to all quarrels—that sweet, civil, complacent, inoffensive monosyllable—Yes!

Yet, alas! how many do we find who, from an affectation of singularity, or a foolish love of argument, do as it were expunge this admirable expression from their vocabularies. How many do we see around us, who are in the daily habit of losing the most advantageous offers, of quarrelling with strangers, and of offending their best friends, solely because they obstinately refuse to call to their assistance the infallible remedy for all these evils, which is to be found in the three letters upon which we are offering a brief comment.

We are sure we are only chiming in with the opinion of other people, when we lament the manifold and appalling evils which are the sure consequences of this disinclination to affirmatives. To us it is really melancholy to look upon the disposition to contradiction by which some of our friends are characterized, to observe the manifest pride of some, the unreasonable pertinacity of others.—Of a surety, if we are doomed at any future season to put on the yoke of wedlock, Mrs. L., and all the Masters and Misses L. shall be early instructed in the art of saying “Yes.”

Look into the pages of history! —You will find there innumerable examples in support of our opinion. When the Greeks begged Achilles to pocket his affronts and make an end of Hector, he refused. Very well, we have no doubt he did all for the best; but we are

lips of such a man that decided test of a free spirit—that finisher to all dispute—that knock-down blow in all arguments—that strong, forcible, expressive, incontrovertible monosyllable—No!

Yet, alas! how many do we find who are either unable or unwilling to pronounce this most useful, most necessary response! How many do we see around us, who are in the daily habit of professing to know things of which they are altogether ignorant, of making promises which it is impossible for them to perform, of saying (to use for once a soft expression) the thing which *is not*,—solely because they will not call to their assistance the infallible remedy for all these evils, which is to be found in the two letters upon which we are offering a brief comment.

It is dreadful to reflect upon the evils which this neglect must infallibly produce. It is dreadful to look round upon the friends and relatives whom we see suffering the most appalling calamities from no other misconduct than a blind aversion to negatives. It is disgusting to observe the flexible indecision of some, the cringing servility of others. Forgive us, reader, but we cannot help soliloquizing—God save the King of Clubs, and may the Princes of the Blood Royal be early instructed in the art of saying “No.”

Look into the pages of history! —You will find there innumerable examples in support of our opinion. Pompey was importuned to give battle to Cæsar;—he complied. Poor devil!—he would never have been licked at Pharsalia if he had learned from us the

morally sure that Patroclus would not have been slain, if Achilles had known how to say "Yes." We all know how he cried about it when it was too late. To draw another illustration from the same epoch, how disastrous was the ignorance which Priam displayed of this art, when a treaty was on foot for the restoration of Helen. Nothing was easier than to finish all disputes, to step out of all difficulties, by one civil, obliging, gentlemanly "Yes." But he refused—and Troy was burned. What glorious results would a contrary conduct have produced! It would have prevented a peck of troubles both to the Greeks and the Etonians. It would have saved the Ancients ten years, and the Moderns twelve books, of bloodshed. It is almost unnecessary to allude to the imprudent, the luckless Hippolytus; he never would have been murdered by a marine monster, if he could but have said "Yes:" but the word stuck in his throat, and he certainly paid rather dear for his ignorance.

"Yes," cries a critic, "I agree with all this,—but it's all so old." We assent to your opinion, my good friend, and will endeavour to benefit by your suggestion. Come then—we will look for illustrations among the characters of our own age.

There's Lord *Duretete* the misanthrope. He has a *tolerable* fortune, *tolerable* talents, and *tolerable* person. He plays a *tolerable* accompaniment on the flute, and a *tolerable* hand at whist. Yet, with all these *tolerable* qualifications, he is considered a most *intolerable* man. What is the reason of this seemingly anomalous circumstance? The reason is obvious—His Lordship can't say "Yes." This abo-

art of saying "No." Look at the conduct of his rival and conqueror, Cæsar! You remember the words of Casca,—“I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown, and he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it!” Now this placid “putting by” was not the thing for the Romans: we are confident Julius Cæsar would never have died by cold steel in the Senate, if he had given them a good decisive insuperable “No!” Whatever epoch we examine, we find the same reluctance to say “No” to the allurements of Pleasure and the mandates of Ambition, and alas! we find it productive of the same consequences. Juvenal tells us of an unfortunate young man, one Caius Silius, who was unlucky enough to be smiled upon by the Empress Messalina. The poor boy knew the danger he ran—he saw the death which awaited him; but an Empress sued, and he had not the heart to say “No!” He lost his heart first, and his head shortly afterwards.

“Dam’me,” says a blood, “all that happened a hundred years ago.”—An Etonian has occasionally great difficulty in carrying his ideas a hundred years back.—Well then—we will go example-hunting nearer home.

There's Sir *Philip Plausible*, the Parliament man. He can make a speech of nine hours, and a calculation of nine pages: nobody is a better hand at *getting up* a majority, or palavering a refractory oppositionist; he proffers an argument and a bribe with equal dexterity, and converts by place and pension, when he is unable to convince by alliteration and antithesis. What a pity it is he can't say “No!”

minable ignorance of our favourite art interferes in the most trivial incidents of life; it renders him alike miserable and disagreeable. "Will your Lordship allow me to prefix your name to a dedication?" says Bill Attic the satirist. "I must go mad first," says his Lordship. "Duretete! lend me a couple of hundreds!" says Sir Harry. "Can't, 'pon honour!" says his Lordship. "You dear creature! you'll open my ball this evening!" says Lady Germain. "I'll be damned if I do!" says his Lordship. See the catastrophe. Bill Attic lampoons him—Sir Harry spits in his face, and Lady Germain votes him a bore. How unlucky that he cannot say "Yes!"

Look at young *Eustace*, the man of honour!—He came up to town last year with a good dress, a good address, and letters of introduction to half a dozen great men. He made his bow to each of them, spent a week with each of them, offended each of them, and is now starving in a garret upon independence and cold mutton. What is the meaning of all this? *Eustace* never learned how to say "Yes!"—"Virtus post nummos! Eh! young man?" says old *Discount* the usurer. "I can't say I think so," says *Eustace*. "Here! *Eustace*, boy," says Lord Fanny, "read over these scenes, and let me have your opinion! fit for the boards, I think! Eh?" "You'll excuse me if I don't think they are," says *Eustace*. "Well! my young friend," cries Mr. Pliant, "we must have you in Parliament I suppose; make an orator of you! You're on the right side I hope?" "I should vote with my conscience,

"Sir Philip," says an envoy, "you'll remember my little business at the Foreign Office!"—"Depend upon my friendship," says the Minister. "Sir Philip!" says a fat citizen, with two votes and two dozen children, "you will remember Billy's place in the Customs!"—"Rely on my promise!" says the Minister. "Sir Philip!" says a lady of rank, "Ensign Roebuck is an officer most deserving promotion!" "He shall be a colonel!—I swear by Venus!" says the Minister. "*Exitus ergo quis est?*"—He has outraged his friendship—he has forgotten his promise—he has falsified his oath.—Had he ever an idea of performing what he spoke? Quite the reverse! How unlucky that he cannot say "No!"

Look at *Bob Lily*! There lives no finer poet! Epic, elegiac, satiric, Pindaric,—it is all one to him! He is patronised by all the first people in town. Every body compliments him, every body asks him to dinner. Nay! there are a few who read him. He excels alike in tragedy and farce, and is without a rival in amphibious dramas, which may be called either the one or the other; but he is a sad bungler in negatives. "Mr. Lily," says the Duchess, his patroness, "you will be sure to bring that dear epithalamium to my conversazione this evening!" "There is no denying your Grace," says the poet. "I say, Lily," says the Duke, his patron, "you will dine with us at seven?" "Your Grace does me honour," says the poet. "Bob!" says the young Marquis, "you are for Brookes's to-night?" "Dam'me! to be sure," says the poet. Mark the result. He is gone

Sir," says Eustace. See the finale. Eustace is enlisted for life in the Grub-Street Corps, where he learns by sad experience how dangerous it is to say "No" to the avarice of an usurer, the vanity of a rhymist, or the party-spirit of a politician.—How unlucky that he cannot say "Yes."

Godfrey is a lover, and he has every qualification for the office except one. He cannot say "Yes." Nobody, without this talent, should presume to be in love. "Mr. Godfrey," says Chloe, "don't you think this feather pretty?" "Absurd!" says Godfrey. "Mr. Godfrey!" says the lady, "don't you think this necklace becoming?" "Never saw any thing less so!" says Godfrey. "Mr. Godfrey," says the coquette, "don't you think I'm divine to-night?" "You never looked worse, by Jove!" says the gentleman. Godfrey is a man of fashion, a man of fortune, and a man of talent, but he will die a bachelor. What a pity! We can never look on such a man without a smile for his caprice, and a tear for its consequences. How unlucky that he cannot say "Yes."

In the position we are next going to advance we know every body will agree with us; and this consideration very much strengthens our opinion. Nothing is so becoming to a *female* mouth as a civil and flattering "Yes." It is impossible, indeed, but that our fellow-citizens should here agree with us, when they reflect that they never *can* be husbands until their innamorata shall have learnt the art of saying "Yes." For the most part, indeed, civility and good-nature are the characteristics of our British fair; and this natural inclina-

to eat tripe with his tyrannical bookseller—he has disappointed his patroness—he has offended his patron—he has cut the Club!—How unlucky that he cannot say "No."

Ned Shuttle was a dashing young fellow, who, to use his own expression, was "above denying a thing;"—in plainer terms, he could not say "No." "Sir!" says an enraged Tory, "you are the author of this pamphlet!" Jack never saw the work, but he was "above denying a thing," and was horsewhipped for a libeller. "Sir!" says an unfortunate *pigeon*, "you hid the king in your sleeve last night!" Jack never saw the pigeon before, but he was "above denying a thing," and was cut for a blackleg. "Sir!" says a hot Hibernian, "you insulted my sister in the Park!" Jack never saw the lady or her champion before, but he was "above denying a thing," and was shot through the head the next morning. Poor fellow! How unlucky that he could not say "No."

In the position we are next going to advance we know every body will differ from us; but this only strengthens our opinion. Nothing is so becoming to a *female* mouth as the power,—ay, and the inclination, to say "No!" So firmly indeed are we attached to this doctrine, that we never *will* marry a woman who cannot say "No." For the most part, indeed, the sex are pretty tolerably actuated by what the world calls a spirit of contradiction, but what we should rather designate as a spirit of independence. This na-

tion to the affirmative renders it unnecessary for us to point out to our fair countrywomen the beauties and advantages of a word which they love as dearly as they do flattery. While we are on the subject of flattery, let us *obiter* advise all Etonians to say nothing but "Yes" to a lady. But as a thoughtless coquette or a haughty prude does occasionally forget the necessity and the beauty of the word we are discussing, we cannot but recommend to our fair readers to consider attentively the evils which this forgetfulness infallibly entails. Laurelia would never have been cut by her twenty-first adorer; Charlotte, with 4,000*l.* a-year at fifteen, would never have been an old maid at fifty; Lucy, with a good face and not a farthing, would never have refused a carriage, white liveries, and a peerage, if these unfortunate victims had studied in early youth the art of saying "Yes."

Sweet—light—gay—quaint Monosyllable! Tender, obliging, inoffensive, affectionate Yes! How we delight in thy delicate sound! We love to hear the enamoured swain petitioning for his mistress's picture, till the lady, or overcome by affection, or wearied by importunity, changes the "No" of coy reluctance for the "Yes" of final approbation. We love to hear the belle of Holborn-hill supplicating for Greenwich and the one-horse chaise, till her surly parent alters the shake of unconvinced obduracy for the nod of unwilling consent. We love to see the hen-pecked husband humbly kneeling for his Sunday coat and "the Star and Garter," till Madam, conscious that the Captain is secreted in the closet, transmutes the "No" of authoritative detention into the

tural inclination to negatives renders it unnecessary for us to point out to our fair countrywomen the beauties and advantages of a word which they use as constantly as their looking-glass. Nevertheless they do occasionally forget the love of opposition, which is the distinguishing ornament of their sex; and alas! they too frequently render themselves miserable by neglecting our conclusive Monosyllable. We most earnestly entreat those belles who honour with their notice the humble efforts of "The Etonian," to derive a timely warning from the examples of those ladies who have lived to regret a hasty and unthinking assent. Anna would never have been the mistress of a colonel; Martha would never have been the wife of a cornet; Lydia would never have been tied to age, ugliness, and gout, if these unfortunate victims had studied in early youth the art of saying "No."

Short—strong—sharp—quaint Monosyllable! Forcible, convincing, argumentative, indisputable No! How we delight in thy expressive sound! We love to hear the Miss of fifteen plaguing her uncle for her Christmas ball, till Squaretoes, finding vain the excuses of affection, finishes the negotiation with the "No" of authority. We love to hear the enamoured swain pouring forth his raptures at the feet of an inexorable Mistress, till the lady changes her key from the quiet hint of indifference to the decided "No" of aversion. We love to hear the schoolboy supplicating a remission of his sentence, until his sable judge alters the "I can't" of sorrowful necessity, to the "No" of inflexible indignation. We love—but it is time for us to bring our



"Yes" of immediate dismissal. We love—but it is time to bring our treatise to a conclusion, and we will merely observe, that whenever we see Beauty without a husband, or Talent without a place; whenever we hear a lady considered an old maid, or a gentleman voted a bore, we turn from the sight in melancholy mood, and whisper to ourselves,—“This comes of not being able to say ‘Yes.’”

J. L.

treatise to a conclusion, and we will merely observe, that whenever we see a man engaged in a duel against his will, or in a debauch against his conscience; whenever we see a patriot accepting of a place, or a beauty united to a blockhead, we turn from the sight in disgust, and mutter to ourselves, “This comes of not being able to say ‘No.’”

M. O.

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## A LAPLAND SACRIFICE.

### I.

'TWAS silence all—the glorious Sun  
His daily race of life had run,  
The Moon her silver lamp had spread  
Refulgent over Hanga's head,  
And, o'er each hut and lordly tower,  
Soft Sleep had spread his balmy power :  
But when at morn, with giant stride,  
The Sun repaired his golden tide,  
The rising winds impetuous bore  
Loud shouts along the winding shore,  
And Lapland hills returned the sound,  
And dale and grot re-echoed round ;  
In flinty splendor Hanga's rock  
Receiv'd with joy the mighty shock,  
And Heaven itself, with arch serene,  
Gaz'd eager on the wondrous scene.

### II.

No steeds in gorgeous trappings prance,  
No warrior points his feathered lance,  
It is not war's new-kindled sound  
That rushes o'er the groaning ground,

No hatchet glittering in the way,  
 No trumpet shrill—no opening bay  
 Of dogs impatient for the chase  
 Proclaims the panting courser's race.  
 But Lapland's sons and Lapland's dames  
 Stand gazing o'er the rising flames,  
 And watch with pious ken the fire  
 To Heaven's blue-vaulted arch aspire ;  
 For woe to him whose impious breast  
 Shall scorn great ODIN's hallow'd feast,  
 Who shall not hear his country's call  
 To hail the mighty Festival !

## III.

The flames rise high—the trembling sod  
 Scarce bears the host's unnumber'd tread,  
 And hearts invoke the Guardian God  
 To watch above each suppliant's head :  
 But still each breast, with chiefest zeal,  
 Burns anxious for its country's weal,  
 And calls the Arbiter of Fate  
 To spread his wings o'er Lapland's State ;  
 For each, with patriotic eye,  
 Can mark his son, his father, die ;  
 And praise the spirit that flits away  
 Amid the heart-drop's purple flood,  
 And glory that he priz'd the day  
 Of life below his Country's good.  
 Such Lapland's sons. Each bosom pray'd  
 To Odin's ever-watchful shade—  
 Odin—who, living, ever saw  
 Whole armies quail beneath his nod ;  
 Dying, became a nation's awe,  
 His Country's friend—his Country's God.

## ODE TO DESPAIR.

HENCE! Fiend of Hell, who lov'st to brood,  
O'er sad misfortune's load of woe,  
And snatch with haste, as sweetest food,  
The tears that pain has forced to flow :  
Nor here, thou stern, relentless Power,  
Prepare to blast each sweetest flower,  
That e'er adorns life's tedious way,  
And blooms in gentle youth, and blushes while 'tis May.

Hence—for not here the guilty soul,  
The conscience-stricken breast thou'lt find,  
Whom Virtue's laws could ne'er control,  
Whom Honour's pledge could never bind.  
With such as these thou lov'st to dwell,  
And give to life the pangs of hell ;  
While all around fell woes appear,  
Sharp Pain, and moody Hate, and self-avoiding Fear.

To thee is sweet the lonely heart  
That owns no tie of love on earth,  
To ease it from the frequent smart  
That lurks beneath the veil of mirth ;  
Upon whose drear and desert state,  
Not one last ling'ring ray may wait,  
Of all that once was precious here,  
Of all that beauty gave, or happiness made dear.

To thee is sweet the madden'd breast  
That Fury's boiling passions tear,  
That knows no interval of rest  
From bitterest pangs the frame can bear ;  
To thee is sweet the cold glaz'd eye  
That glares in hideous vacancy ;  
To thee is sweet the gasping breath,  
The blood-bespatter'd hand, and agony of Death.

*Ode to Despair.*

Go, search thee out the blasted heath,  
Where Madness walks his nightly round,  
Where the owl shrieks, and deeds of death  
Are whisper'd in the night-wind's sound.  
Go, search thee out the darksome shed,  
Where Crime conceals his guilty head,  
Strikes o'er again the last death-blow,  
And hears in every gale the footsteps of a foe.

Go, search thee out the wretch accursed,  
Who thinks no hope for him remains,  
Whose spleen, by sin and malice nursed,  
Writhing beneath disease's pains,  
He vents alike 'gainst Man and God,  
Careless of all that o'er him nod,  
Of all the terrors Fear inspires,  
Of adamant chains that wait, and penal fires.

Father of Heav'n, Almighty Power!  
Let not such pangs this heart infest;  
Let not Despair's revengeful hour  
Afflict thy lowly suppliant's breast:  
Give me the soul, that nobly great  
Can meet unmov'd the shock of fate;  
Bear—firmly bear—Misfortune's blow,  
And smile beneath the weight and bitterness of woe.

Grant me, though doomed by thee to drain  
Its bitterest dreg from Sorrow's bowl,  
Grant me to smile beneath the pain  
That racks, but not subdues, my soul.  
Grant me the calm, though tortured mind,  
Hopeless and friendless—yet resigned;  
And let me scorn the coward's cry,  
Whom misery can move to "curse his God, and die."

S. D.

# THOUGHTS ON THE WORDS "TURN OUT."

"We all, in our Turns, Turn Out."—SONG.

**TURN OUT!!!** There are in the English language no two words which act so forcibly in exciting sympathy and compassion. There is in them a melancholy cadence, beautifully corresponding with the sadness of the idea which they express: they awaken in a moment the tenderest recollections, and the most anxious forebodings: there is in them a talismanic charm which influences alike all ages and all dispositions; the Church, the Bar, and the Senate, are all comprised in the range of its operation: indeed we believe that in no profession, in no rank of life, we shall find the man who can meditate, without an inward feeling of mental depression, on the simple, the unstudied, the unaffected Pathos of the words "Turn Out."

Is it not extraordinary, that when the idea is in itself so tragic, and gives birth to such sombre sensations, Melpomene should have altogether neglected the illustration of it? Is it not still more extraordinary that her sportive sister Thalia should have dared indecorously to jest with a subject so entirely unsuited to her pen? To take our meaning from its veil of metaphor, is it not extraordinary that Mr. Kenney should have written a farce on the words "Turn Out?" We regard Mr. Kenney's farce as a sacrilege, a profanation, a burlesque of the best feelings of our nature; and in spite of the ingenuity of the writer, and the talents of the performers, humanity and its attendant prejudices revolt in disgust from the scene which endeavours to raise a laugh by a parody of so melancholy a topic.

It is not difficult to account for the pensive feelings which are excited by these words: they recall forcibly to our mind the uncertainty of all human concerns; they bid us think on the sad truth, that from power, from affluence, from happiness, we may be "turned out" at a minute's warning; they whisper to us that the lease of life is held on a precarious tenure, subject to the will of a Providence which we can neither control nor foresee; they oblige us to look forward to that undiscovered country, from whose dark limits we would fain avert our eyes; they convince us of the truth of the desponding expression of the Psalmist, "Man is but a thing of nought, his time passeth away like a shadow."

Are not these the reflections of every thinking mind? If they are not, we must entreat the indulgence of our readers for the melancholy pleasure we take in the discussion of the subject.

The words may indeed be more than ordinarily affecting to us, inasmuch as they remind us of a friend who in his life was "turned out" from every thing that life can bestow, but who in his death shall never be "turned out" from that consolatory tribute to his Manes,—the recollection of a sincere friend. Poor Gilbert! the occurrences of his eventful existence would indeed furnish materials for the poet or the moralist, for a tragedy of five acts, or a homily of fifty heads. His father always prophesied he would *turn out* a great man; and yet the poor fellow did nothing but *turn out*, and never became a great man. At fourteen he *turned out* with a bargeman, and lost an eye; at seventeen he was *turned out* from Eton, and lost King's; at three-and twenty he was *turned out* of his father's will, and lost a thousand a-year; at four-and-twenty he was *turned out* of a tandem, and lost the long odds; at five-and-twenty he was *turned out* of a place, and lost all patience; at six-and-twenty he was *turned out* of the affections of his mistress, and lost his last hope; at seven-and-twenty he was *turned out* of a gaming-house, where he lost his last farthing. Gilbert died about a year ago, after existing for some time in a miserable state of dependence upon a rich uncle. To the last he was fond of narrating to his friends the vicissitudes of his life, which he constantly concluded in the following manner:—"So, gentlemen, I have been *turning out* during my whole life; you now see me on the brink of the grave, and I don't care how soon I *turn in*."

We had not heard from him for a considerable space of time, and were beginning to wonder at his protracted silence, when a friend who was studying the *Morning Post* apprized us of his decease by the following exclamation:—"My God! old Gilbert's dead! here's a quaint turn out!"

Alas! how often does it happen that we are not aware of the value of the blessings we enjoy, until chance or destiny has taken them from us. This has been the case in our acquaintance with our lamented companion. How bitterly do we now regret that we did not, while his life was spared, make use of his inestimable experience to collect some instructions on the art of turning out, both in the active and the neuter signification of the words. For surely no two things are more difficult, than the giving or receiving of a dismissal. To go through the one with civility, and the other with firmness, is indeed a rare talent, which every man of the world should study to attain.

When we consider the various chances and vicissitudes which await the citizens of our little commonwealth in their progress through life; when we recollect that some of them will enter into political life, in order to be turned out of their places; others will enjoy the titular distinction of M. P., that they may be turned out of

their seats the next election; while others again, by an attachment to Chancery *expedition*, will endeavour to get turned out of their estates;—it is surely worth while to bestow a little attention upon the most proper mode of behaving under these unfortunate circumstances.

Mr. Monxton receives a *turn out* better than any political man of our acquaintance. It was of him that Sir Andrew Freeman, a Hertfordshire Independent, who, to do him justice, would be witty if he could, broached the celebrated remark:—"He has *turned out* so often, that I should think he's *turned* wrong side out by this time." Mr. Monxton is indeed a phenomenon in his way. The smile he wears on coming into office differs in no respect from that which he assumes on resigning all his employments. He departs from the enjoyment of place and power, not with the gravity of a disappointed minister, but with the self-satisfied air of a successful courtier. The *tact*, with which he conceals the inward vexation of spirit beneath an outward serenity of countenance, is to us a matter of astonishment. When we have heard him discussing his resignation with a simper on his face, and a jest on his lip, we have often fancied that Mr. Kemble would appear to us in the same light, were he to deliver Wolsey's soliloquy with the attitudes and the gestures of a harlequin in a pantomime. Juvenile politicians cannot propose to themselves, in this line of their profession, a better model than Mr. Monxton.

Nor is this art less worthy the attention of the fair sex. There are very few ladies who have the talent of dismissing a lover in proper style. There are many who reject with so authoritative a demeanour, that they lose him, as an acquaintance, whom they only wish to cast off as a dangler; there are many again who study civility to such an extent, that we know not whether they reject or receive, and have no small difficulty in distinguishing their smile from their frown. The deep and sincere interest which we feel in all matters relating to the advantage or improvement of the fair sex, induces us to suggest that an Academy, or a Seminary, or an Establishment, should be forthwith instituted for the instruction of *young ladies* not exceeding *thirty* years of age, in the most approved method of saying "*Turn Out*." So far indeed has our zeal in this laudable undertaking carried us, that we have actually communicated our ideas upon the subject to a lady, who, to quote from her own advertisement, "enjoys the advantages of an excellent education, an unblemished character, and an amiable disposition." We are happy to inform our friends and the public in general, that Mrs. Simkins has promised to devote her attention to this branch of female education. By the end of next month she hopes to be quite competent to the instruction of pupils in every mode of expressing "*Turn Out*"—the Distant

Hint, the Silent Bow, the Positive Cut, the Courteous Repulse, and the Absolute Rejection. We trust that due encouragement will be given to a scheme of such general utility.

In the mean time, until such Academy, or Seminary, or Establishment shall be opened, we invite our fair readers to the study of an excellent model in the person of Caroline Mowbray. Caroline has now seven-and-twenty lovers, all of whom have successively been in favour, and have been successively turned out. Yet so skilfully has she modified her severity, that in most cases she has destroyed Hope without extinguishing Love: the victims of her caprice continue her slaves, and are proud of her hand in the dance, although they despair of obtaining it at the altar. The twenty-seventh name was added to the list of her admirers last week, and was (with the most heartfelt regret we state it), no less a personage than the Hon. Gerard Montgomery.—Alas! unfortunate Gerard!—

"Quantâ laboras in Charybdi,  
Digne puer meliore flammâ."

He had entertained us for some time with accounts of the preference with which he was honoured by this miracle of obduracy, and at last, by dint of long and earnest entreaty, prevailed upon us to be ourselves witness to the power he had obtained over her affections. We set out therefore not without a considerable suspicion of the manner in which our expedition would terminate, and inwardly anticipated the jests which "The King of Clubs" would infallibly broach upon the subject of Gerard's "Turn Out."

Nothing occurred of any importance during our ride: Gerard talked much of Cupids, and Hymen; but inasmuch as we were not partakers of his passion, we could not reasonably be expected to partake of his inspiration.

Upon our arrival at Mowbray Lodge, we were shown into a room so crowded with company, that we almost fancied we had been ushered into the Earl's levee, instead of his daughter's drawing-room. The eye of a lover, however, was more keen. Gerard soon perceived the Goddess of the Shrine receiving the incense of adulation from a crowd of votaries. Amongst these he immediately enrolled himself, while we, apprehensive that our company might be troublesome to him, hung back, and became imperceptibly engaged in conversation with some gentlemen of our acquaintance. To speak the truth, on our way to "the Lodge" these "Thoughts on Turn Out" had been the subject of our reveries, and whatever expressions or opinions we heard around us, appeared to coincide with the cogitations with which we were occupied. We first became much interested in the laments of an



old gentleman who was bewailing the "Turn Out" of a friend at the last election for the county of ———. Next we listened to an Episode from a Dandy, who was discussing the extraordinary coat "turned out" by Mr. Michael Oakley at the last county ball. Finally we were engaged in a desperate argument with a Wiccamist, upon the comparative degree of talent "turned out" from each of the public schools during the last ten years. Of course we proceeded to advocate the cause of our foster-mother, against the pretensions of our numerous and illustrious rivals. Alas! we felt our unworthiness to stand forward as Eton's Panegyrist, but we made up in enthusiasm what we wanted in ability. We ran over with volubility the names of those thrice-honoured models, whose deserved success is constantly the theme of applause, and the life-spring of emulation among their successors. We had just brought our catalogue down to the names of our more immediate forerunners, and were dwelling with much complacency on the abilities which have during the last few years so nobly supported the fair fame of Eton at the Universities, when our eye was caught by the countenance of our Hon. Friend, which, at this moment, wore an appearance of such unusual despondence, that we hastened immediately to investigate the cause. Upon inquiry, we learned that Montgomery was most romantically displeased, because Caroline had refused to sing an air of which he was passionately fond. We found we had just arrived in time for the finale of the dispute. "And so you can't sing this to oblige me?" said Gerard. Caroline looked refusal. "I shall know better than to expect such a condescension again," said Gerard, with a low sigh. "Tant mieux?" said Caroline, with a low courtesy. The audience were unanimous in an unfeeling laugh, in the midst of which Gerard made a precipitate retreat, or as O'Connor expresses it, "ran away like mad," and we followed him as well as we could, though certainly not "*passibus æquis*." As we moved to the door we could hear sundry criticisms on the scene. "Articles of ejectment!" said a limb of the law. "The favourite distanced!" cried a Newmarket Squire, "I did not think the breach practicable!" observed a gentleman in regimentals. We overtook the unfortunate object of all these comments about a hundred yards from the house. His woe-begone countenance might well have stopped our malicious disposition to jocularities; nevertheless we could not refrain from whispering in his ear—"Gerard! a decided *Turn out*!" "I beg your pardon," said the poor fellow, mingling a smile for his pun with a tear for his disappointment, "I beg your pardon;—I consider it a decided *take in*."

## THE MISERIES OF CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

*To Mr. Courtenay.**"Fanum putre Vacunæ."—HOR.*

SIR,—I know it is the general opinion that his few weeks' Holidays are the happiest part of a schoolboy's existence, and that the prospect of going home, with its pleasant and natural accompaniments of cessation from lessons and from flogging, are the only means by which he is enabled to keep up his spirits, under the heavy load and pressure of necessary discipline. This, however, is taking it for granted that a schoolboy is of course unhappy; which I, as an Etonian, must for my own part positively deny: but at the same time I am forced to allow, although perhaps it may be injurious to my argument, that I begin to feel most uncomfortably, when the busy preparations of my joyful community remind me of what, of my own accord, I should never wish to recollect—that the Holidays are approaching. You will probably, by this time, be able to conjecture, that I am a sober steady youth, and not one likely to endanger his neck for the sake of a boyish bravado, by starting from Eton in a wretched tandem, torturing myself by riding a lame hack, or whisking away in that most ungentlemanlike of all conveyances, a post-chaise and four. In truth, I am usually content with a stage coach; the miseries of that conveyance are so well known, and so universally experienced, that they need no description: perhaps, however, they may be thought rather increased by the length of my journey, which requires a day and night for its completion, and by the cold of Christmas, which is the time to which I particularly allude. I usually reach Swinburne House about seven o'clock in the evening. The moment that the noise of the wheels is heard, the hall doors fly open, and all the old servants come forward to hand me out of the carriage, to inquire after my health, and pay their earliest respects to "Young Master." After this, fatigued as I am, I have to receive the hugs, kisses, and questions of the whole family, assembled around a blazing wood fire in the dining-room, with the bottles and dessert still standing on the table, and an elbow chair placed for my reception in the chimney corner. Oh! the kind inquiries and compassionate looks which I receive, when I stretch out my numbed and shivering hands to the blaze, while, in spite of trying to look as happy and merry as I can, my teeth betray me with their involuntary chattering! "How happy he must

be!" is the general cry;—one proposes a hot dinner; another rings the bell for the purpose; my old Aunt seldom fails to stand up for the superior efficacy of a refreshing cup of *warm tea* after a journey. All these prescriptions generally end in my taking a glass of wine to drink the healths of the party, and setting off to bed, happy and tired. Although I declare myself averse to leaving Eton, when I am comfortably settled there, and indeed to the general tenor of my vacation, I should be both ungrateful and unfeeling if I could receive so many hearty welcomes, and so many affectionate good wishes, without a sweet emotion of joy—if I could visit, without a sensible pleasure, the spot endeared to me by the recollection of my birth and my boyhood; where I have so often played, and laughed, and wept; where every nook and cranny is the scene of some ancient enjoyment. In fact I always consider the first the happiest night of the Holidays, and lay myself down with wearied limbs and agreeable thoughts; perhaps too in some degree comforted, by the knowledge that I have that liberty which is denied me at school, of lifting up my head without the danger of breaking it.

The next day passes pleasantly enough, being employed in a ride round the premises, and in looking at the improvements—perhaps some road or footpath turned, which interfered with the young plantations, and from whence the passenger used to stray and wander over the park, to the great annoyance of the proprietors; some unsightly cottages knocked down, or whitewashed and beautified; some clumps of forest trees disposed in different directions, either to hide a disagreeable object, or to provide against the decay of the venerable old oaks, which my Father wisely considers must at some time happen, although they are preserved with the most religious attention. He is always my companion in this excursion, points out what he has done, and expatiates with true delight upon the advantage of the alterations and the novelties, of which he is as proud as any country squire in England. Sometimes too, I am called upon to admire the superior farming of a favourite tenant, who, as I am told, has just introduced, in spite of all prejudices, a new and enlightened mode of agriculture, the success of which is fully exemplified by the flourishing appearance of his drilled wheat, the healthy plant of winter turnips, and the fine condition of his sheep and oxen. This, repeated every day, would be very tedious; however, it might be better than doing nothing, which is positively my unwelcome condition. After breakfast, or even earlier, all the members of the family who can mount a horse, or pull a trigger, set out, according to their different inclinations, either on hunting or shooting parties. Now both of these pursuits I utterly detest; and fishing,

which is my only and principal pleasure, is totally prevented by the coldness of the weather and unfitness of the season.

I dare say you, Mr. Editor, or any other compassionate person, will readily pity me, left to myself to write a solitary letter, or to explore the treasures of the dusty book-shelves, a sort of invasion which the ancient folios have not felt for the last fifty years. 'Tis true I now and then encounter the clergyman of the parish, who has free admission to this seat of learning; but he is a very poor librarian, for he only knows a few volumes of divinity; and, being an elderly gentleman, is so heterodox and obsolete in his classical opinions, that he has often put me into a rage by disputing Porson's learning, and is still inclined to reject the doctrine of the Digamma. In addition to this, he is very pertinacious in argument, more of a metaphysician than philosopher, and more of a schoolman than either, totally ignorant of modern literature, which he holds beneath him, and imbued with rigid notions of discipline; so that I can never converse with him pleasantly; and I always perceive an involuntary shrug of his shoulders, and contortion of his visage, whenever the name of Eton is mentioned; and indeed he has often favoured me with some very sharp and illiberal attacks on the frivolous system (as he terms it,) of learning pursued there, which nothing but his gray head deters me from returning. In such company there is little to learn, and still less to enjoy; so I generally go out of the room, and leave the clergyman to his books and sermon-making. The question again occurs to me, What is to be done? To ride by myself is impossible; to go with my Mother and Aunt in the carriage to the post town is still worse; so my deliberation generally ends in my putting on a great-coat and gaiters, and taking a turn or two on the gravel terrace behind the house. Sometimes I extend my walk as far as the garden, and pace along the sunny southern wall; or, as an extraordinary effort, saunter through the hothouses and conservatories, and try to fancy myself transported again to the natural warmth and beauties of summer. Once, and only once, my younger brothers half-dragged half-teazed me down to a pond at no great distance, where they had been at the trouble of making a slide, and fancied that it would be a great pleasure to me if I could but dare to exercise myself upon it. They tried every means of persuasion, showed me over and over again how easily, safely, and pleasantly they glided along, and at last enticed me to attempt the passage. You may imagine the consequence; one foot slipped away from the other, and down I fell. Fortunately the ice supported my weight, and, with some difficulty, I raised myself up, sorely bruised and dirtied, with the satisfaction of a general laugh against me. My retreat was rapidly effected, and I resolutely

vowed to be wiser in future. I had almost forgotten to mention that some time since my Father, though he professed that he could not exactly see the use of it, after many entreaties, consented to become a subscriber to the book club at the county town. Great was the pleasure that I promised myself from this indulgence: but now my sentiments are altered, and I begin to think that my Father was right in his first judgment. If you wish to know the reasons, I need merely mention, that, on my last arrival here, I found, as a great novelty, procured for my particular amusement, the first series of the "Tales of My Landlord." If this had been intentional you might have called it well contrived, for really I had almost forgotten them, if it be possible to forget such interesting writings.

As I hate of all things the stiff formality of a crowded drawing-room, I generally enter as late as possible, and creep to a corner, contenting myself with answering my nearest neighbour. This, too, is my case at dinner, where most of the conversation turns upon the transactions of the day; and, since I have no share in these, of course I cannot enjoy the description, although it is highly seasoned, and ornamented with every technical illustration. Very often a long argument about the conduct of the County Members, and from thence, by an easy digression, the late proceedings in Parliament, engross every body's attention except mine; for I care as little as may be for either party, and consider myself totally unfit to form a judgment on any such matters. The furious spirit and gestures of the combatants please me just in the same way as the contests of prize-fighters do an amateur; besides, the noise overpowers the knives and forks, which are sometimes heard, with an ominous clatter, above the sound of our ordinary conversation. Some dashing young fox-hunter frequently asks me, whether we had not a hard run lately at the rebellion? whether I was in at the death? how many were *spilt*? Upon my answering, as far as I understood him, that I thought it a foolish piece of business, and had nothing to do with it, it is easy to perceive that he sets me down as a *Sawney*. Another inquires, as a piece of general information, how many boys there are at Eton? This is a puzzler, for I never take the trouble to count the list; however, about 500 is nearly sure to be right. Then I am dreadfully alarmed by a female voice from the top of the table,—“Pray do you know your schoolfellow, Mr. Taylor's son?” I immediately excuse myself, by observing there are so many Taylors that it is impossible to distinguish to which of them the lady alludes. After a minute's interval of consideration, I hear the ominous sound of her friend's Christian name, in a satisfied tone and expression, which is quickly changed for an utterance of surprise, when I confess that this only adds to my difficulty; and all the marks of

looks, size, and disposition, are resorted to in vain. Sometimes I cannot use this evasion, and am obliged to own that I do know a little of the object of inquiry. This is not sufficient; I am expected to understand his temper, his abilities, his character,—in fact, to use the querist's expression, "all about him." I find myself placed in a terrible dilemma, between the fear of offending and telling a lie; to get out of which I am, in self-defence, obliged to avow that I have but few intimate friends, and that I am not acquainted even by name with half my schoolfellows. This is certain to astonish every one, and I am considered, if not a block-head, at least a very extraordinary and singular youth, and one who has very little intercourse with his equals. As I neither like wine nor politics, I contrive to steal away, after some time, unperceived, from the dessert, and retire to my chamber to compose a few lines of my holiday task, which becomes a pleasure, solely because it is an occupation, or to doze over a rusty old novel; then, with singular success, I unite myself to the merry party, just as they are on the point of entering the drawing-room.

I am usually severely dismayed when I understand that we are to accept the invitation of some of our neighbours; and, feeling obliged to go, I solace myself with the reflection that I may, perhaps, in the course of purgatory, meet with some congenial spirit in the shape of a stranger. But all these frights are trifling and imaginary compared to the terror with which I heard it once proposed and unanimously resolved (for my alarm completely stopped my dissentient voice) that we should give a grand ball; and, to my additional consternation, give it on my birth-day. In vain did I protest, as soon as my utterance returned, that dancing was my utter abhorrence; that I neither knew steps nor time; and conjured them most earnestly, if they really wished to gratify me, to put off this entertainment, at least till I had gone to Eton, which would only occasion the delay of a day or two. All my objections were overruled; they were ascribed to my usual shyness and modesty. I, forsooth, should cut as good a figure as any body; how could I refuse, unless under pain of being laughed at by the whole county? Besides, it was necessary for me to lead off the ball; and they even went so far as to ask me, out of all the fair ladies, whom I would honour by requesting her hand. Resistance was vain; so I feigned acquiescence, looked more happy than usual as the day approached, and pretended great anxiety lest the artist should not arrive in time to chalk the floors, or lest an ill-natured fall of snow should totally prevent the intended fête. Little did the good people foresee my resolution, or they would have taken all bars and bolts far out of my reach. On the fatal evening, when I should have been employed in preparing myself for the gaiety, I secured the door of my bedroom, and remained

there, stoutly resisting all external communications. Messenger after messenger announced that the company were arriving, that they had all come together, and that the ball was at a stand on my account. To each of these I gave evasive answers; but when all my brothers besieged my fortress, I positively told them that I would not surrender, and that I did not intend to appear. This final determination I suspected would bring up more authoritative deputies, so I jumped into bed, and was soon lulled to sleep by the distant sound of the music and the merry feet of the dancers. I was almost ashamed to show myself the next morning at the breakfast table. However, I wisely considered that I might as well encounter all the blame or laugh at once. My mother thought it was very odd that a young man of my age should dislike dancing, and instanced the splendid display which many of my equals made on the preceding night. My Father rather defended my conduct, and said that he did not see why Mat should dance if he did not like it. My Aunt was fortunately so knocked up by her fatigues, that she drank her *refreshing tea* by herself up stairs. I congratulated myself on having escaped so easily; indeed, I believe few knew the real reason of my absence, for sudden illness was alleged as the cause. All suspicions, which are generally very busy in our county, gradually died away, for I luckily soon after returned to Eton, where I now remain, and which I shall be the more sorry to leave, since "The King of Clubs" has published its amusing lucubrations.

I have the honour, Sir, to remain your constant admirer in every thing (the punch-bowl excepted)

MATTHEW SWINBURNE.

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## THE CONFESSION OF DON CARLOS.

(*Loosely imitated from the Spanish.*)

O TELL not me of broken vow—  
I speak a firmer passion now;  
O! tell not me of shatter'd chain—  
The link shall never burst again;  
My soul is fix'd as firmly here  
As the red Sun in his career;  
As Victory on Mina's crest,  
Or Tenderness in Rosa's breast,

Then do not tell me, while we part,  
Of fickle flame, and roving heart ;  
While Youth shall bow at Beauty's shrine,  
That flame shall glow—that heart be thine.

Then wherefore dost thou bid me tell  
The tale thy malice knows so well ?

I may not disobey thee !—Yes !

Thou bidst me,—and I *will* confess :—

See how adoringly I kneel—

Hear how my folly I reveal ;

My folly!—chide me if thou wilt,

Thou shalt not—canst not call it—*guilt*.

And when my faithlessness is told,

Ere thou hast time to play the scold,

I'll haste the fond rebuke to check,

And lean upon thy snowy neck,

Play with its glossy auburn hair,

And hide the blush of falsehood there.

Inez, the innocent and young,

First snar'd my heart, and wak'd my song ;

We both were harmless, and untaught

To *love* as fashionables ought ;

With all the modesty of youth,

We talk'd of constancy and truth ;

Grew fond of Music, and the Moon,

And wander'd on the nights of June,

To sit beneath the chestnut tree,

While the lonely stars shone mellowly,

Shedding a pale and dancing beam

On the wave of Guadalquivir's stream.

And aye we talk'd of faith and feelings,

With no distrustings, no concealings ;



And aye we joy'd in stolen glances,  
And sigh'd, and blush'd, and read Romances.  
Our love was ardent and sincere,—  
And lasted, Rosa—half a year!  
And then the maid grew fickle-hearted,  
Married Don Jose—so we parted.  
At twenty-one, I've often heard,  
My bashfulness was quite absurd;  
For, with a squeamishness uncommon,  
I fear'd to love a married woman.

Fair Leonora's laughing eye  
Again awak'd my song and sigh:  
A gay intriguing dame was she;  
And fifty Dons of high degree,  
That came and went as they were bid,  
Dubb'd her the Beauty of Madrid.  
Alas! what constant pains I took  
To merit one approving look;  
I courted Valour—and the Muse,  
Wrote challenges—and billet-doux;  
Paid for Sherbet and Serenade,  
Fenc'd with Pegru and Alvarade;  
Fought at the bull-fights like a hero,  
Studied small talk,—and the Bolero;  
Play'd the guitar,—and play'd the fool;  
This out of tune,—that out of rule.  
I oft at midnight wander'd out,  
Wrapt up in love—and my capote,  
To muse on beauty—and the skies,  
Cold winds—and Leonora's eyes.  
Alas! when all my gains were told,  
I'd caught a Tartar\*—and a cold.

\* The original was a Spanish idiom which we found it impossible to render literally: we believe it comes very near to the English expression which we have substituted.

*The Confession of Don Carlos.*

And yet perchance that lovely brow  
 Had still detain'd my captive vow ;  
 That clear blue eye's enchanting roll  
 Had still enthrall'd my yielding soul ;  
 But suddenly a vision bright  
 Came o'er me in a veil of light,  
 And burst the bond whose fetters bound me,  
 And broke the spell that hung around me,  
 Recall'd the heart that madly rov'd,  
 And bade me love, and be belov'd.  
 Who was it broke the chain and spell?  
 Dark-eyed Castilian!—*thou* canst tell!  
 And am I faithless?—woe the while,  
 What vow but melts at Rosa's smile?  
 For broken vows, and faith betrayed,  
 The guilt is thine, Castilian maid !

The tale is told—and I am gone :—  
 Think of me, lov'd and lovely one,  
 When none on earth shall care beside  
 How Carlos liv'd, or lov'd, or died !  
 Thy love on earth shall be to me  
 A bird upon a leafless tree—  
 A bark upon a hopeless wave—  
 A lily on a tombless grave—  
 A cheering hope—a living ray,  
 To light me on a weary way.

And thus is Love's Confession done ;  
 Give me thy parting benison ;  
 And ere I rise from bended knee,  
 To wander o'er a foreign sea,  
 Alone and friendless,—ere I don  
 My pilgrim's hat, and sandal shoon,—

Dark-eyed Castilian! let me win  
 Forgiveness sweet for venial sin;  
 Let lonely sighs, and dreams of thee,  
 Be penance for my perjury.

P. C.

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### SOLITUDE IN A CROWD.

"This is to be alone; this, this is solitude."—BYRON.

READER! were you ever alone in a crowd?—If not, thank your stars, and bestow a grain of pity upon those who must return a different response to the question. A crowded solitude, if we may use such a strange expression, is, in sober sadness, as melancholy a sensation as human nature is capable of enduring.

A crowded solitude!—If you are young, thoughtless, and talkative, you will be astonished at the idea; and there will be nothing extraordinary in your surprise. The ancient poets,—poor ignorant souls!—have given us a very different description of being alone. They have defined various kinds of Solitude, suited to various descriptions of men; but all of them are alike founded on mistaken notions and groundless prejudice. Were we to follow their opinions, we should place the solitude of the lover in whispering groves, purling rills, and moonlight; that of the sage in a library, or an observatory; that of the poet in a dish of vegetables and a Sabine farm; and, *à fortiori*, that of the Etonian in an uncarpeted domicile, with a fractured window on the one side, and a smoking fire on the other. Is this solitude? Far from it! We must most strenuously contend that true solitude is to be found in a multitude.

We are aware that the Solitude we are now discussing is not that which is generally understood by the term. Many persons have probably never heard of any but a *corporeal* solitude; that which we are describing is *mental*. The one is to be found in Caves and Caucasus; the other in Theatres and Almack's. The former delights in moonshine, the latter in candelabras; the first sets a great value upon the silence and pure air of the country; the second gives the preference to the noise and squeeze of the fashionable world;—and which of these is real solitude—the corporeal, which is removed from the sight and hearing of all objects? or the mental, which both hears and sees a variety of things, and is utterly unconscious that it does either?

We are distrustful of our powers of description, and will therefore endeavour to illustrate our meaning by examples. We are

provided with plenty, for we have still in our recollection Lady Mordaunt's last "At Home." All the world was there. Whist, Music, Dancing, and last, not least, Eating, were all going on in the usual style at the same time; the squeeze in the rooms was beyond parallel in the annals of *ton*; and of course we found more Solitude in that evening, than we had done throughout the whole Season. We made our entrée when her Ladyship was in her highest glory: she was bowing to one, smiling to another, and courtesying to a third, and straining every nerve and feature to *do the propers* to all her guests: this, however, was as impossible as the number of her satellites was innumerable; the tumult was tremendous; and there was so much bowing, and begging pardon, and getting out of the way, that it was quite impracticable to advance or recede a step. Good-breeding and bare elbows were thrust in our faces alternately; we with difficulty preserved our toes from the frequent attacks made on them by kid slippers, and with still greater difficulty preserved our hearts from the sweet smiles that said, "I beg ten thousand pardons." It was a vortex of delight, and we were hurried so rapidly in its eddies, that much time elapsed ere we were able to collect our Editorial serenity, in order to make a few observations on the scene before us.

The multitude at length began very slowly to diminish; and having lodged ourselves in an unperceived corner of the Music Room, we proceeded, according to our ancient custom, to speculate upon Character. Our attention was first attracted by a tall gentleman of a very noble appearance, who was leaning against a pillar, in an attitude of profound meditation. His dress was after the English fashion, but the cast of his features, and his short curling hair, sufficiently denoted him to be a foreigner. His eyes were fixed directly upon us, but we satisfied our curiosity by an attentive survey, without fear of detection, as his mind was evidently some furlongs distant. Upon inquiry we heard that he was an Indian Chieftain, by name Teioninhokarawn, (we have doubts as to the correctness of our orthography.) He had done considerable services to the British Arms in the American war, and had now been invited by her Ladyship as the Lion of the Evening. He had been surrounded without intermission by a tribe of Quizzers, Loungers, and Laughers, but one glance was sufficient to convince us that Teioninhokarawn was—*alone*.

We observed Lady Georgiana Wilmot standing at the other side of the room, the very picture of fatigue. She had been singing much, and was evidently quite exhausted. A young star of fashion was moving towards her with a languishing step; and, as we had a strong curiosity to hear his address, we changed our station for that purpose. "'Pon my soul," the gentleman began with a bow, "you are divine to-night."—"Am I?" said the lady,

with a vacant gaze.—“Never heard you in better voice,” returned her assailant. Her Ladyship knew it was the tone of flattery, so she smiled, but she had neither spirits nor sense sufficient to attempt an answer.—We immediately decided that Lady Georgiana was—*alone*.

We next proceeded to the card-room: at first the din, and the disputing, and the quarrelling, was so loud, that we doubted whether we should find any solitude there; but another look convinced us of our mistake. Lord Mowbray was evidently *alone*. He was walking up and down, deliberating whether he should sacrifice his conscience or his place at to-morrow’s division. Not less apparent was the solitude of the Duchess of Codille; although her Grace was busily engaged at cassino with a select party of Right Honourables. She had been for a long time *alone* in the contemplation of her new brocade, and was recalled into company by the vociferation of her partner, “Rat me if I ever saw your Grace play so ill!”

We were about to retire to the ball-room, when we remarked our noble hostess reclining on an ottoman, seemingly quite exhausted with fashionable fatigue. She was still, however, exerting herself to do the *agréable*, and was talking with appalling rapidity to every one who approached her, although utterly unconscious of what she heard or said. We advanced to pay our respects, and were saluted with “Ah! my Lord! what has kept you away so long? and there’s Ellen, poor thing, dying to see you! Ellen, love!” With some difficulty we explained to her Ladyship that she was mistaken as to our rank. “Eh! Mon Dieu! Sir Charles,” she exclaimed, “Pardonnez—but I’m really dead with ennui,” We allowed ourselves to be knighted without further explanation, and made a precipitate retreat, for we perceived that her Ladyship, after the labour of the evening, would be very glad to be—*alone*.

The first survey we took of the ball-room presented us with nothing but cheerful faces, and laughing eyes: at the second we discovered even here much and melancholy loneliness. There were moralists without sense, and country squires without acquaintance; beaux without a thought, and belles without a partner. We hastened to make a closer study of the various characters which presented themselves.

We first addressed ourselves to Mr. Morris, a respectable Member of Parliament, with whom we had become acquainted the year before in Norfolk. “What! you’re not a dancer, Mr. Morris?” we began: “By the Lord! Sir,” he returned, “if this Bill passes”—We *passed* on, much vexed that we had intruded on our worthy friend’s solitude.

We were hastening to accost Maria Kelly, a very interesting

girl, whose lover had lately left this country for Minorca, when we were attracted by a conversation between an exquisite and our old acquaintance General Brose. "Ah! General!" said the Dandy, "how long have you ceased to foot it?" "Foot!" interrupted the General, "by Jupiter! their cavalry was 10,000 strong."—The old man was decidedly *alone*.

Before we could reach the recess in which Maria was sitting, she had been assailed by an impertinent. "May I have the honour and felicity—" he began. The poor girl started from her reverie with a sort of vacant gaze, and replied, "he sailed last Tuesday, Sir!" "*Sola in siccâ*," said the impertinent, and lounged on. We had not the barbarity to speak to her.

Old Tom Morley, the misanthrope, had been admiring a wax taper in an unthinking sort of way ever since we entered the room; we went up prepared to be witty upon him; but we had hardly opened our mouth when he cut us short with "For God's sake leave me alone!" and we left him *alone*. We were proceeding in our observations, when we saw Ellen Mordaunt, the beautiful daughter of our hostess, surrounded by a set of dashing young officers, at the other end of the room. We had just begun to examine the features of one of them, who was somewhat smitten, and appeared prodigiously *alone*, when the idol herself turned upon us that bright and fascinating eye,

"Which but to see is to admire,  
And oh! forgive the word,—to love!"

We had originally inserted here a rhapsody on Ellen's glance, which would have occupied, as our printer assures us, three pages and a half; but, in mercy to our friends, we have erased this, and shall content ourselves with stating that we were *alone* for at least ten minutes, before we recollected that it was five o'clock, and that we ought to think of retiring from the *solitude* of Lady Mordaunt's "At Home."

F. G.

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## POLITENESS AND POLITESSE.

"I cannot bear a French metropolis."—JOHNSON.

WE have headed our article with two words which are very often, and certainly very improperly, confounded together. Nobody needs to be told that the one is from the English, the other from the French vocabulary; but there may perhaps be some who will be surprised to hear that the one expresses an English, the other a French quality.

Frown if you will, Monsieur Duclos, we must maintain that the English are the only people who have a true idea of politeness. If we are wrong, our error may be excused for the feeling which prompts it; but we believe we are right, and we will try to make our readers believe so.

The English are *kind* in their Politeness;—the French are *officious* in their *Politesse*:—the Politeness of the English is shown in *actions*;—the *Politesse* of the French evaporates in *sound*:—English Politeness is always disinterested;—French *Politesse* is too often prompted by selfishness.

When we consider the various forms of these qualities, we appear to be discriminating between the rival merits of two contending beauties, who reign with equal dominion, and divide the admiration of an adoring world. There are many who prefer the ingenuous delicacy of Politeness, and we congratulate them on their truly English *feeling*;—there are perhaps more who are attracted by the coquettish vivacity of *Politesse*, and we do not envy them their French *taste*.

A variety of instances of both these traits must have occurred to everybody, but as everybody does not behold the shades of character through the exact medium of an Editorial Microscope, we will endeavour to bring out more distinctly those examples which seem to us to bear immediately on the subject.

When you dine with old Tom Hardy, he gives you little more than a joint of meat, a bottle of excellent port, and a hearty welcome;—when Lord Urban “requests the honour” of your company, you are greeted with every delicacy the season can afford; you are pampered with every wine, “from humble port to imperial tokay,” and you are put to the blush by every form of adulation that a wish to be civil can devise. Yet we had rather dine once with Tom Hardy than a hundred times with Lord Urban;\* for the mutton of the one is cooked by Politeness, and the turtle of the other is dressed by *Politesse*.

About a month ago, as we were shooting in the north of England with the son of a celebrated Tory Baronet, we were encountered by Mr. Ayscott, a landed proprietor notorious for his Whig principles. We were somewhat surprised to see the latter divest himself of all prejudices in a moment; he came up to our companion with the greatest appearance of cordiality, shook him by the hand, reminded him that politics ought not to interfere among friends, knew he was fond of dancing, and hoped to see him fre-

\* “I enter my protest against this doctrine.”—W. ROWLEY.

“So do I—in respect to the wine.”—P. O’CONNOR.

“So do I—for Lord Urban is a Whig.”—F. WENTWORTH.

“So do I—for his Lordship never contradicts one.”—J. LOZELL.

“So do I—” MICHAEL OAKLEY..

quently at Ayscott. Now this really looked like Politeness; for Politeness is that feeling which prompts us to make others happy and pleased with themselves, and which for this purpose puts off all dislike, all party-spirit, all affectation of superiority. But when we were informed the next day that Mr. Ayscott had seven marriageable daughters, we decided that his behaviour was not Politeness but Politesse.

We remember, shortly after Mrs. C. Nugent eloped with an officer in the dragoons, we were riding in Hyde-park with poor Charles, who endeavoured to bear his loss unconcernedly, and betrayed not, except to a close observer, the canker that preyed upon his heart. We were met in the Park by Sir Harry Soulis, an intimate acquaintance of our friend. He was riding at a brisk pace, but the moment he observed us he pulled up, and his flexible features immediately assumed the appearance of unfeigned sympathy. He came up to us, and began, "Ah! Charles! how are you? how is this unfortunate business to end? I feel for you Charles! upon my soul I feel for you! You know you may command me in any thing"—and he rode on with the same air of nonchalance that he had first worn. Immediately afterwards we met Colonel Stanhope, who also halted, and entered into conversation. He inquired after our friend's health, addressed a few indifferent remarks to us on the weather, bowed, and passed on. We are sure Nugent felt, as we should have felt under such circumstances;—Soulis had wounded his feelings—Stanhope had spared them. The officiousness of the former was Politesse—the silence of the latter was Politeness.

But their distinct shades were never so fully impressed upon our minds as upon a visit which we lately paid to two gentlemen, during a short tour. The first specimen of their dissimilarity is to be found in the letters by which we were invited to partake of their hospitality: they were as follow:—

"As Mr. P. Courtenay will in the course of his tour be within a few miles of Melville Lodge, Mr. Melville hopes that he will not turn southward, without allowing him, for one day at least, the gratification of his company.

*Melville Lodge, August, 1820."*

"Dear Peregrine,—You'll pass within eyeshot of my windows on your way to East Bourne. I am sure you'll stop a moment to ask your old friend how he does, and we will try to detain you for the night.

Yours as sincerely as ever,

MARMADUKE WARREN.\*

P. S. The girls would send love if I'd let 'em.

*Hastings, August, 1820."*

\* N.B. No relation to our worthy and respectable London Publisher.—P. C.



Our first visit was paid at Melville Hall. We have known Mr. Melville long, and we know him to be one who is generally actuated by good motives; and when he is swayed by interested ones is himself unconscious of the fact. On the whole, his character is such, that when he is absent we feel the strongest inclination to like him; and when we are in his company we feel an equally strong inclination to say, "Mr. Melville, you are a fool." We arrived at the Hall in good time to prepare for dinner, with its usual accompaniments of bows from our host, compliments from our hostess, and smiles from their daughters. A small party was invited to meet us, which somewhat diminished the frequency of the compliments we were doomed to undergo, while it rendered those which were actually forced upon us infinitely more distressing. We pass over the civilities we received at dinner, the care taken to force upon us the choicest morsels of fish, flesh, and fowl, the attention with which Mr. Melville assured us that we were drinking his very best champagne. We hasten to take notice of the far more perplexing instances of Politesse which rendered miserable the evening. When tea and coffee had been disposed of, the Misses Melville sat down to the piano; and, as we are passionately fond of music, and the ladies excel in it, we should have been perfectly happy if we had been allowed to enjoy that happiness unmolested. "*Diis aliter visum est.*"—Our sisters were known to be tolerable singers; *à fortiori*, we must be downright nightingales ourselves. Upon the word of an Editor, we never committed any further outrage upon harmony than what takes place when we join in the chorus of our witty associate Mr. Golightly, or our well-meaning friend Mr. O'Connor, and we were now required to assist the Misses Melville in "La mia Dorabella." Horrible idea! Peregrine Courtenay warbling Italian! His Majesty of Clubs sinking into an Opera-singer!—Politesse was sure he could sing—Politesse knew he had a sweet voice—Politesse knew we only refused from modesty;—Politesse was disappointed, however, for we were immoveably determined not to be made a fool. Nevertheless we felt somewhat uncomfortable at being the subject of general observation; and this feeling was not diminished by what followed. Politesse,—in the shape of Mrs. Melville,—whispered it about that the fat silent young gentleman in the black coat was a great writer, who had published an extraordinary quantity of learning, and was likely to publish an extraordinary quantity more. This was all intended to flatter our vanity, and the consequence was that we were bored throughout the remainder of the evening by hearing whispers around us, "Is that the gentleman Mrs. Melville was speaking of?" "I guessed who he was by the family likeness!" "I knew he was an author directly!" "How odd that he should be so

reserved!" At the suggestion of Politesse Mrs. Melville next discovered that we were precisely a year older than Kitty, and Mr. Melville hinted in a loud whisper that the girl would have ten thousand pounds. Finally, Politesse prepared for us the great state bedroom; and, when we retired, insisted upon it that we had spent a most miserable evening. Alas! Politeness had hardly the grace to contradict Politesse upon this point.

How different was the reception we received on the following day! Our old friend Mr. Warren rose from his arm-chair as we entered, with a look that set formality at defiance. Mrs. Warren put by her work to observe how much we were grown; and their two daughters greeted with a smile, beautiful because it was unaffected, the scarce-remembered playmate of their childhood. The flowers which Elizabeth was painting, the landscape which Susan was designing, were not hastily concealed at the approach of their guest; nor was our old acquaintance Shock, who was our favourite puppy ten years ago, driven in his old age from the parlour-rug at the appearance of an idler dog than himself. The few friends who met us at dinner were not prepared to annoy us by accounts of our abilities and attainments. The conversation was general and entertaining; and on re-consideration we perceived that Mr. Warren took pains to *draw out* what talent we possessed, although we could not at the same time perceive that such was the object of his attention. In the evening Elizabeth entertained us with Handel and Mozart, and Susan sung some simple airs, in a voice perhaps the more engaging because it was uncultivated. We were allowed to enjoy the "melody of sweet sounds" unmolested and unobserved. The quadrille which followed was not danced with the less spirit because the Brussels carpet supplied the place of a chalked floor, and a single pianoforte was substituted for the formality of a band. We were happy—because we were permitted to enjoy our happiness in our own way: we were amused—because we did not perceive the efforts which were made for our amusement. "This," we exclaimed,—as we buttoned our coat and proceeded on our journey the next morning,—"*this is real Politeness.*"

In spite of the endeavours of those who would dress our native manners in a Parisian costume, Politesse will never be the motive by which England as a nation will be characterized. As long as France shall be the mother of light heads, and Britain of warm hearts, the Frenchman will show his Politesse by the profundity of his bow, and the Englishman will prove his Politeness by the cordiality of his welcome. Who is not content that it should be so?

## A WINDSOR BALL.

WE have often thought that the endeavours of a dancing-master go but a very little way to prepare a lady for a ball. Were it possible to procure such an acquisition, we should recommend to our sisters not only a *Maitre à Danser*, but a *Maitre à Parler*, inasmuch as it is usually much easier to dance than to talk. One does not immediately see why it should be so; dancing and talking are in a ball-room equally mechanical qualifications; they differ indeed in this, that the former requires a "light fantastic toe," and the other a light fantastic tongue. But for *mind*—seriously speaking, there is no more *mind* developed in small-talk than there is in *chassez à droit*.

We do not admire the taste of Etonians who dislike dancing; we are not of the number of those who go to a ball for the purpose of eating ice; on the contrary, we adore waltzing, and feel our English aversion for the French much diminished when we recollect that we derive from them Vestris and Quadrilles. Nevertheless, if any thing could diminish the attachment we feel for this our favourite amusement, it would be that we must occasionally submit to dangle at the heels of an icy partner, as beautiful, and, alas! as cold as the Venus de Medicis; whose look is torpor, whose speech is monosyllables; who repulses all efforts at conversation, until the austerity, or the backwardness of her demeanour, awes her would-be adorer into a silence as deep as her own. Now all this gravity of demeanour, in the opinion of some people, is a proof of wisdom: we know not how this may be, but for our own part we think with the old song,—“’Tis good to be merry and wise,”—and if we cannot have both—why then the *merry* without the *wise*.

These are the ideas which occur to us upon looking back to the last time that we heard “*Voulez vous danser?*” played at the Town Hall!—Start not, fair reader! do not throw us into the fire; we will not be *very* libellous; and if you shall erroneously suppose that your own defects have afforded matter for our malicious pen, we are sure your indignation will forthwith subside when you recollect that you may possibly have listened to the colloquial raptures of Gerard Montgomery, or been honoured with an Editorial tête-a-tête by the condescension of Peregrine Courtenay. Think over your favourite partners. Did any one ask your opinion of the Bill of Pains and Penalties? It could be no one but Sir Francis Wentworth?—Did any one hold forth upon the beauties of a Scotch Reel? Of a surety it was Mr. Alexander M’Farlane.—Did any one observe to you that a

Quadrille was a "strange cross road, and very hilly?" Doubt not but it was the all-accomplished Robert Musgrave.—Did any one remark upon the immorality of waltzing?—Thrice-honoured fair one! You have danced with Martin Sterling.

Alas! we intended, as Mr. Musgrave would say, to drive straight to the Town Hall, and we have got out of our road a full page. It is indeed a cruel delay in us, for we know, reader, say what you will, you have been all the time turning over the leaf to meet with a spice of scandal. Well, then, suppose all preliminaries adjusted; suppose us fairly lodged in the Ball-room, with no other damage than a ruined cavendish and a dirtied pump; and suppose us immediately struck dumb by the intelligence that the beautiful, the fascinating Louisa had left the room the moment before we entered it. It was easy to perceive that something of the kind had occurred, for the Ladies were all looking happy. We bore our disappointment as well as we could, and were introduced to Theodosia—No! we will refrain from surnames. (Vide No. 1. page 21. Resolution IX.) Theodosia is a woman of sense, (we are told so, and we are willing to believe it,) but she is very unwilling that any one should find it out. As in duty bound, we commenced, or endeavoured to commence, a conversation by general observations upon the room and the music;—by the bye, we strongly recommend these *generalities* to our friends in all conversations with strangers; they are quite safe, and can give no offence. In our case, however, they were unavailing,—no reply was elicited.—A long pause.—We inquired whether the Lady was fond of "the Lancers?" To our utter astonishment we were answered with a blush and a frown, which would have put to silence a much more pertinacious querist than the Etonian;—we ventured not another word. Upon after-consideration, we are sure that the Lady was thinking of a *set* of dashing young officers instead of a *set* of Quadrilles.

We were next honoured by the hand of Emily. When we have said that she is backward, beautiful, and seventeen, we have said all we know of the enchanting Emily. Far be it from us to attack with unwarrantable severity the unfortunate victim of *mauvaise-honte*; we merely wish to suggest to one for whose welfare we have a real regard, that modesty does not necessarily imply taciturnity, and that the actual inconvenience of a silent tongue is not altogether compensated by the poetical loquacity of a speaking eye.

Being again left to ourselves, we sunk by degrees into a profound fit of authorship, and were in imminent danger of becoming misanthropic, when we were roused from our reverie by a tap on the shoulder from George Hardy, and an inquiry, "what were our dreams?" We explained to him our calamities, and assured

him, that had it not been for his timely intervention we should certainly have died of silence. "Died of silence!" reiterated our friend, "God forbid! when Corinna is in the room!" And so saying, he half-led half-dragged us to the other end of the room, and compelled us to make our bow to a girl of lively manners, whom he described to us in a whisper as "a perfect antidote for the sullens." Our first impression was, "she is a fool;"—our second, "she is a wit;"—our third, "she is something between both!"—Oh! that it were possible for us to commit to paper one half of what was uttered by Corinna! Our recollection of our tête-a-tête is like the recollection of a dream. In dreams we remember that we were at one moment in a mud-built cottage; and were the next transported to a gothic chapel, but by what means the transmutation of place was effected, our waking thoughts are unable to conceive. Thus it was when we listened to Corinna. We were hurried from one topic to another with an unaccountable velocity, but by what chain one idea was connected with its predecessor we cannot imagine. The conversation (if conversation it may be called, where the duty of talking devolves upon one person) set out with some mention of fresco; from hence it turned off to Herculaneum, and then passed with inconceivable rapidity through the following stages:—Rome—the Parthenon—National Monument at Edinburgh—Edinburgh Review—Blackwood—Ebony bracelets—Fashion of short sleeves—Fashion in general dress in Queen Elizabeth's time—"The Abbot"—Walter Scott—Highland scenery. In the Highlands we lost our route for some minutes, and soon afterwards found ourselves (we know not how) at Joannina, in company with Ali Pacha. By this time we were thoroughly wearied, and were unable to keep up regularly with our unfeeling conductress, so that we have but a very faint idea of the places we visited. We remember being dragged to the Giant at the Windsor Fair; from whence we paid a flying visit to the Colossus of Rhodes;—we attended Cato, the Lady's favourite pug, during a severe illness, and were shortly after present at the Cato-street conspiracy. We have some idea that after making the tour of the Lakes, we set out to discover the source of the Nile. In our way thither we took a brief survey of the Lake of Como, and were finally for some time immersed in the Red Sea. This put the finishing stroke to our already fatigued senses. We resigned ourselves, without another struggle, to the will and disposal of our sovereign mistress, and for the next half hour knew not to what quarter of the globe we were conveyed. At the close of that period we awoke from our trance, and found that Corinna had brought us into the Club-room, and was discussing the characters of the Members with a most unwarrantable freedom of

speech. Before we had time to remonstrate against this manifest breach of privilege, we found ourselves in the gallery of the House of Lords, and began to think we never should make our escape from this amusing torture. Fortunately at this moment a freeholder of ——— entered the room. One of the candidates was a friend of Corinna's, and she hurried from us, after a thousand apologies, to learn the state of the poll.

"Sic nos servavit Apollo." \*

Our next companion was Sappho the Blue-stockings. We enjoyed a literary confabulation for some time, for which we beg our readers to understand we are every way qualified. The deep stores of our reading, enlivened by the pungent readiness of our wit, are *bonâ fide* the admiration of London as well as of Windsor belles; we beg our friends to have this in mind whenever they sit down to peruse us. But to proceed—we very shortly perceived that Sappho was enchanted with our erudition, and the manner in which we displayed it. She was particularly pleased with our critiques on "Zimmerman upon Solitude," and was delighted by the praise we bestowed (for the first time in our life) on Southey's "Thalaba." We had evidently made considerable progress in her affections, when we ruined ourselves by a piece of imprudence which we have since deeply regretted. We were satirical,—this satire is the Devil!—we were satirical upon German literature. The lady turned up her nose, turned down her eyes, bit her lip, and looked—we cannot explain how she looked, but it was very terrific. We have since heard she is engaged in translating Klopstock's "Messiah" into the Sanscrit.

We were next introduced to one of those ladies who are celebrated for the extraordinary *tact* which they display in the discovery of the faults of their sex. Catherine is indeed one of the leaders of the tribe. She has the extraordinary talent which conveys the most sarcastic remarks in a tone of the greatest kindness. In her the language of hatred assumes the garb of affection, and the observation which is prompted by envy appears to be dictated by compassion. If in her presence you bestow commendation upon a rival, she assents most warmly to your opinion, and immediately destroys its effect by a seemingly extorted "*but*." We were admiring Sophia's beautiful hair.—"Very beautiful!" said Catherine, "*but* she dresses it so ill!" We made some allusion to Georgiana's charming spirits. "She has everlasting vivacity," said Catherine, "*but* it's a pity she is so indiscreet." Then followed something in a whisper which we do not feel ourselves at

\* Sir Francis Wentworth points our quotation thus,—

"Sic nos servavit A—Poll—O!"—HOR.

liberty to repeat. We next were unguarded enough to find something very fascinating in Amelia's eyes. "Yes," replied Catherine, "but then she has *such* an unfortunate nose between them." Finally, in a moment of imprudent enthusiasm, we declared that we thought Maria the most interesting girl in the room. We shall never, (although we live, like our predecessors, Griffin and Gril-drig, to the good old age of forty Numbers,) we shall never, we repeat, forget the "*Some* people think so!" with which our amiable auditress replied to our exclamation. We saw we were disgraced, and, to say the truth, were not a little pleased that we were no longer of Catherine's Privy Council.

Now all these Ladies are foolish in their way. Theodosia is a silent fool, Emily is a timid fool, Corinna is a talkative fool, Sappho is a learned fool, and Catherine is a malicious fool. With their comparative degrees of *moral* merit we have nothing to do; but in point of the agreeable, we hesitate not to affirm that the silent fool is to us the more insupportable creature of the five.

We lately were present at a large party, where an Etonian, for whom we have a great esteem, was terribly abused by a witty Marchioness for his inflexible taciturnity. Without entering upon the merits of this particular case, let us be allowed to plead in behalf of our sex, that a Gentleman may be *silent* when a Lady is *silly*; and that it is needless for a Beau to be *entertaining*, where a Belle is decidedly *impracticable*.

F. G.

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## SIR THOMAS NESBIT'S DEFINITION OF A GOOD FELLOW.

"Vir bonus est quis!"—HOR.

BEING desired by his Majesty to draw up, for the instruction of all whom it may concern, "a Definition of a Good Fellow," I thought it proper to apply to the Members of the Club individually, for such hints as they could furnish me with, for the prosecution of the design. I received the following:—

MR. GOLIGHTLY.

A Good Fellow is one who rides blood horses, drives four-in-hand, speaks when he's spoken to, sings when he's asked, always turns his back on a dun—and never on a friend.

MR. LE BLANC.

A Good Fellow is one who studies deep, reads Trigonometry, and burns Love-songs, has a most cordial aversion for Dancing and D'Egville, and would rather encounter a Cannon than a Fancy Ball.

*Definition of a Good Fellow.*

HON. G. MONTGOMERY.

A Good Fellow is one who abhors Moralists and Mathematics, and adores the Classics and Caroline Mowbray.

SIR F. WENTWORTH.

A Good Fellow is one who attends the Fox Dinner, and drinks the Queen's health,—who would go the Indies to purchase Independence, and would rather encounter a Buffalo than a Boroughmonger.

MR. M. STERLING.

A Good Fellow is a good neighbour, a good citizen, a good relation,—in short, a Good Man.

MR. M'FARLANE.

A Good Fellow is "a bonnie, braw John Hielandman."

MR. O'CONNOR.

A Good Fellow is one who talks loud and swears louder, cares little about learning and less about his neckcloth,—loves whisky, patronises bargemen, and wears nails in his shoes.

MR. MUSGRAVE.

A Good Fellow is—prime—flash—and bang-up.

MR. BURTON.

A Good Fellow is one who knows "what's what," keeps accounts, and studies Cocker.

MR. ROWLEY.

A Good Fellow likes Turtle and cold Punch, drinks Port when he can't get Champagne, and dines on Mutton with Sir Robert, when he can't get Venison at My Lord's.

MR. LOZELL.

A Good Fellow is something compounded of the preceding.

MR. OAKLEY.

A Good Fellow is something perfectly different from the preceding,—and Mr. Lozell is an Ass.

And now, after so many and so excellent descriptions, what can Sir Thomas add?

Why to be sure I am placed in rather a difficult situation; however, with due deference to the opinions of the above highly-respected Gentlemen, I must conjure up the *beau ideal* of "a Good Fellow."—First of all, as a foundation for a multitude of virtues, he must be abundantly good-natured. Now, by good-nature I do not understand that easy, timid, unmeaning sort of complaisance which says "Yes" \* to every body, merely from the fear of saying "No;" nor that soft simplicity, which, without any will or control of its own, suffers itself to be turned about like the weathercock on the steeple, hardly inquiring whether it moves to right or wrong purposes; and which, by taking every thing in

\* No reflection on our worthy friend Mr. Lozell, on the word of a true Nesbit.



good part, however ill-meant, acquires the enviable distinction of standing as a public butt, at which any fool thinks himself entitled to take a random shot, and invariably confers upon its possessor the honourable appellation of *Cawker*. My hero should have just enough of this temper to enable him to give a joke and take one with equal pleasure. He must be seldom passionate, and never sulky; not inclined to quarrels, but still less to stand calmly by, if his schoolfellows or himself were unprovokedly attacked. He would never give up his accomplices, although threatened with tenfold punishment, and would run the risk of a flogging himself to save another from the certainty of one. I would have him with just sufficient reading to have something to say for himself, and just sufficient wit to make what he says agreeable. I will admit, however, that there is not much objection to his being a pretty good scholar, provided he is ready to communicate his knowledge when there is occasion,—to construe the lesson for the general good,—and to do a few verses now and then, upon a push, for some unfortunate blockhead on a *regular week*,—provided, too, that he is never caught out in a quotation. He ought to like all sorts of games, though it is not at all necessary that he should excel in any one, provided that he enters into the spirit of them, and takes particular care not to give his adversary a wilful kick at football, and not to direct his cricket-ball against the legs instead of the wicket of the player. With all these perfections, it is his absolute duty to hate pride as he does lying,—to hate lying as he does hypocrisy,—and hypocrisy as he does the Devil. Thus you see he will be kind, generous, pleasant, and useful—and what further can any one desire? Perhaps you may be inclined to think I have exacted rather too much.

I have, indeed, some reason to suppose that very few of the above-mentioned qualities are requisite to form what an Etonian would call a Good Fellow; and that term seems so often applied to undeserving and opposite characters, that I am inclined to think that the judgment of the School in this respect is neither very severe nor very consistent. Once I was extremely surprised at hearing a boy mentioned as a Good Fellow whom I had always held in the light of a reputed bully, whose tyranny, in common with others, I had frequently felt, and abused. This change was accounted for by his having assisted a party in a contest with some blackguards, either out of wantonness, the mere love of fighting, or perhaps, after all, because he could not help it. I have often been present when the epithets of Beast and Good Fellow have been given to the same person in less than a minute, the latter of which was apparently used as a conciliatory, upon his consenting to lend a book which he had before refused. What way of entreating can be so effective, so moving, as the usual form?—"Pray

do me what I ask, and you will be a Good Fellow." The name, hackneyed as it is, seems to have an inexpressible charm—it is equivalent to thanks and to flattery—an incitement to perform a service—a reward when it has been performed. I for my own part entertain a great respect and veneration for this honourable title, and I cannot sufficiently regret that it should be given to the ill-natured because they happen once to have deviated from their usual practice; to the sullen, because they sometimes laugh; to the stingy, because they now and then squeeze out from their purses an extravagant shilling; to the bully, because he for once in a way bullies those who deserve it. I think, however, it may with great justice be applied to whoever is strongly attached to his own pursuits, but never abuses those of others. In this opinion I am the more decided, from my willingness to allow this title to many, who are deficient in most of the above-mentioned qualifications. In short, I am very ready to extend the appellation to every one who has a kind heart; to every one who "lives as he ought to do;" to every one who sweetens his last glass of port by drinking "Prosperity to Eton, happiness to his schoolfellows, and long life to '*The Etonian*.'"

T. N.

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### LOVERS' VOWS.

—"What grace hast thou, thus to reprove  
These worms for loving?"—SHAKESPEARE.

WE were engaged the other day in making some purchases at Flint's, when Lady Honoria Saville entered, attended by the Hon. George Comyn. As the lady is a professed Coquette, and the gentleman a professed Dangler, we conceived it by no means improper to play the listener; for the conversation of these characters is seldom such as to require much secrecy. We therefore placed ourselves in a convenient situation for hearing whatever was said by the Beau, the Belle, and the Milliner, which last I consider the most rational person of the three. The questions which were put to her by her Ladyship escaped us; they seemed to be conveyed, not in the language of common mortals, but in signs which were to us incomprehensible. Without exposing ourselves to the notice of either party, we were beyond measure amused at the timely aid, which the Milliner's description of her wares afforded to the Lover's description of his passion; for whenever the latter was at a loss for words, the former stepped in to finish his sentence, and occasionally gave a point to it, in which Lovers' Vows are generally deficient.

When they first made their appearance, the Gentleman was deposing upon oath to the truth of something of which his companion seemed to entertain doubts. He had run through some of the usual forms of adjuration, such as Sun, Moon, Stars, Venus, and Blue Eyes, when he was stopped by "Lovers' vows! Comyn! lovers' vows! where do they come from?"—"Where?" repeated the Gentleman, in a theatrical attitude, "they come from a sincere affection, from a passionate heart, from a devoted adoration, from ——." "From Paris, I assure you, Madam," said the Milliner, who was turning over some silks. "But I wonder, Comyn!" resumed her Ladyship, "I wonder you can continue to bore me with this nonsense! Lovers' Vows have given me the vapours these last five years, and after all, what are they worth?" "Worth!" reiterated the Fop, "they are worth the mines of Peru, the diamonds of Golconda, the sands of Pactolus!"—"They are worth five shillings a pair, Madam," said the Milliner, "and it's really throwing them away."—She was talking of some kid gloves.

"You Gentlemen," said her Ladyship, "must think us very weak creatures, if you fancy that we are to be imposed upon by any folly you choose to utter; Lovers' Vows have been proverbial since the days of Queen Bess, and it would be strange if, in 1840, we should not have found out what they are made of." "In my case," said the Exquisite, "your Ladyship is cruel in supposing them to be made of any thing but the purest sincerity."—"They are made of the finest materials," said the Milliner, "and your Ladyship can see through them like glass."—She was holding up to the window some stuff with a hard name, which we know nothing about.—"Say what you will, Comyn," said her Ladyship,—

"Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot on land, and one on sea,  
To one thing constant never."

"Lovers' Vows are never intended to last beyond a day!" "Your Ladyship is unjust!" replied the Dandy,— "they will last when all other ties shall be broken; they will last when the bond of relationship shall be cancelled, and the link of friendship riven!—they will last!"—"They will last for ever, Madam, and wash afterwards!" said the Milliner. She was speaking of some scarfs.

"Really, George," observed her Ladyship, "you would think me an egregious fool, if I were to believe one quarter of what you say to me. Speak the truth, George, for once, if it is in your nature—should I not be *folle—folle* beyond measure?"—"You love to trifle with my passion," sighed the Honourable; "but this is what we must all expect! Fascinating as you are,

you feel not for the woes of your victims:—you are more insensible than flints—nothing is dear to you.”—“Flint’s will make nothing dear to your Ladyship,” said the Milliner, wrapping up the parcel.

“In this age of invention,” said Lady Honoria, “it is surprising to me that no one has invented a thermometer to try the temperature of Lovers’ Vows. What a price would a boarding-school Miss give for such an invention! I certainly will make the suggestion to young Montgomery, that writes the sonnets!”—“Good God! cried the worshipper, “where shall I send for such a test of sincerity?” I would send to the suns of India, to the snows of Tobolsk; I would send to the little-toed ladies of China, and the great-hatted chieftains of Loo-Choo; I would send”——“Shall I send it to your Ladyship’s house?” said the Milliner, holding up the parcel.

“Well,” said her Ladyship, rising to leave the shop, “I shall contend no more with so subtle a disputant; my opinion of Lovers’ Vows remains unchanged, and I desire you wont pester me with them at the Opera this evening, or I shall positively die of ennui.” We saw that this was meant as an assignation, and the Honourable George Comyn saw things in the same light. “How,” he cried, “how shall I thank your Ladyship for this condescension? How shall I express the feelings of the heart you have rescued from despair? Language is too poor, utterance is too weak, for the emotion which I feel; what can I say?”—“Much obliged to your Ladyship,” said the Milliner.

P. C.

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## GODIVA,—A TALE.

### I.

WHOE’ER has been at Coventry must know  
 (Unless he’s quite devoid of curiosity,)  
 That once a year it has a sort of show,  
 Conducted with much splendor and pomposity.  
 I’ll just describe it, if I can—but no,  
 It would exhaust the humour of a Fawcett, I  
 Am a vile jester—though I once was vain  
 Of acting Fawcett’s parts at Datchet-lane.

## II.

Ah! those were pleasant days, when you and I,  
 Dear Fred. Golightly, trod those boards of yore;  
 I often grieve to think that they're past by,  
 As *you* must—on a rainy after-four:  
 Though, now it's fairly quashed, you won't deny  
 That that same stage was frequently a bore;  
 It spoilt our cricket, which we're all so proud on,  
 Nor let us beat the Kingsmen—as we've now done.

## III.

Oh! sweet is praise to youthful poet's ear,  
 When gently warbled by the lips he loves:  
 'Tis sweet one's exercise read o'er to hear,  
 (Especially the week before Removes);  
 But sweeter far, when actors first appear,  
 The loud collision of applauding gloves,  
 The gleam of happy faces o'er them cast—  
 Moments of triumph not to be surpast!

## IV.

Oh! stolen joys, far sweeter for the stealing,  
 Oh! doubts; and fears, and hopes of Eton all,  
 Ye are departed; but a lingering feeling  
 Of your enchantments holds my heart in thrall.  
 My eyes just now are fixed upon the ceiling—  
 I feel my cheek flush—hear my inkstand fall;  
 My soul is wandering through the distant groves  
 Of that dear schoolboy-dwelling which it loves.

## V.

But to my tale—I'm somewhat given to prating,  
 I can't but own it, but my theme was fine,  
 And all the feelings which I've been narrating  
 Are worth enjoying—and they've *all* been mine!  
 But I'll no longer keep the reader waiting,  
 So, without wasting now another line,  
 My Poem I'll begin, as Poets use,  
 With a short invocation to my Muse.

## VI.

Spirit which art within me, if in truth  
 Thou dost exist in my soul's depths, and I  
 Have not mistaken the hot pulse of youth,  
 And wandering thoughts, for dreams of poesy,  
 Rise from thy lone recesses, rise and soothe  
 Each meaner thought to aspirations high,  
 Whelm me in musings of deep joy, and roll  
 Thy radiant visions on my kindling soul.

## VII.

If, when at morn I view the bright blue Heaven,  
 Thoughts are around me which not *all* have felt;  
 If, in the dim and fading light of Even,  
 A Poet's rapture on my soul hath dwelt;  
 If to my wayward nature have been given  
 Dreams that absorb, and phantasies that melt,  
 Sweet tears, and wild attachments—lend thy wings,  
 Spirit, to bear me in my wanderings.

## VIII.

But these are boyish dreams.—Away, away,  
 Ye fond enchantments of my foolish brain;—  
 And yet, methinks, I would a while delay,  
 Ere my frail vessel tempt Life's dangerous main.  
 Still, dear delusions of my boyhood, stay,  
 Still let me pour my weak, but harmless strain!  
 In fancied draughts my thirst poetic slake,  
 And never, never from that dream awake!

## IX.

This is a very pretty invocation,  
 Though scarce adapted to my present style;  
 I wrote it in a fit of inspiration,  
 The finest I've enjoy'd a monstrous while;  
 For most uncertain's my imagination,  
 And 'tis but seldom that my Muse will smile.  
 Come reader, we'll her present humour try;  
 Draw up the curtain—the scene's Coventry.

## X.

It is an ancient and a gallant town,  
Nor all unknown to loftier lays than mine;  
It has of old seen deeds of high renown—  
Its situation's not extremely fine.  
Its name it wishes to be handed down,  
And still in England's annals longs to shine;  
And Mr. Cobbett wants to represent  
This self-same Coventry in Parliament.

## XI.

But at the period when my tale commences  
There were no Cobbetts—'twas a barb'rous age;  
The "Sovereign People" scarce were in their senses,  
For Radical Reform was not the rage:  
Though then Sir Francis \* might have found pretences  
Just war against the Government to wage;  
For King and Nobles thought it no great crime  
To be confounded tyrants at that time.

## XII.

There was of yore an Earl of Coventry,  
Famous for wine and war—one Leofric;  
A genuine Saxon—he'd a light blue eye,  
His stature tall—his frame well-built and thick:  
His flaxen locks fell down luxuriantly  
On his fine shoulders—and his glance was quick.  
But though he really was a handsome Earl,  
He was at times a most uncommon churl.

## XIII.

He had fought well and often—miles around  
Chieftain and vassal trembled at his name;  
He *held* some thousand acres of good ground,  
To which his weapon form'd his strongest claim:  
His *legal* title was sometimes unsound—  
And he was wedded to a matchless dame,  
The fair and chaste Godiva—whom alone  
He seem'd to love, of all that was his own.

\* Wentworth—not Burdett.

## XIV.

Well might he love her ;—in that shape of lightness  
 All woman's choicest beauties were combin'd ;  
 Her long dark locks set off her bosom's whiteness  
 In its calm heavings, warm, and chaste, and kind.  
 Her deep blue eyes shone with peculiar brightness,  
 When through them flash'd the sunbeams of her mind ;  
 When swiftly sparkled joys, or hopes, or fears,  
 Or sorrow bath'd them in delicious tears.

## XV.

Hers was the face we look on once and love,  
 Her voice was Music's echo—like the strain  
 Of our own land, heard, when afar we rove,  
 With a deep sense of pleasure mix'd with pain :  
 And those who once had heard it vainly strove  
 To lose its echoes lingering in the brain :  
 As for her figure—if you once had met it,  
 Believe me, Sirs, you never could forget it.

## XVI.

She was the idol of her native land,  
 The comforter and friend of its distress ;  
 Herself, unchasten'd by Affliction's hand,  
 Felt for the woes of others not the less.  
 The serfs, who trembled at her Lord's command,  
 Forbore to curse him for *her* loveliness.  
 They were a pair one often meets in life,—  
 A churlish husband with a charming wife.

## XVII.

It chanc'd, A. D. Eight Hundred and Eighteen,  
 (I love to be correct in my chronology,  
 And all the tables which by chance I've seen  
 Concur in this date. When I was in College I  
 Conducted once the famous Magazine,  
 Th' Etonian's predecessor. This apology  
 Will serve, I hope, among all folks discerning,  
 For my correctness—both in taste and learning.)



XVIII.

It chanc'd, A. D. Eight Hundred and Eighteen,  
 'Twas a bad season : rain, and blight, and frost  
 Destroy'd the harvest, while the crops were green,—  
 Wheat—barley—oats—and turnips, all were crost.  
 The ruin'd peasants grew extremely lean,  
 There's no computing what that year they lost :  
 They look'd just like so many half-starv'd weasels,  
 The sheep all died—the pigs had got the measles.

XIX.

Leofric's table suffer'd : he was ever  
 (As Earls are sometimes) an enormous glutton ;  
 Venison he lov'd, but, tho' a dainty liver,  
 He was a perfect Colleger at mutton.  
 He now discover'd that his table never  
 A decent leg or shoulder could be put on ;  
 Dry was each wither'd joint, where fat was not,  
 And sometimes tasted strongly of the rot. \*

XX.

There was a sad deficiency in greens ;  
 Parsnips and carrots nowhere could be found,†  
 The very horses scorn'd to eat the beans,  
 The turnips were frost-bitten and unsound.  
 In fact the hungry peasants had no means  
 To pay their rents :—the Earl look'd grim and frown'd ;  
 And wisely judg'd it would be saving trouble,  
 Like Harrow cricketers, to tax them double. ‡

XXI.

Whether this plan was likely to succeed,  
 Is more than I can possibly divine ;  
 Physicians seldom think it right to bleed  
 A patient dying of a deep decline.

\* The Devil!—W. ROWLEY.

† Very possibly—in the ninth century.—W. ROWLEY.

‡ "If any member refuse to pay a fine imposed by the Club, the fine shall be doubled."—*Rules of the Harrow Cricket Club*, 1818.

I recommend the same measure to the adoption of his Majesty of Clubs.

P. O'CONNOR.

The poor petition'd in this utmost need ;  
 Alas ! they found it was in vain to whine ;  
 The hungry Earl refused to hear a word ;  
 (We know *petitions* are sometimes absurd.)

## XXII.

" He griev'd," he said, " but 'twasn't *his* look-out,  
 If all his serfs and vassals starv'd together ;  
 The year had been a rainy one, no doubt,  
 But what of that ?—*he* didn't make the weather.  
 They should have minded what they were about,  
 And not have sent such mutton—'twas like leather.  
 In short, unless they paid in their arrears,  
 He'd beat their houses down about their ears."

## XXIII.

Then fell despair upon them :—home they went  
 With wild and gloomy aspects, and sat down  
 Each by his desolate hearth ; some, weeping, leant  
 Their heads on their clasp'd hands ; throughout the town  
 Went female shrieks and wailings ; all content,  
 Domestic joy, and peace, and hope were flown ;  
 And each look'd round upon his family,  
 And said that nought was left them—but to die.

## XXIV.

One had been lately wedded,—his young bride  
 Gaz'd, as he enter'd, on his frenzied eye,  
 And read her fate, yet she essay'd to hide  
 Her own forebodings of deep misery ;  
 And strove to smile, and, seated by his side,  
 Used all her lov'd caresses cheeringly ;  
 And said those sorrows soon would be forgot,  
 And fondly whisper'd hope—where hope was not.

## XXV.

And then she spoke of their long mutual love,  
 Their youthful vows, and lately plighted troth,—  
 And then she said that there was One above  
 Who had protected—would protect them both.

Remorse might yet the Earl's stern nature move,—  
 "Herself," she added, "to despair was loth!"  
 But when she found her arts were vain, she crept  
 Into his bosom—hid her face—and wept.

XXVI.

It was a night of horror and despair!  
 Mothers were shrieking in distraction wild,  
 And Fathers, with a fix'd unconscious glare,  
 Gazed on the wan cheeks of each starving child!  
 A few were kneeling, wrapt in fervent pray'r,  
 And these alone, in their devotion, smiled;  
 While *he*, the author of an earldom's woe—  
 Slept upon fair Godiva's breast of snow.

XXVII.

Alas! Godiva, that a heart like thine  
 Should by so stern a tyrant's head be prest!—  
 Short were his dreams, he woke at half-past nine,  
 Feeling a strange oppression at his chest;  
 And yet that day he'd drank five quarts of wine,\*  
 Which one would fancy, would have made him rest.  
 Whether 'twas conscience or an indigestion  
 Produc'd this nightmare, still remains a question.

XXVIII.

Godiva was awake—she had not slept.  
 For sad reflections on her country's woes,  
 And bitter floods of anguish had she wept,  
 Her grief was far too burning for repose.  
 As down her cheeks the tears in silence crept,  
 At last they trickled to her husband's nose,  
 Who in plain terms (he seldom used to flatter)  
 Demanded "what the Devil was the matter?"

\* A great achievement, no doubt, but not equal to that of the celebrated Moore, of Moore-hall, who, immediately before his combat with the Dragon of Wantley, is said to have swallowed,

—————"To make him strong and mighty,  
 Six quarts of ale, and one of aquavite."

## XXIX.

Her tears fell faster, but she answer'd not ;  
 In vain at first she strove her voice to find ;  
 The courteous Saxon thought his wife had got  
 The toothach, and grew wonderfully kind.  
 But when Godiva gently told him what  
 So much afflicted not her *teeth*—but *mind*,  
 He scratch'd his head, and stared like one confounded—  
 Never was man so perfectly astounded.

## XXX.

He could not form, for his part, the least notion  
 Of what appear'd so singular a whim,  
 He'd always fancied that his wife's devotion,  
 Thoughts, passions, wishes, centred all in him.  
 Much was he puzzled by this strange emotion,—  
 How was it possible a dame so slim,  
 So elegant and tasty as his wife,  
 Could feel for wretches quite in humble life ?

## XXXI.

It was a problem which he could not solve,  
 'Twas just what mathematics are to me,  
 A science which the longer I revolve,  
 The surer am I we shall ne'er agree :  
 And so I very prudently resolve  
 To give it up, and stick to poetry,  
 Which is, in fact, extremely pretty sport,  
 And I'm inclined to fancy quite my forte.

## XXXII.

My Simpson's Euclid, you're a cursed bore,  
 Although, no doubt, a treasure in your way,  
 And those who doat on science may explore  
 Your problems—with what appetite they may.  
 I have no head for mathematic lore,  
 Therefore, my Simpson's Euclid, I must say  
 (Though I'm desirous not to be uncivil)  
 I most devoutly wish you at the Devil.

## XXXIII.

But oh ! the thousand joys of versifying !

One writes, and blots, and reads 'em o'er and o'er,  
And, every time one reads 'em, can't help spying

A thousand beauties unobserv'd before ;  
And then one fancies all the ladies crying—

Reviewers make some rhymesters rather sore ;  
I, for my own part, am a careless dog,  
And love to hear mine criticized—*incog*.

## XXXIV.

But poor Godiva—in her tears she lay,

'Twas a sad pity that 'twas in the night,  
Because, had it but happen'd in the day,

Her weeping beauty had prevail'd outright :  
E'en then she charm'd her husband's rage away,

And nearly gain'd her purpose—though not quite ;  
For, after all her eloquent persuasion,  
He tried to cheat her by a mean evasion.

## XXXV.

" My dear," said he, " you've argued wondrous well,

I'm quite delighted with your long oration,  
On all its beauties I forbear to dwell,

Enough that it hath met my approbation ;  
So much so, that to-morrow you may tell

Fair Coventry, it's free from all taxation,  
If but these terms your approbation meet—  
That you ride naked through the public street."

## XXXVI.

Godiva started—well indeed she might,

She almost doubted her own ears' veracity ;  
My modest pen can scarce endure to write

A speech of such unparallel'd audacity.  
Leofric thought he had perplex'd her quite,

And grinn'd immensely at his own sagacity ;  
For which I hold him a consummate beast,  
Deserving of the pillory at least.

## XXXVII.

Shame on the heartless churl!—could he repose  
 On that so lovely bosom, which, he knew,  
 For him, albeit the author of its woes,  
 Throbb'd with affection, warm, and chaste, and true?  
 And could he thus its holy charms expose  
 Unveil'd and blushing to the public view?  
 Ay, bid slaves gaze on beauties, which alone  
 (Though Kings had sigh'd for) he might call his own!

## XXXVIII.

And yet I can't but own that modern spouses  
 In his opinions seem to acquiesce;  
 I've seen, in many fashionable houses,  
 The ladies waltzing in complete undress;  
 A custom which no sort of feeling rouses  
 Amongst their husbands—and I must confess,  
 (Being unmarried) that I see no faults in  
 Ladies, young, lovely, and half-naked, waltzing.

## XXXIX.

I must say I enjoy it—'tis a pleasure  
*Good-natured* fair ones grant to amorous swains;  
 I like to whirl to that bewildering measure,  
 Which, “just like love”—or brandy, turns one's brains;  
 I like to view my partner's charms at leisure,  
 Till scarce a secret for the bride remains;  
 While round her waist each wanton finger strays,  
 And counts the whalebones in her panting stays.

## XL.

Let jealous husbands (if such still there be  
 In this *improving* age) cry out “For shame!”  
 Let Quakers say our manners are too free,  
 And gouty folks quadrilles and waltzes blame;  
 I here protest I never will agree  
 In such reproaches—till I'm blind and lame.

Let maids of fifty prate of immorality,  
*I'm* for the sexes' rational equality.\*

## XLI.

These are new doctrines : in Godiva's age  
 Husbands alone were privileged to kiss ;  
 I said before, Reform was not the rage,  
 So that such nonsense was not then amiss ;  
 And, though I've ransack'd many an ancient page,  
 I find but one case similar to this,—  
 That of Candaules—handed down to us  
 By Barry Cornwall, and Herodotus.

## XLII.

Oh ! matrimonial love, which I so long  
 Have fondly painted to my fancy's eye,  
 In vain would I embody now in song  
 My young conceptions of thy purity.  
 Thou should'st be chaste, tho' ardent ; mild, tho' strong ;  
 Thou should'st be—hang it, it's in vain to try,—  
 Thou should'st be—all that in my heart's recess  
 I long have worshipp'd, but can ne'er express.

## XLIII.

And thou, fair image, whatsoe'er thou art,  
 The lov'd creation of my boyish brain,  
 The destin'd partner of my cares and heart,  
 To share my pleasures, and to soothe my pain ;  
 Still of my dearest visions be a part,  
 In many a midnight dream appear again ;  
 Still let me clasp thee to my glowing breast,  
 Enjoy thy converse, and in sleep be blest.

## XLIV.

And if not all a Phantom of my thought,  
 And thou indeed hast being, may thy young

\* Lest these three stanzas startle folks Platonic—all  
 My eulogies on Waltzing are ironical.

And sinless years be happy, and may nought  
 That tastes of sorrow in thy path be flung : \*  
 May purest lessons thy young heart be taught,  
 And each expanding thought to virtue strung ;  
 May'st thou have *some* accomplishments—*much* grace,  
 And lovely as thy spirit be—thy face.

## XLV.

I shall be quite enraptured if you sing,  
 So but your taste is pure as was the Attics' ;  
 I only beg you'll take care not to fling  
 Your time away in learning Mathematics ;  
 Nor to my arms a heavy portion bring  
 Of Chemistry—and Greek—and Hydrostatics ;  
 You may nurse pinks and tulips, if you've got any,  
 But be no florist, love,—nor deal in Botany.

## XLVI.

I mention this, because I know *some* ladies  
 Whose conversation is almost a bore ;  
 But I should laud them, as the Poet's trade is  
 So wont pursue this topic any more.  
 Return we to our tale, which, I'm afraid is  
 Too long in telling—but it's nearly o'er :  
 Godiva turn'd at last, with looks imploring,  
 And found her husband (like my reader) snoring.

## XLVII.

Too well she knew to wake him would be vain ;  
 She thought 'twas best to let him slumber on,  
 Or else his humour might relapse again,  
 And all she had effected be undone.  
 She lay, and commun'd with her heart and brain,—  
 Her thoughts I know not, but when morning shone,  
 She told her husband, with a steadfast eye,  
 She had revolv'd the matter—and would try.

\* This line contains a violent confusion of metaphors. For "*path*" I would read "*plate*."

—————" May nought  
 That *tastes* of sorrow in thy *plate* be flung."



## XLVIII.

Her speech on this occasion I'd recorded  
 In my foul copy, and we all agreed \*  
 That it was most astonishingly worded,  
 For one who never learnt to write or read ;  
 Yet scope for mirth it might have well afforded  
 To modern misses of our British breed ;  
 And grave blue-stockings would, no doubt, have said  
 " Godiva's *heart* was better than her *head*."

## XLIX.

Had she at some snug boarding-school been placed  
 Of modern growth for female education,  
 She would have had a most uncommon taste,  
 And I might now have printed her oration.  
 Her native genius she would then have graced  
 With stores of *every sort of information*,  
 And had, at twelve years old, more *general knowledge*  
 Than boys of fifteen gain at Eton College.

## L.

She turn'd and left his Lordship sore perplex'd,  
 He almost question'd if he was awake,  
 And knew not whether to feel pleas'd or vex'd ;  
 Still less, what step it would be right to take.  
 He " wonder'd what the Devil she'd do next  
 Who could so bold a resolution make ;"  
 And felt a sort of shame that he'd consented,  
 And, for the first time in his life, repented.

## LI.

But then he felt he never could retract,  
 (At least he would not—which was much the same)  
 And if his wife thought proper thus to act,  
 He could'nt help it—he was not to blame!  
 So that day, after breakfast, off he pack'd  
 A Trumpeter (I quite forget his name)  
 To tell the people, in the market-place,  
 His wife's intention—and his own disgrace.

\* We, the " King of Clubs."—R. H.

## LII.

It was an idle morn in Coventry,  
 The people wander'd through the gloomy mart ;  
 Labour with hope was o'er, and listlessly  
 Their footsteps travers'd each unheeded part ;  
 Despair was yielding fast to apathy—  
 They were prepar'd to die,—and every heart  
 Its weight of woe had half forgot to feel,—  
 When in their ears shrill rung a trumpet-peal.

## LIII.

There was a sudden crowding round the space  
 Whence the sound came—and then from man to man,  
 Throughout the full and spacious market-place,  
 A sudden, cold, electric shudder ran ;  
 And each glanc'd quickly on his neighbour's face,  
 As if the working of his thought to scan,—  
 And then in every countenance were blent  
 Joy, love, and anger, and astonishment.

## LIV.

A breathless pause succeeded,—then arose  
 A low and gathering murmur in the crowd,  
 Like the far peal that breaks the dread repose  
 Cast by the shadow of a thunder-cloud :  
 And fast and far that thrilling murmur flows  
 On through the multitude—yet grows not loud—  
 Slowly it died,—and nought but trampling feet  
 Of crowds dispersing sounded in the street.

## LV.

Noon came, yet ne'er in Coventry had reign'd  
 At deepest midnight silence so profound ;  
 In the wide streets no human form remain'd,  
 It seem'd as Death had swallow'd all around :  
 It was like that enchanted city, feign'd  
 In Oriental Tales, where all were bound  
 In magic slumbers, and transform'd to stone—  
 A story pretty generally known.

LVI.

What were Godiva's thoughts at that dread hour  
 In her lone chamber? Silent did she kneel;  
 Her deep blue eyes rais'd meekly to the Power  
 Of Heaven, in dumb, yet eloquent appeal.  
 Thus pray'd the gentle lady in her bower,  
 Till o'er her sorrows peace began to steal,  
 And the calm rapture of the silent skies  
 Had sunk into her spirit through her eyes.

LVII.

The lady rose from prayer, with cheek o'erflush'd,  
 And eyes all radiant with celestial fire,  
 The anguish'd beatings of her heart were hush'd,  
 So calmly heavenward did her thoughts aspire.  
 A moment's pause—and then she deeply blush'd,  
 As, trembling, she unclasp'd her rich attire,  
 And, shrinking from the sunlight, shone confest  
 The ripe and dazzling beauties of her breast,

LVIII.

And when her white and radiant limbs lay bare,  
 The fillet from her brow the dame unbound,  
 And let the traces of her raven hair  
 Flow down in wavy lightness to the ground,  
 Till half they veil'd her limbs and bosom fair,  
 In dark and shadowy beauty floating round,  
 As clouds, in the still firmament of June,  
 Shade the pale splendors of the midnight Moon.

LIX.

But then her spirit fell when thus alone  
 She stood in the deep silence of her bower,  
 And felt that there she was beheld by none  
 Save One unknown, supreme, eternal Power.  
 She dar'd not raise her meek eyes, trembling one,  
 Again from earth; she could have wish'd that hour  
 Rather in view of thousands to have stood,  
 Than in that still and awful solitude.

## LX.

Away—away, with wild and hurried pace,  
 Through many a long and echoing room she stole ;  
 No voice arrests her ear, no human face  
 Bursts on the dreamy wildness of her soul.  
 All silent now is that proud dwelling-place,—  
 On—on she presses till she reach the goal ;  
 The portal's past—she sees her palfrey stand,  
 Held by a weak and weeping maiden's hand.

## LXI.

Away, away !—the Lady hath departed ;  
 The freedom of the land will soon be won :  
 Rejoice, ye wrong'd, and spurn'd, and broken-hearted,  
 Rejoice !—for your deliverance is begun.  
 It's full five minutes since Godiva started,  
 She'll be among you before half-past one ;  
 Therefore, take care, both bachelors and spouses,  
 All but the blind, to keep within your houses.

## LXII.

Godiva pass'd, but all had disappear'd,  
 Each in his dwelling's innermost recess :  
 One would have thought all mortal eyes had fear'd  
 To gaze upon her dazzling loveliness.  
 Sudden her palfrey stopp'd, and neigh'd, and rear'd,  
 And prick'd his ears—as if he would express  
 That there was something wicked in the wind ;  
 Godiva trembled and held fast behind.

## LXIII.

And here I also must remark that this is  
 With ladies very frequently the case,  
 And beg to hint to all Equestrian Misses,  
 That horses' backs are not their proper place.  
 A woman's forte is music—love—or kisses,  
 Not leaping gates, or galloping a race ;  
 I used sometimes to ride with them of yore,  
 And always found them an infernal bore.

## LXIV.

The steed grew quiet, and a piercing cry  
 Burst on Godiva's ear;—she started, and  
 Beheld a man, who, in a window high,  
 Shaded his dim eyes with his trembling hand.  
 He had been led by *curiosity*  
 To see her pass, and there had ta'en his stand;  
 And as he gaz'd ('tis thus the story's read),  
 His eye-balls sunk and shrivell'd in his head.

## LXV.

I know not, gentles, whether this be true;  
 If so, you'll own the punishment was just;  
 Poor wretch!—full dearly had he cause to rue  
 His prying temper, or unbridled lust.  
 No more could he his daily toil pursue—  
 He was a tinker—but his tools might rust,  
 He might dispose of all his stock of metal,  
 For ne'er, thenceforward, could he mend a kettle.

## LXVI.

Alas! poor Peeping Tom!—Godiva kept  
 And fed him.—Reader, now my tale is told;  
 I need not state how all the peasants wept,  
 And laugh'd, and blest their Countess—young and old.  
 That night Godiva very soundly slept—  
 I grieve to add she caught a trifling cold;  
 Leofric's heart was so extremely full,  
 He roasted for the populace a bull.

## LXVII.

There stood an ancient cross at Coventry,  
 Pull'd down, of late, by order of the Mayor,  
 Because 'twas clear its downfall must be nigh,  
 And 'twould be too expensive to repair;  
 It bore two figures carv'd—and you might spy  
 Beneath them grav'd, in letters large and fair,  
 Godiva, Leofric, for love of thee,  
 Doth make henceforth fair Coventry toll free.

## LXVIII.

The tale's believ'd by all the population,  
And still a sham Godiva, every year,  
Is carried by the Mayor and Corporation  
In grand procession—and the mob get beer.  
Gentles, I've spent my fit of inspiration,  
Which being over, I must leave you here ;  
And for Godiva—hope you'll decent think her,  
Laugh at her husband, and forgive the tinker.

G. M.



## No. III.

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### THE KING OF CLUBS.

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#### THE DRAWING-ROOM.

*Lunæ 27<sup>o</sup>, die Novembris, 1820.*

THIS day was fixed for his Majesty's first Drawing-room. The measure had been adopted in consequence of the anxiety expressed by several ladies of beauty and fashion, for a sight of the "King of Clubs." Indeed the curiosity he had excited among all ranks of persons was beyond parallel, inasmuch that measures were obliged to be attentively taken, to prevent too overpowering a crowd. It would be tedious to relate the usual *interesting* particulars of the "Morning Post," viz. where the carriages were to stop, and what dresses were to be worn, &c. I shall therefore throw up my own pen, and give you the sentiments of some of the visitors upon the subject. Allow me then to unfold to you some

#### INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

*Arthur Mannering, Esq., Eton College, to F. Golightly, Esq.  
Hon. C. Seymour's, Marlow.*

What have you not lost, my dear Golightly, by your abominable plan of rustivating! They tell me you have got all the characters at Rawsdon Court to the life; but upon the word of one of your disciples, you may peep into Rawsdon Court 364 days out of the 365, and not find a tenth part of the characters which attended his Majesty's Drawing-room yesterday.

I managed to link my arm in that of Gerard Montgomery, for I wished to see as much as possible of the arcana of the Club. The room was tremendously full at an early hour. The company was tolerably select. A vast quantity of *sans-culottes* endeavoured to force a passage into the presence of Majesty. O'Connor pleaded for their admission, affirming that their rascality and cudgels confirmed their claims to the title of "*Knaves of Clubs*." Hodgson bristled up upon this, and "averred" they were all impostors. *La Canaille* was finally ejected.

Twelve o'clock beheld honest P. C. seated in the President's chair, (I beg his pardon—the Throne) receiving the homage of his Subjects. His Majesty opened the transactions of the morning with an harangue, in which he stated, that as he did not intend to regulate his Drawing-room by the example of

any other Prince in Christendom, any person, who had a claim to urge, or a petition to prefer, might make use of that opportunity.

Gerard and I situated ourselves near the Throne, in order to see the presentations. Gerard, by-the-bye, contrived to make us both conspicuous by spouting. I could fill a folio if I had time;—as it is, I shall content myself with a brief list of a few of our Visitors.

Thomas Heavyside, a thin spare young man, presented an address from the “Operative Rhymers” of Eton. Gerard looked in a terrible passion, and muttered something about “Genius” and “Plodding,” which nobody understood.

Andrew Caustic petitioned for the post of Head Physician.

A lively cousin of yours, Fanny Harrison, occasioned much merriment by presenting a petition to be appointed—“Queen of Clubs.” The petition set forth that the petitioner was eminently calculated for the Throne to which she aspired, and concluded by referring to her cousin, (you, my dear Gollightly) for a certificate of her proficiency in the “*Management of a Club.*” I shrewdly suspect old Perry will have no objection to grant the request.

But by far the greatest sensation was excited by the appearance of two personages, whom we have long known by fame, but have now for the first time actually seen. Towards the end of the ceremony, two elderly gentlemen were presented under the names of Gregory Griffin, and Solomon Grildrig, Esqrs. You see by this, that there is no reason for crediting the reports of their death which have been so long received. Grildrig I believe is the younger man of the two; nevertheless Griffin had the livelier and sprightlier air about him. They both promised to attend the Club Dinner the first opportunity, and paid many compliments to our good friend Courtenay, whose good-natured face manifested unusual satisfaction at the congratulations of his celebrated predecessors. Perry went through the whole ceremony very properly, and with a very *royal* air.

I must break off abruptly, or I shall be too late at the Terrace.

Yours,

A. MANNERING.

*Miss Maria Lely, Windsor, to her sister, Mrs. S. Crawford, London.*

My dear Sophy,

I am just come from the Drawing-room. My head is too flurried to give you any thing like a connected account. There was an immense crowd. That ugly creature Lady Norris was there with such a costume! I can't conceive for my part what it is that makes people admire her.

Well! but do you know Sophy I kissed his Majesty's hand, and he made me a speech, but I forget what it was; and I was introduced to Robert Musgrave, who talks so much about horses, (such a horrid, impertinent-looking fellow you never saw)—and to Allen le Blanc, who is the ugliest man I ever saw next to your husband; and to Martin Sterling, who is tolerable, only he frowns rather too much; and to Gerard Montgomery, who is the most delightful man I have seen since Capt. Mellish sailed to Minorca.



Gerard is the author of *Godiva*, and the *Sonnets about Mary*.—(You know my name is Mary.)

Well! but Sophy! I wish you to send me down a great packet of gloves and lace, and every thing that you can conceive, for I can get nothing here. The natives are quite horrid.

I was dressed quite plain. White leno, trimmed with point lace—Head-dress, feathers, and pearls (pearls suit my complexion you know Sophy.)

There were two old men who I understand were great authors in their day. They looked mighty wise and clever, but not a quarter so merry as the "King of Clubs." They had very extraordinary names, which I don't remember.

I had a little confabulation with Joseph Lozell, but I hate him: he has a regular vocabulary of his own, and the word "No" is certainly struck out of it. You know, Sophy, and your husband knows, that none of us can live without contradiction. Mr. Lozell is a sad puppy.

Talking of puppies, Sophy—little Venus is terribly indisposed. That great awkward creature, Lady Diana, trod on its toe as we were coming away yesterday, and the poor thing has been dying ever since: you must send down some of that stuff that did the dear creature so much good when it caught the fever in town last winter. Gerard wrote an *Impromptu* about Venus's misfortune, which I lost at Mr. Knight's, when I went to inquire about "The Etonian, No. II." I dare say it will be in print by and by.

A great many fashionables were present: Theodosia, one of the heroines of the "Windsor Ball," staid away; I believe she was afraid of the Punch-Bowl; by-the-bye, Lemonade was substituted, out of compliment to the Ladies. Corinna was there; I thought she would have been offended by the abovementioned paper, but I hear she thinks herself complimented. I send you the few names which I picked up in the room; I suppose you will see the list at greater length in to-morrow's *Morning Post* :—

*Duchess*—Codille.

*Countess*—Mordaunt.

*Ladies*—C. Mowbray, Honoria Saville, G. Wilmot.

*Mistress*—Simkins.

*Misses*—E. Mordaunt, F. Harrison, Kelly, Lely, &c. &c.

*Earl*—Mowbray.

*Honourables*—G. Montgomery, G. Comyn.

*Sirs*—F. Wentworth, H. Soulis, T. Nesbit.

*General*—Brose.

*Messrs.*—Griffin, Hodgson, Grildrig, Sterling, Le Blanc, Bloomfield, M'Farlane, Musgrave, Swinburne, Norris, Heavyside, O'Connor, Caustic, Lozell, Oakley, Mannering, &c. &c.

I think I did pretty well to learn so much in one morning. I shall see you in Portman-square, on the sixth day of next month, till when, believe me, your's very affectionately,

M. LELY.

SUCCESS OF N<sup>o</sup>. II.*Murtis, 28<sup>o</sup> Novembris, 1820.*

The Club met at the usual hour, when the names were called over, and Mr. Courtenay proceeded to open the business of the evening.

“Gentlemen,—In calling your attention to the success of our second Number, I feel I have little else to do but to repeat the congratulations I offered you upon the reception of our first. The partiality of our schoolfellows has again overlooked the numerous defects of the work, and has again been more anxious to find subjects for praise than to invent topics for disapprobation. I have no doubt that this partiality and disposition to be pleased will continue, and this idea has been my principal reliance in every difficulty. (*Hear! hear! hear!*)

“I have now to lay before you, Gentlemen, an application from a Correspondent, which will show you the high estimation in which the “King of Clubs” is held in foreign courts,—I mean the Courts of Law. Mr. Secretary Hodgson will read to you an Extract from the Letter of an ‘Undoubted Old Etonian.’ ”

Verily, Reader, I did essay to comply with the President’s desire, but, inasmuch as I was somewhat perturbed by the suddenness of the order, my hand had some difficulty in extracting the letter of our friend the Lawyer from the contents of the Green Bag; for the first letter I opened began thus,—“Mr. C. Knight begs leave to inform Mr. P. Courtenay,” &c.; and the exordium of the second was,—“Lady Emily Fitz-Hardinge presents her compliments to Mr. Courtenay, and requests,” &c.; my third choice, however, was right, and I proceeded to read an extract from the letter as follows:—

“The First Number had afforded me unmixed gratification, and I am such a voluptuary in Eton matters, that I earnestly looked for an increase of my pleasure. The Table of Contents promised me no disappointment, and, flinging a large bundle of papers, a porter’s load, superscribed ‘Instructions for Counsel to amend Bill,’ to the extreme verge of my Chambers,—armed with my paper-cutter, I opened the *Pleadings*. By the way, Sir, I should inform you, for the benefit of Long Chamber, that the tables are turned in London; and that we cut the *sheepskin* to get at the *woolsack*, not the *wool* to get at the *sheep*. By this you will perceive that I am a member of the learned profession of the Law; and I would beg to hint, that in the event of the situation not being promised, I shall be glad to accept the dignified appointment of *Attorney-General* to his Majesty ‘the King of Clubs.’ But while you continue so moderate in your language, and so unpersonal in your topics, I am afraid you will not excite any enemies or provoke any *libels*, and then what will become of my *ex-officio* informations, ready cut and dried?”—(The remainder of the letter consists principally of compliments, which deserve our warmest thanks, but which it would not become us to publish.)

Various were the jests sported by the Members of the Club upon the fore-

going passage; but having been accused of a disposition to pun, I will not repeat the whole of them.

MR. MUSGRAVE "could have no opinion of a coachman who stood in need of instructions to mend his *Way-bill*,—he hoped such a person would never be appointed—the Guard."

MR. GOLIGHTLY observed, that if our friend "*cut*" Sheepskin, he would never sit on the Woolsack.

SIR F. WENTWORTH begged leave to protest against *ex-officio* Informations.—(*Order, order. No Politics.*)

THE PRESIDENT informed the Meeting, that the office of Attorney-General had been already conferred upon his brother, Mr. M. Courtenay; but "An Undaunted Old Etonian," was welcome to that of *Solicitor-General*.—(*A laugh.*)

This topic having been dismissed, Mr. Golightly introduced another, in the following manner:—

"Sir,—I wish I could give my assent to the assertion of our friend, as to the unpersonality of our last Number. I think that if you look at the Essay on Wordsworth's Poetry, you will find some contradiction to his opinion. It is not my wish to say any thing offensive to my Hon. Friend, Mr. Gerard Montgomery; but I must take advantage of this opportunity to express my dissent from almost every argument and opinion he has adduced. I must protest against any agreement with his ideas upon this subject, and hope that the opinion of Gerard Montgomery will not be considered as the opinion of the King of Clubs."—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

THE HON. GERARD MONTGOMERY was not aware of the objectionable passages to which his Hon. Friend had alluded. He had no idea that his single opinion could be taken for the opinion of the Members collectively; and he had particularly guarded against any such mistake by the usage of the single "*I*," instead of the Editorial "*We*."

THE PRESIDENT was sure that if any thing had been sent to the Press, of the nature hinted at by Mr. Golightly, it would be attributed by the world to its right sources—Youth and Inexperience.

#### SERIA MISTA JOÇIS.

MR. STERLING stated, that he had heard many complaints made of the frivolous style which pervaded the labours of the "*Etonian*." The Hon. Gentleman observed, that it was currently reported that it was the intention of the Editor of the work to decline all articles which manifested the least approach to a serious or instructive manner. He (Mr. S.) hoped these reports were groundless, for in the event of their proving true, he should feel himself compelled, however reluctantly, to retire from an undertaking to which he could be of no service whatever.

MR. PEREGRINE COURTENAY rose to repel with astonishment the charge which had been brought against him. He was sure such a report could only have originated with some one who, from motives of prejudice or malignity, was hostile to the Publication. He was sensible of the general levity of the

articles in the "Etonian," and depended upon Mr. Sterling for the preparation of some essays of a graver cast.—(*Hear, hear.*)

#### UNPARALLELED INSULT TO MR. MONTGOMERY.

The Hon. G. MONTGOMERY wished to inquire who corrected the proof of No. II. page 161? After some demur it was ascertained that the duty had devolved upon Mr. Musgrave. The Hon. G. M. then addressed the Meeting in a terrible passion:—

"Sir,—I have bestowed, you are well aware, much time and much study upon Godiva, but it is the last time and the last study I will employ in the service of the 'Etonian,' unless a proper apology is made to me for this unparalleled outrage. In the fifty-eighth stanza, Mr. Musgrave has introduced an alteration, quite in character with Mr. Musgrave, but quite out of character with Godiva; for 'the tresses of her raven hair,' he has inserted 'the traces of her raven hair.'—(*Laughter.*)—I see in this, Gentlemen, no subject for laughter; to compare the hair of a Beauty to the harness of a Coach, I consider little better than sacrilege, and I am at a loss to conceive what defence Mr. Musgrave can set up for this extraordinary affront."

Mr. MUSGRAVE proceeded to defend his alteration with some warmth. He maintained that hair and harness were in many instances synonymous, and supported his assertion by various arguments. He observed that the Greek word *αρτρυες* signified properly a part of the carriage, but might also be translated "small rings, or ringlets." He said there was but the difference of one letter between "the poll" and "the pole," and concluded by an allusion to the Irish custom of fastening the plough to the tail of the horse, arguing that the Hibernians, by such a practice, undoubtedly made "traces" and "tresses" synonymous terms.—(*Laughter.*)

Mr. O'CONNOR begged to assure his Hon. Friend, that great improvements had taken place in Irish agriculture; and that the custom to which he alluded had been abolished many years.

The Hon. G. MONTGOMERY observed, that he supposed no one but an Hibernian, or Mr. Musgrave, could mistake "tresses" for "traces," and hoped he should have no occasion to repeat his complaint.

#### THANKS OF THE CLUB.

On the motion of Mr. COURTENAY, the Thanks of the Club were voted to the Authors of the following productions, which are in a state of active preparation:—

A Greek Version of Johnny Gilpin, by W——.

Review of the "World at Westminster."

Ditto of "Wallace," a Tragedy.

The Eve of Publication, a Poem.—(N. B. The author returns thanks to an unknown friend for his suggestion of this subject.)

What shall I do?

The Genius of Æschylus, contrasted with that of Sophocles.

Remarks on Periodical Writing.

Thoughts on Faces.

Science wasted on Trifles. "He makes Breeches by the Rules of Trigonometry."—The Mirror.

Martin Sterling on Principle.  
 Amours of Gerard Montgomery: Nos. 1, 2, 3.  
 "Once and Away;" a letter from Nathaniel Homely.  
 A Country Wedding.  
 On the Booksellers' Season.  
 Mr. Oakley on Flattery.  
 Mr. Lozell on Plain-speaking.  
 Football v. Cricket,—(A Dialogue between a *Goals'-keeper* and a *Second-stop*.)  
 Mr. Martin Sterling's Public Appeal to Sir Francis Wentworth and the Whigs of England.—(*Under consideration*.)  
 On the Windsor Dialect.  
 A Poetical Description of a Stag Hunt; by Mr. Musgrave.  
 On Sheepshearing.  
 On "*Balaam*."  
 A Dissertation on "*Leads*;" by Mr. Burton.  
 On Puzzles, Riddles, Conundrums, Anagrams, &c. &c. &c.  
 On Coleridge's Poetry.  
 The Superiority of a West-country Barge over a Dutch Treschuyt.  
 Lozell on Weathercocks.

A series of Essays on the respective merits of Chemistry, Astronomy, Pneumatics, Hydrostatics, Galvanism, &c. &c., considered in a scientific point of view, and containing some free animadversions on many of the received opinions of Mr. Walker; by Mr. A. Le Blanc.

The Thanks of the Club were also presented to our friends, under the following Signatures; their favours are with many thanks declined:—"T. P."—"A Bit of a Jockey."—"An Irishman."—"A Novelist."—"Juvenis."—"Exchange no Robbery."—"Black Stockings."—"A Cricketer."—"Found, Found, Found."—"A."—"No Mannerist."—"A Critic."—"A Pigeon."—"A Bad Shilling."—"Shade of King Henry."—"A Queer Querist."

The Thanks of the Meeting were next presented to all who had contributed any degree of Assistance to our Third Number.

REPRINT OF NO. I.

The President then rose and informed the Meeting, that the demand for Copies of "*The Etonian*" was so great, that a Reprint of the First Number was already necessary.

"I have thought proper," continued Mr. Courtenay, "to exclude from our Second Edition many local allusions, which having already had the desired effect, need no repetition. By this omission, and by compressing the type of some other pieces contained in the Number, room will be made for a Poem which is deserving of a much wider circulation than it has hitherto obtained. The Poem to which I allude is one of those which were contained in a small selection of Poetry, privately printed some time ago, under the title of '*The Poetry of the College Magazine*.' I see, Gentlemen, by your looks, that you have already guessed the object of my speech, and it is unnecessary for me to tell you that the Poem I mean is '*My Brother's Grave*.'—(*Loud and continued cheers*.)—Notwithstanding the small circulation which was given to these Lines, their reputation has spread very widely, and the inquiries for them have been so frequent, that I have prevailed upon their author to allow of their insertion in the pages of '*The Etonian*.'—(*Cheers*.)

—The addition of these beautiful lines will probably oblige us a little to exceed the usual limits we assign to extra-Etonian productions, but I am sure, in the present instance, no one will find fault with us for a transgression which will be the means of giving publicity to ‘My Brother’s Grave.’”—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)—Mr. Courtenay concluded by moving the thanks of the Club to the Author of “My Brother’s Grave.”

The motion was carried by acclamation.

The thanks of the Meeting were then voted to Mr. Peregrine Courtenay, for his constant services in the good cause, who, after returning thanks, proceeded to address the Meeting in these words:—

#### MR. COURTENAY’S PARTING SPEECH.

“Gentlemen,—I believe we have now gone through all the topics connected with our publication. As this is the last time I shall have the honour of addressing you until after the Christmas vacation, allow me to say a few words upon the design and success of ‘The Etonian,’ before we dismiss the subject altogether.

“‘The Etonian,’ Gentlemen, originated in no motives but a real regard for the character of the School, and a wish to restore it to the exalted situation which it held in the olden time. Emolument was out of the question, where the work bore so small a price, and was confined to so small a circulation. Personal vanity was equally out of the question, where every Paper must appear anonymously. ‘The Etonian,’ therefore, has ventured into publicity with the most honourable intentions, and has deserved the praise he has received, if not by the excellence of his writings, at least by the purity of his motives.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

“It is my real opinion, Gentlemen, that ‘The Etonian’ has been a source of no inconsiderable benefit to the School. It has recalled many of her *alumni* from habits of idleness and dissipation; it has opened a new current of exertion to many, who before attempted nothing beyond the theme or the verses of the week; and it has roused into animation the energies of many, who had been accustomed to waste the most exalted talents upon less worthy pursuits.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

“Apprehensions have been expressed that in the attention requisite to be paid to the work, the studies of the School might be neglected. If I thought this could possibly be the case, I would immediately give up the undertaking which would require such a sacrifice. But in the life of an Etonian moments of leisure perpetually occur, which, if they were not devoted to the pages of ‘The Etonian,’ would be given to far less improving occupations. I have bestowed no inconsiderable portion of time and study upon ‘The Etonian,’ but I can safely affirm that I have not spent upon it one single moment which ought to have been employed in more serious studies.

“For myself, Gentlemen, I wish, before we separate, to return you my most grateful thanks for the assistance I have received. I must confess that when I took upon me the office of Editor to ‘The Etonian,’ I looked forward to it as a laborious and an invidious task, but the cordiality and unanimity—(*No from Mr. Oakley*)—which has prevailed among you, has proved my apprehensions groundless.

"It has been my wish to enlist in our undertaking (in addition to the members of the Club) all who are distinguished among our schoolfellows for genius or attainments, and I have in a great measure succeeded. If there are any to whom I have omitted to make a personal application for their support, I hope they will impute the omission to any cause rather than to intentional neglect.—(*Hear, hear.*)

"I cannot express in too warm terms the gratitude I feel to our correspondents at the Universities. The interest they have taken in our success has been so universal, that it has been found necessary to restrict the portion of the work allotted to foreign contributions to twenty pages. I hope this will serve as an apology to many Gentlemen, whose favours we have been obliged to decline.

"I beg leave to repeat to all our friends, my most sincere thanks for all favours past and to come, and wishing you all a merry Christmas, in my capacity of Editor, I bid you for the present Farewell."

The worthy Chairman sat down amidst loud and unanimous cheering from all parts of the room.

The business of the Meeting having been thus disposed of, the remainder of the evening was spent in mirth and conviviality.

In the course of the evening the following loyal and patriotic toasts were given:—

"Floreat Etona."—Nine times nine.

"The Higher Powers."—Three times three.

"Six, five, four, three, two, and one. May their interests never be separated."

"Cricket;"—a second beating to the King's-men, and a second meeting with Harrow."

"Football."

"Rowing."

"The King of Clubs, and 'The Etonian.' Popularity to the first, and a good sale to the second."

The evening was concluded by the following Eclogue in Grand Chorus, composed expressly for the occasion by the Hon. G. Montgomery, and sung in great style by all the vocal strength of the company:—

## CHRISTMAS, AN ECLOGUE.

### I.

HON. G. MONTGOMERY.

Hail to thy wrinkled visage, bleak December!

Hail to thy frozen hair, and purple nose!

Successor merry of morose November,

Hail to thy radiant diadem of snows!

MR. COURTENAY.

We humbly hope each Honourable Member

Will faithfully transmit his verse or prose.

*The King of Clubs.*

MR. O'CONNOR.

Och ! Honeys !—its O'Connor won't be sober,  
When jovial Christmas taps the bright October!

## II.

SIR T. NESBIT.

Hail to thee, " old October, brown and bright,"  
Thou princely offspring of John Barleycorn!  
Honest dispenser of most rich delight,  
From peer's cut glass and peasant's humble horn.  
Hail mighty TAP!—on one auspicious night  
THOU and HIS MAJESTY OF CLUBS were born,\*  
Nor shall your merits unforgotten slumber,  
Ye " twin-born stars," in this our Christmas Number.

## III.

MR. GOLIGHTLY.

I'm very fond of Christmas—'tis a season  
When all things wear their most attractive looks;  
When Fun and Frolic break the bond of Reason,  
And Eton Scholars fly from birch and books.

MR. ROWLEY.

And iced Plumb-cakes at every turn one sees, in  
The tempting windows of the Pastry-cooks ;

HON. G. MONTGOMERY.

And churches shine with mistletoe and holly,  
And houses ring with laughter, song—

MR. OAKLEY.

and folly!

## IV.

HON. G. MONTGOMERY.

And the shrill voice of children carolling  
At break of morning melts into your ear,  
Rude, but most eloquent music;—not the string  
Touch'd by a master's finger, nor the clear  
And thrilling voice of ladies, e'er could ring  
Notes half so touching to my simple ear,  
As the wild strains those sinless songsters ply—  
Their artless unaffected minstrelsy!

\* October 20, 1820.



V.

MR. GOLIGHTLY.

I'm devilish fond of music.—When in town  
I often go (most country people do)  
To hear the public singers of renown,  
The 'witching *Stephens*, and the young *Carew*.  
The former lady I prefer, I own—  
But I'm no critic—Lozell, what say you?

MR. LOZELL.

I only wish the manager, next year,  
In Ascot Race-week would bring *both* down here.

VI.

MR. COURTENAY.

N.B. I wish it to be understood.  
That I mean no oblique insinuation,  
Against the present most melodious mood  
Of our serene Etonian population.  
Golightly's concerts are extremely good—  
Though worthy Martin Sterling's condemnation  
Of those immodest melodies from Moore,  
Is very *right and proper*, I am sure.

VII.

*Quo Musa tendis?*—What a long digression  
From the calm tenour of your way you've made;  
You'd best make haste and re-obtain possession.  
Or you'll provoke the reader, I'm afraid.  
I hear him now, in a tremendous passion,  
Exclaiming, "Curse you for a prosy jade!"  
But this same metre loves to be digressive,  
The plan's convenient—the effect excessive.

VIII.

HON. G. MONTGOMERY (*raving with inspiration*.)

Now to my theme—the wintry storms are sleeping,  
The stars are floating through the cloudless sky,  
And Heaven and Earth, a breathless silence keeping,  
Repose in beautiful serenity:

While playful Dian, through my window peeping,  
 Attracts, in silence, my enraptured eye  
 To where her amorous radiance sleeps, below,  
 On the white bosom of the virgin snow. \*

## IX.

'Tis sweet on this most solemn scene to gaze—  
 There is deep beauty in a winter night—

MR. GOLIGHTLY.

'Tis sweeter far to see the coal-fire blaze,  
 Flinging its warm and comfortable light  
 On the wide circle, while around it plays  
 The passing jest—

MR. ROWLEY.

And oh! with what delight,  
 When the brain flags, our craving stomachs hail  
 Fat oysters!—

MR. O'CONNOR.

Whiskey punch!!—

SIR T. NESBIT.

And humming ale!!!

## X.

MR. ROWLEY.

People may talk as warmly as they please  
 Of true love's joys—they can't compare with this.  
 Gerard and Fred may prate, upon their knees,  
 About the raptures of a lady's kiss—

MR. STERLING.

I never kiss young ladies—joys like these—

MR. ROWLEY.

Don't suit the notions that I've form'd of bliss:  
 I'm but a simple, tasteless, sensual sinner—  
 Give me a good, substantial, Christmas dinner.

\* I cannot conceive how a person of Mr. Montgomery's known veracity could be guilty of such a tissue of falsehoods as are comprised in this stanza. At the time when it was uttered, there was no snow on the ground, and no moon above the horizon; and if there had been, she could not well have made her way through the Christopher window-shutters. The fact is, Mr. Montgomery was half-seas over at the moment.

XI.

All hail ! thou Monarch of the smiling board,  
 Majestic **TURKEY**, thus I bow before thee  
 In humblest supplication—mighty Lord !  
 Most dainty victor !—thus I do adore thee.  
 All hail ! the forc'd-meat balls with which thou'rt stored,  
 All hail ! the sausage fetters steaming o'er thee !  
 Hail ! sweet-bread sauce, on which my soul is gloating !  
 All hail ! the gravy-flood in which thou'rt floating.

XII.

Hail ! ye inferior, yet delightful dishes,  
 O'er which, in trance extatic, roves my eye !  
 Ye savoury fowls, ye most alluring fishes,  
 Thou brandy, flashing in the burnt mince-pie !  
 In you are centred all my earthly wishes,  
 'Midst you, methinks, 'twere happiness to die !  
 Hail ! cod and oyster-sauce !—quail !—partridge !—bustard !—  
 Lobster !—plumb-pudding !—apple-pie !—and custard !

XIII.

No more—no more—I've fifty more to mention,  
 But I'll omit them for the reader's sake,  
 Yet to pass *thee* would merit reprehension,  
 Thou best and biggest, most beloved plumb-cake !  
 I understand it is the King's intention \*  
 A most superb one for Twelfth Night to bake ;  
 Therefore, my Muse, repress thine ill-timed haste,—  
 I'll not describe it till I know its taste.

XIV.

MR. COURTENAY.

Well, then, adieu until again we meet,  
 A merry Christmas, gallants, to you all !—  
 Gay be your pleasures, and your slumbers sweet,  
 Fair be the feast, and brilliant be the ball ;  
 But don't forget th' **ETONIAN**—I repeat  
 This maxim—for its wisdom is not small,  
 Hunt, drink, shoot, dance ; be merry while you may,—  
 But write like devils on a rainy day.

\* Marvel not, reader, that the King of Clubs should make twelfth-cake at Christmas. Did not the Queen of Hearts make tarts at Midsummer ?—

“ The Queen of Hearts

She made some tarts,

All on a summer day.”—R. H.

## ON THE PRACTICAL ASYNDETON.

——— “ Nil fuit unquam  
Tam dispar sibi.”—HOR.

THE Treatise on the Practical Bathos which appeared in our first Number, and which we have the vanity to hope is not entirely blotted out from the recollection of our readers, was intended as the first of a series of Dissertations, in which we design to apply the beauties of the figures of the Grammarians to the purposes of real life. We are very strongly tempted to pursue this design, when we reflect upon the advantages which have already been the result of the abovementioned Treatise. We are assured, from the most indisputable authority, that the number of the specimens of that most admirable figure exhibited by our schoolfellows in the exercises of the ensuing week was without precedent in the Annals of Etonian Literature. We have no doubt but those apt scholars who have so readily profited by our recommendation of the Bathos, as far as regards *Composition*, will, at no very distant period, make the same use of this inestimable figure in the regulation of their *Disposition*. But it is time to quit this topic, and to enter upon the second of our proposed series; “a Treatise on the Practical Asyndeton.”

First, then, as in duty and in gallantry bound, we must construe this hard word. The figure Asyndeton, in Grammar, is that by which conjunctions are omitted, and an unconnected appearance given to the sentence, which is frequently inexpressibly beautiful. Who is there of our rising orators who has not glowed with all the inspiration of a Roman, when Fancy echoes in his ears the brief, the unconnected, and energetic thunders of the Consul, “*Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit?*” What reader of Tragedy does not sympathize with the Orosmane of Voltaire, when, upon the receipt of the billet from Zayre, his anxiety bursts out in those beautifully unconnected expressions,

“Donne!—qui la porte?—donne!”

The use of connecting particles in either of these cases would have ruined every thing. They would have destroyed the majesty of Cicero, and reduced to the level of an every-day Novelist the simple tenderness of Orosmane.

The use of this figure, however, is not confined to particular sentences or expressions. It sometimes pervades the five Acts of what is miscalled a *Regular Drama*, or spreads an uncertain transparent gleam over the otherwise insupportable sameness of

some inexplicable Epic. Numberless are the writers who have been indebted to its assistance ; but our own, our immortal countryman, Shakspeare, preserves an undisputed station at the head of the List. Fettered by no imitation, but the imitation of Nature ; bound down to no rules but the vivid conceptions of an untutored, self-working Genius,—he hurries us from place to place with the velocity of a torrent ; we appear to be carried on by a rushing stream, which conveys our boat so rapidly in its eddies, that we pass through a thousand scenes, and are unable to observe for a moment the abruptness with which the changes are effected.

Our modern Farce-writers have, with laudable emulation, followed the example of this great master of the Stage ; but, as in their use of this figure they possess the audacity without the Genius of the Bard they imitate, they cannot prevent us from perceiving the frequent Asyndeton in place, in plot, or in character. The beauty of the countries to which they introduce us is not such as to withdraw us from the contemplation of the outrageously miraculous manner in which we were transported to them.

We have delayed the reader quite long enough with this preliminary discussion, and will now enter at once upon our main subject ;—the Asyndeton in Life.

We should imagine that few of our readers are ignorant of the charms of novelty ; few have lived through their boyhood and their youth without experiencing the disgust which a too frequent repetition of the same pleasure infallibly produces. There is in Novelty a charm, the want of which no other qualification can in any degree compensate. The most studied viands for the gratification of the appetite please us when first we enjoy them, but the enjoyment becomes tasteless by repetition, and the "*Crambe repetitâ*" of satiety provokes nausea instead of exciting desire. Thus it is in other and weightier matters. The pleasures which we first devoured with avidity lose much of their relish when they recur a second time, and are mere gall and wormwood to us when their sweets have become familiar to our taste. A common everyday character, although its possessor may enjoy abundance of worth and good sense, makes no impression on our minds ; but the novelty of capricious Beauty or uncultivated Genius finds a sure road to our hearts.

This is something too long for a digression ; but novelty is a very pretty theme, and must be our excuse. We will return forthwith to our subject.

Since novelty then has so much weight in influencing the judgment, or at least the prejudices of mankind, it is right that this most desirable qualification should not be neglected by young persons on their debut upon the stage of life ; we must be masters

of this excellence before we can expect to shine in any other ; we must be *new* before we can hope to be *amusing*.

Now the Figure which we have been discussing, or rather, the Figure which we *ought* to have been discussing, is the very essence and quintessence of novelty. It is perpetually bringing before our eyes old scenes in a new from, old friends in a new dress, old recollections in a new imagery : it is the cayenne of life ; and from it the dishes, which would without it cloy and disgust, derive a perpetual variety of taste and pungency. It takes from the scenes we so often witness their unpleasing uniformity, and gives to our mortal career an air of romance which is inexpressibly amusing. All ranks of persons may alike derive benefit from it. By its use the charms of the Beauty become more irresistible, the exploits of the General more astonishing, the character of the Rake more excusable. It gives in an equal degree pleasure to those who behold, and advantage to those who practise it.

How then is it to be practised ? The manner and the method are sufficiently obvious. Never wear to-morrow the same character, or the same dress, that you wore to-day. Be, if you can, "*puncto mobilis horæ*." Be red one hour, and pale the next ; vary your temper, your appearance, your language, your manners, unceasingly. Let not your studies or your amusements continue the same for a week together. Skim over the surface of every thing, and be deep in nothing ; you may think a little, read a little, gamble a little : but you must not think deep, read deep, or play deep. In short, be everything and nothing ; the butterfly in life, tasting every flower, and tasting only to leave it.

Do you think too much is required ? Far from it. Antiquity has handed down to us a character possessed, in a most transcendent degree, of all the qualifications we have exacted. We always like to get an example or two from antiquity, because it looks learned. Alcibiades then we can safely propose as a model for all juvenile practitioners in the Asyndeton. Was he grave one day ? He laughed the next. Was he an Orator one day ? He was a Buffoon the next. Was he a Greek one day ? He was a Persian the next. To sum up his character, he was skilled in every profession ; an amateur in every fashion ; adorned by every virtue ; made infamous by every vice. He moralized like a philosopher, jested like a mountebank, fought like a hero, lied like a scoundrel, lived like a knowing one, and died like a fool.

We assert, and we defy the soundest sophist in the world to contradict us, that these mixed characters obtain and preserve a greater portion of the admiration of the world, than more consistent and less interesting personages. We wonder not at the uniformity of the Fixed Star, but our imagination is actively employed upon the unusual appearance of the Comet. Thus the

man of firm and unchangeable steadiness of principle receives our esteem, and is forgotten; while the meteoric appearance of inconsistent eccentricity takes instant hold of our admiration, and is decorated with ten thousand indescribable attractions by the proper exercise of the Asyndeton.

But why do we dilate so much upon the authority of Alcibiades? It has been the almost invariable practice of all great men, in all ages, to pay particular attention to the cultivation of this figure. What a prodigy of the Asyndeton was Alexander! His father Philip may have had more science, perhaps more bottom; but the eccentricities of Alexander, the extraordinary rapidity with which he changed the ring for the gin-shop, and laid down the thunderbolt of Ammon to assume the quart-pot of Hercules, have given, and will preserve to him, the first leaf in the good books of the young and the hasty.

Are we not more delighted by the capricious mutability of Queen Bess than by the moral uniformity of Queen Anne? Is it not a pleasing marvel, and a marvellous pleasure, to look at the last days of Oliver Cromwell, when the usurper, perpetually stretched upon the tenter-hooks of conscience, dared not travel the same road twice, nor sleep two nights following in the same bed? \* Spirit of mutability, what pranks must thou have played with the Protector!

Since these are the charms of the Asyndeton, it is not surprising that the poets should have so frequently thrown a spice of it into the characters of their Heroes. Putting Fingal and Æneas out of the way, we have no Hero of any importance who can make pretensions to a consistency in perfection; and even the latter of these trips occasionally into the Asyndeton; especially when he puts off his usual denominations of "*pious*" or "*pater*," in order to be simply "*Dux Trojanus*" at the court of Queen Dido. As for Achilles, his whole life, "*magno si quicquam credis Homero*," is an Asyndeton. He is equally a warrior and a ballad-singer, a prince and a cook. To-day he cuts up oxen, and to-morrow he cuts up Trojans. In battle he is as stout a *Glutton* as ever peeled at Moulsey-hurst. At supper he is as hungry a glutton as ever sat down to a turtle. Homer has been blamed for the faults of his Hero. For our part we think with his defenders, that the character which aims with success at perfection, aims in vain at interest; and the feats of Achilles appear to us to derive much of their lustre from the Asyndeton which pervade them. Aware of the charm which a character receives from the use of this figure, modern writers have followed, in this point, the

\* Upon the first of these circumstances Mr. Musgrave remarks that Oliver must have run a strange irregular coach; upon the second, Mr. Burton observes that Mr. Cromwell must have been but indifferent in the way of economy.

example of their great forerunner, and have thrown into the characters of most of their Heroes a particle of this fascinating inconsistency. Hence we have the Soldier of Flodden Field, something between a freebooter and a knight,

“Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,  
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight.”

Hence we trace the unconnected wanderings of a noble, but ruined spirit in Manfred; and hence we wonder at the mysterious union of virtue and vice in the gloomy Corsair, who

“Leaves a name to other times,  
Linked with one *virtue* and a thousand *crimes*.”

Now, for the instruction of our readers in this elegant, nay, necessary accomplishment, we must begin by observing that the Asyndeton may be practised in various manners and matters. There is the Asyndeton in actions, the Asyndeton in dress, and the Asyndeton in conversation. The first of these is adapted to the capacities of *promising* young men, who have some talent, some wit, and just sufficient vanity to render both of no service. The second is very proper to be used by the Lady with little Beauty, who wishes to be “*Brillante*,” and the third is equally suitable to the Lady with little wit, who wishes to be “*Picquante*.” We have made our treatise so prolix, and indulged in such frequent digressions, that we fear our description will be considered a specimen of the figure we are describing;—we will therefore briefly conclude this, as we concluded our former Essay, by throwing together a few promiscuous specimens of the Asyndeton, in the above classes of its professors:—

William Mutable, January 31, 1820, Left Cambridge a wrangler.—Feb. 12, Studied “Fancy” with Jackson.—March 10, Entered the “Bachelors’ Club.”—April 1, Married! the day was ominous.

Charles Random, Feb. 20, 1820, Bought a commission.—26th ditto, Entered himself of the Temple.—March 1, Entered the Church, and sported a wig.—March 6, Left off the wig and fell in love.—March 20, Despaired, and turned Quaker.—March 30, Caught a fever by dancing.—Feb. 1, Quite recovered.—Feb. 2, Died.

Sophia Mellon.—First Masquerade in the season, a Venus.—2d, a Vesta.—3d, a Georgian.—4th, a Gipsy.

Laura Voluble.—Seven o’clock, Talking morality with the Doctor.—Eight, Nonsense with the Captain.—Nine, Greek with the Pedant.—Ten, Love with the Poet.—Eleven,—*Silent!!!*—This was the most marvellous change of all, and Laura is without a rival in the Asyndeton.

F. G.



THE CONTENTED LOVER.

"That which is established ought always to be considered as the best."  
MORNING POST, Sept. 14, 18—.

I ASK not if the world unfold  
A fairer form than thine,  
Tresses more rich in flowing gold,  
And eyes of sweeter shine.

It is enough for me to know  
That thou *art* fair to sight ;  
That thou hast locks of golden flow,  
And eyes of playful light.

I ask not if there beat on earth  
A warmer heart than thine,  
A soul more rich in simple worth,  
A genius more divine.

It is enough for me to prove  
Thou hast a soul sincere,  
A heart well made for quiet love,  
A fancy rich and clear.

Already by kind Heaven so far  
Beyond my wishes blest,  
I would not, with presumptuous prayer,  
Petition for the *best*.

While thou art wise, and good, and fair,  
Thou art that best to me ;  
Nor would I, might I choose, prefer  
A lovelier still to thee.

## ON SIGNS.

———"Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,  
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,  
And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now."—DON JUAN.

ONE often hears it remarked by people not in general the most ready to allow the superiority of modern taste, that a visible improvement has been effected in our streets by the removal of those various emblems which every shopkeeper thought himself entitled to display over his door, just as his fancy and judgment might direct. Now, if these worthy folks had paid more attention to beauty and regularity, perhaps the mingled rows of birds, beasts, and fishes, not to mention griffins and other non-descripts, might have had a very natural and picturesque appearance, to the manifest detriment of Exeter 'Change and Mr. Polito, who would never have been able to equal them either in variety or singularity. But an unaccountable ambition seems to have seized the otherwise sober citizens in this instance, for each tried to rival his neighbour in originality of invention and splendor of execution, without due regard to the limitation of their genius, or to the safety of the passengers, which was frequently endangered by the eccentric position of these ornaments.

Thanks to Education Committees, and Messrs. Bell and Lancaster, or, prior to them, to Subscription and Sunday Schools, the learning of later times is so much increased and forwarded, that there are really not many people who go into a shop without being able to read the name of the owner of it; so that the old devices, formerly necessary for distinction's sake, soon got out of use, and are now almost totally discontinued.

A curious observer may still trace many very evident relics of this notable custom. Need I exemplify the chubby little Indians, standing on rolls of the precious herb, which grace the entrance of the tobacconist's shop; the equally elegant Mandarins conspicuous in the grocer's window; or the branches of gilded sugar-loaves which nod on the outside; the glorious cocked hat, significant of the hatter's trade; the barber's pole; the pretty yellow fishes depending from their taper rods, a specimen of all that an angler requires; the three balls of the pawnbroker; and a thousand others which doubtless any old Cockney would readily point out to me, though at present they escape my memory? Any one may see that these which I have enumerated are as appropriate as possible; the pawnbroker's is the most obscure, and the explication of that is supposed to be, according to the most learned authorities, two to one against their unhappy customer. The barber's pole explains his obsolete art of bleeding, and the meaning of the rest

is easily comprehended. It may be justly doubted whether the gorgeous exhibition of the King's arms is quite so applicable, which many show off in all the magnificence of painting, gilding, and heraldry, merely because they happen at some time or other to have furnished some one member of the Royal Family with a pair of gloves or a wax candle.

However, all the above-mentioned devices, although they may be more exactly adapted for the purpose of illustration, certainly fall far short of the majesty and the dignity of those greater and nobler ones in former times. Nothing more clearly shows the superior taste of Mr. Smith, perfumer, (with due deference do I say it, to Messrs. Delcroix, Rigge, and others,) than that he has dared, amid the general defection of his neighbours, to retain that correct and illustrious monument of his house, the civet cat; and indeed I seriously recommend to his namesake, Mr. John Smith, of Etonian celebrity, that, to adorn the front or rather roof of his shop, elegant as it already is, he procure a faithful representation of the same odoriferous animal.

More I dare say there may be who have firmly withstood the tide of general custom, whom I should be happy to mention with equal honour; but to return to my subject, the real amateur of signs must seek them in their legitimate and now almost only place, where they have lived, and still live in all their pristine glory, before houses of hospitality. Now I am not very particular whether these be represented on wood or on tin; whether they be carved or cast;—but one thing I greatly grieve and strongly protest against, namely, the substitution of a name in mere letters. What are those people to do, poor souls, who cannot put syllables together, if any there be such, who, on being recommended to take a drop at the King's Head, upon their arrival at the imagined place, find, in lieu of the Royal Portrait, a board scribbled over with unintelligible characters? What is to become of that useful, that respectable, that skilful, that much-vilified body of men, the sign-painters, if their talents are not encouraged, and their performances, undeservedly called vulgar daubs, are not exposed to public admiration? For their vindication from the common censure, I shall merely say that one of the great Italian masters first employed his brush in touching a sign; and indeed this much-despised profession must be considered as a great nursery for genius. I cannot help thinking that sign-painters have conferred considerable celebrity upon some persons, which they never would have had otherwise—or at least of so long a duration. Who would ever think of the Marquis of Granby, unless his features, as well as his name, had been rescued from oblivion by the diligence and art of sign-painters? Who would have heard of Bishop Blaize, of the Golden Farmer, and many other worthies of local interest, unless their fame had

been perpetuated by the same means? These unfortunate artists are so far from receiving any thanks for their manifest services, that they are even blamed for not preserving likenesses more exactly. It is generally understood to be extremely difficult for any painter to please the person whose likeness he takes. What then must be the hardship which these performers labour under, when they are obliged to give satisfaction perhaps to some thousands of eyes which may see the identical work at different times? No wonder that they should sometimes take the favourable side, and perhaps flatter a little too much. How much better it is that town's-people and villagers should believe Lord Nelson to have been a jolly, brave-looking tar, as they view him represented, than that truth should be too much studied, and that they should know his hollow weather-beaten visage, his lank hair, and unprepossessing appearance, all of which things, no doubt, would diminish their respect for him? Perhaps they would not like the Duke of Wellington quite so well, did they know his Grace's real and natural appearance. It would be easy to mention a thousand more examples of great men, such as our late revered Monarch, and many other Kings in the English history, whose looks have not suffered at all by being entrusted to the taste of a sign-painter.

The humours and fancies of innkeepers in the choice of their emblems have been so different, that, passing over the human heads, the red and white lions, the black and white swans, in fact, the "*alituum pecudumque genus*," it would be a matter of endless labour. But it really is very much to be desired that some accurate and scientific observer would particularise the most uncommon ones, and investigate their origin and etymology; in fact, that he should compose a regular Treatise on Signs. In the course of this, he might give some very salutary instructions to landlords respecting the size and arrangement of them;—whether they are better affixed to the side of the house, or swinging upon a good oak post;—whether they should rather be surmounted with a merry young Bacchus, or with a bunch of grapes;—and, in fine, what mask is the most alluring and most irresistible. I perfectly well remember the little inn, where, under the words "The Crooked Billet," a little piece of wood was displayed, twisted in the most fantastic manner; and another, known by a great gilt raven, before which a bird of that species hops about, perpetually croaking the sweetest notes of invitation. Luckily the people there are not superstitious; or, perhaps, much to the detriment of the host, they might think the place ominous.

The author of the work I propose can never be in want of materials; he will be able also to enliven his histories with the most agreeable reminiscences. How he may dilate over the Shakespeare's Head, or the Mitre Tavern, where Johnson and his Club

used to hold their meetings! If he is inclined for satire and invective, where will he find a finer field than in declaiming against those herds of thieves and profligates, who make the Sign-post their refuge, their banner, and their rendezvous? If he be desirous of moralizing, he may talk, in two or three groans, about the increase of intemperance. Finally, if he be a "good Fellow," he may drink now and then a glass of beer at some of the neatest taps, to refresh him during his tedious and personal researches, and he will write most lustily against Hotels, Cafés, and, in fact, all places of hospitality which disdain the ancient and honourable ornaments of a *Sign*.

T. N.

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TO JULIO,

ON HIS COMING OF AGE.

JULIO, while Fancy's tints adorn  
 The first bright beam of manhood's morn,  
 The cares of boyhood fleet away,  
 Like clouds before the face of day;  
 And see, before your ravish'd eyes,  
 New hopes appear, new duties rise,  
 Restraint has left his iron throne,  
 And Freedom smiles on twenty-one.

Count o'er the friends, whom erst you knew  
 When careless boyhood deem'd them true,  
 With whom you wiled the lazy hours  
 Round fond Etona's classic towers,  
 Or strayed beside the learned mud  
 Of ancient Cam's meand'ring flood;  
 The follies, that in them you view,  
 Shall be a source of good to you.

With mincing gait, and foreign air,  
 Sir Philip strays through park and square,

Or yawns in Grange's sweet recess,  
In all the studied ease of dress ;  
Aptly the manling's tongue, I deem,  
Can argue on a lofty theme,—  
Which damsel hath the merrier eye,  
Which fop the better-fancied tie,  
Which perfume hath the sweeter savour,  
Which soup the more inviting flavour ;  
And Fashion, at Sir Philip's call,  
Ordains the collar's rise and fall,  
And shifts the Brummel's varying hue,  
From blue to brown, from brown to blue.

And hence the motley crowd whoe'er  
Bear Fashion's badge—or wish to bear,  
From Hockley-hole to Rotten-row,  
Unite to dub Sir Philip—beau.

And such is Fashion's empty fame—  
Squire Robert loaths the very name ;  
The rockets hiss, the bonfires blaze,  
The peasants gape in still amaze ;  
The field unplough'd—the ox unyok'd,  
The farmer's mouth with pudding chok'd,  
The sexton's vest of decent brown,  
The village maiden's Sunday gown,  
In joyful union seem to say,  
“ Squire Robert is of age to-day.”

The bumpkins hurry to the Bell,  
And clam'rous tongues in riot swell ;  
Anger is hot—and so is liquor ;  
They drink confusion to the Vicar—  
And shout and song from lad and lass,  
And broken heads—and broken glass,

In concert horrible, declare  
Their loyal rev'rence for the heir.

Right justly may the youthful squire  
These transports in his slaves inspire ;  
At every fireside through the place  
He's welcome as the curate's grace ;  
He tells his story, cracks his joke,  
And drinks his ale, "*like other folk* ;"  
Fearless he risks that cranium thick  
At cudgelling and singlestick ;  
And then his stud !—Why ! far and wide  
It is the county's chiefest pride !  
Ah ! had his steed no firmer brains  
Than the mere thing that holds the reins,  
Grief soon would bid the beer to run  
Because the squire's mad race was done,  
Not less than now it froths away,  
Because " the squire's of age to-day."

Far different pomp inspir'd of old  
The youthful Roman's bosom bold,  
Soon as a father's honour'd hand  
Gave to his grasp the casque and brand,  
And off the light prætexta threw,  
And from his neck the bulla drew,  
Bade him the toga's foldings scan,  
And glory in the name of " Man."  
Far different pomp lit ardour high  
In the young German's eager eye,  
When, bending o'er his offspring's head,  
An aged sire half-weeping said,—  
" Thy duty to thy father done,  
Go forth—and be thy country's son."

Heav'ns ! how his bosom burn'd to dare  
The grim delight of manhood's war,  
And brandish in no mimic field  
His beaming lance and osier shield :  
How his young bosom long'd to claim  
In war's wild tumult manhood's name,  
And write it, 'midst the battle's foam,  
In the best blood of trembling Rome !

Such was the hope, the barbarous joy,  
That nerv'd to arms the German boy ;  
A flame as ardent, more refin'd,  
Shall brightly glow in Julio's mind ;  
But yet I'd rather see thee smile  
Grimly on war's embattled file,  
I'd rather see thee wield in strife  
The German butcher's reckless knife,  
Thinking thy claims to manhood grow  
From each pale corse that bleeds below ;—  
I'd rather view thee thus, than see  
A modern blockhead rise in thee.

Is it a study for a Peer  
To breathe soft vows in lady's ear,  
To choose a coat—or leap a gate,  
To win an heiress—or a plate ?

Far nobler studies shall be thine—  
So Friendship and the Muse divine :  
It shall be yours, in danger's hour,  
To guide the helm of British power,  
And 'midst thy country's laurell'd crown  
To mix a garland all thine own.



Julio, from this auspicious day,  
New honours gild thine onward way;  
In thee Posterity shall view  
A heart to faith and feeling true,  
And Fame her choicest wreaths shall blend,  
For Virtue's, and the poor man's friend:

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TO JULIA,

PREPARING FOR HER FIRST SEASON IN TOWN.

JULIA, while London's fancied bliss  
Bids you despise a life like this,  
While —— and its joys you leave,  
For hopes, that flatter to deceive,  
You will not scornfully refuse,  
(Though dull the theme, and weak the Muse,)  
To look upon my line, and hear  
What Friendship sends to Beauty's ear.

Four miles from Town, a neat abode  
O'erlooks a rose-bush, and a road;  
A paling, clean'd with constant care,  
Surrounds ten yards of neat parterre,  
Where dusty ivy strives to crawl  
Five inches up the whiten'd wall.  
The open window, thickly set  
With myrtle, and with mignonette,  
Behind whose cultivated row  
A brace of globes peep out for show,  
The avenue—the burnish'd plate,  
That decks the would-be rustic gate,  
Denote the fane where Fashion dwells,  
—"Lyce's Academy for Belles."

'Twas here, in earlier, happier days,  
 Retired from Pleasure's weary maze,  
 You found, unknown to care or pain,  
 The peace you will not find again.  
 Here Friendships, far too fond to last,  
 A bright, but fleeting radiance cast,  
 On every sport that Mirth devised,  
 And every scene that Childhood prized,  
 And every bliss, that bids you yet  
 Recall those moments with regret.

Those friends have mingled in the strife  
 That fills the busy scene of life,  
 And Pride and Folly—Cares and Fears,  
 Look dark upon their future years :  
 But by their wrecks may Julia learn,  
 Whither her fragile bark to turn ;  
 And, o'er the troubled sea of fate,  
 Avoid the rocks they found too late.

You know Camilla—o'er the plain  
 She guides the fiery hunter's rein ;  
 First in the chase she sounds the horn,  
 Trampling to earth the farmer's corn,  
 That hardly deign'd to bend its head,  
 Beneath her namesake's lighter tread.  
 With Bob the Squire, her polish'd lover,  
 She wields the gun, or beats the cover ;  
 And then her steed !—why ! every clown  
 Tells how she rubs Smolensko down,  
 And combs the mane, and cleans the hoof,  
 While wondering hostlers stand aloof.

At night, before the Christmas fire  
 She plays backgammon with the Squire ;

Shares in his laugh, and in his liquor,  
Mimics her father and the Vicar ;  
Swears at the grooms—without a blush  
Dips in her ale the captured brush,  
Until—her father duly tired—  
The parson's wig as duly fired—  
The dogs all still—the Squire asleep,  
And dreaming of his usual leap,—  
She leaves the dregs of white and red,  
And lounges languidly to bed ;  
And still in nightly visions borne,  
She gallops o'er the rustic's corn ;  
Still wields the lash—still shakes the box,  
Dreaming of “ sixes ”—and the fox.

And this is bliss—the story runs,  
Camilla never wept—save once ;  
Yes ! once indeed Camilla cried—  
’Twas when her dear Blue-stockings died.

Pretty Cardelia thinks she's ill—  
She seeks her med'cine at Quadrille ;  
With hope, and fear, and envy sick,  
She gazes on the dubious trick,  
As if Eternity were laid  
Upon a diamond, or a spade.  
And I have seen a transient pique  
Wake, o'er that soft and girlish cheek,  
A chilly and a feverish hue,  
Blighting the soil where Beauty grew,  
And bidding Hate and Malice rove  
In eyes that ought to beam with love.

Turn we to Fannia—she was fair  
As the soft fleeting forms of air,

Shap'd by the fancy,—fitting theme  
 For youthful bard's enamour'd dream.  
 The neck, on whose transparent glow  
 The auburn ringlets sweetly flow,  
 The eye that swims in liquid fire,  
 The brow that frowns in playful ire;  
 All these, when Fannia's early youth  
 Look'd lovely in its native truth,  
 Diffus'd a bright, unconscious grace,  
 Almost divine, o'er form and face.

Her lip has lost its fragrant dew,  
 Her cheek has lost its rosy hue,  
 Her eye the glad enlivening rays  
 That glitter'd there in happier days,  
 Her heart the ignorance of woe  
 Which Fashion's votaries may not know.

The city's smoke—the noxious air—  
 The constant crowd—the torch's glare—  
 The morning sleep—the noonday call—  
 The late repast—the midnight ball,  
 Bid Faith and Beauty die, and taint  
 Her heart with fraud, her face with paint.

And what the boon, the prize enjoy'd,  
 For fame defac'd, and peace destroy'd!  
 Why ask we this? With conscious grace  
 She criticises silk and lace;  
 Queen of the modes, she reigns alike  
 O'er sarcenet, bobbin, net, vandyke,  
 O'er rouge and ribbons, combs and curls,  
 Perfumes and patches, pins and pearls;  
 Feelings and faintings, songs and sighs,  
 Small-talk and scandal, love and lies.

Circled by beaux behold her sit,  
While Dandies tremble at her wit;  
The Captain hates "a woman's gab;"  
"A devil!" cries the shy Cantab;  
The young Etonian strives to fly  
The glance of her sarcastic eye,  
For well he knows she looks him o'er,  
To stamp him "buck," or dub him "bore."

Such is her life—a life of waste,  
A life of wretchedness—and *taste*.  
And all the glory Fannia boasts,  
And all the price that glory costs,  
At once are reckoned up, in one—  
One word of bliss and folly—*Ton*.

Not these the thoughts that could perplex  
The fancies of our fickle sex,  
When England's favourite, good Queen Bess,  
Was Queen alike o'er war and dress.  
Then Ladies gay play'd *chesse*—and ballads,  
And learnt to dress their hair,—and salads;  
Sweets—and sweet looks were studied then,  
And both were pleasing to the men;  
For cookery was allied to taste,  
And girls were taught to blush,—and baste.  
Dishes were bright—and so were eyes,  
And lords made love,—and ladies, pies.

Then Valour won the wavering field,  
By dint of hauberk, and of shield;  
And Beauty won the wavering heart,  
By dint of pickle, and of tart.  
The minuet was the favourite dance,  
Girls lov'd the needle—boys the lance;

And Cupid took his constant post  
 At dinner, by the boil'd and roast,  
 Or secretly was wont to lurk,  
 In tournament, or needle-work.  
 Oh! 'twas a reign of all delights,  
 Of hot *Sir-loins*,—and hot *Sir* knights;  
 Feasting and fighting, hand in hand,  
 Fattened, and glorified the land;  
 And noble chiefs had noble cheer,  
 And knights grew strong upon strong beer;  
 Honour and oxen both were nourish'd,  
 And Chivalry—and Pudding flourish'd.

I'd rather see that magic face,  
 That look of love, that form of grace,  
 Circled by whalebone, and by ruffs,  
 Intent on puddings, and on puffs,  
 I'd rather view thee thus, than see  
 "A Fashionable" rise in thee.  
 If Life is dark, 'tis not for you,  
 (If partial Friendship's voice is true)  
 To cure its griefs, and drown its cares,  
 By leaping gates, and murdering hares,  
 Nor to confine that feeling soul,  
 To winning lovers,—or the vole.

If these, and such pursuits are thine;  
 Julia! thou art no friend of mine!  
 I love plain dress,—I eat plain joints,  
 I cannot play ten guinea points,  
 I make no study of a pin,  
 And hate a female whipper-in.

## A PEEP INTO RAWSDON COURT.

DEAR COURTENAY,—You cannot think what a treat you missed by refusing a week's leave to Mr. Seymour's, with Burton, Rowley, and me, and that too merely on the pretence of being employed in bringing out the Second Number of your "Etonian." A poor excuse indeed! and I fancy I can see you already tortured with a grievous repentance. However, to make amends for your disappointment, I have just escaped from the company to give you a slight sketch of a grand annual dinner party at the house of a neighbouring Squire, to which our host and we, of course by courtesy, shared the luck of being invited with more than half of the county. We set off in tip-top spirits. Rowley was all alive with the expectation of good fare and plenty of it; indeed I observed, as a very rare occurrence, that he had eaten scarcely any luncheon. Burton was quite in his element, calculating how much it must cost to entertain so many people handsomely—and I myself was perhaps the happiest, from the hopes of meeting a rare medley of characters. The immediate approach to the house lay through a straight avenue, and the sound of our carriage every now and then startled some straggling deer. This circumstance was not lost upon Rowley, for he immediately asked if the venison from the Park was reckoned good or not. The trees I thought were fine and handsome enough, but I saw nothing particular in them. However, Rowley remarked that they were walnuts of uncommon size, and Burton wondered much that the proprietor had not cut some of them down in the war time, when they would have fetched any price he wished. I was inwardly pondering with myself how it was that my cockney friend knew the difference between a walnut and an oak, when a sudden turn brought us up to the door of the house. You must not expect me to be able to describe its external beauties, for I hardly had time to see that it was built of brick, or that there were two great stone lions on either side of the steps which led us into the hall, which was, as far as I observed, like all others of the same standing. There was an old oak table, which Burton said looked as if it was made for a counting-house. Rowley began to sniff a most savoury smell, which entered as one of the side doors was opened. I was rather glad that they were both of them interrupted by our being marshalled, by about a dozen clumsy-looking fellows in gaudy liveries, into the drawing-room.

Here we had the pleasure to find that we were the first of the company. The important state apartment was empty; and if one might judge by its fusty smell and general appearance, had been empty for more than a year. The wainscot was oaken;

“What can be better?” you will say. Well, but the effect of it was most ingeniously spoilt by the good taste of some country upholsterer, who had chosen the gayest colours he could find for the curtains, stuck up miserable thin cornices, and fitted out the chairs, sofas, &c. in similar taste. Some good portraits were sacrilegiously contaminated by the intrusion of a vast allegorical daub which hung over the chimney-piece, representing all the members of the family, as Gods and Goddesses. The father, as Jupiter Tonans, stood in a cloud with a thunderbolt in his hand, but with a countenance any thing but majestic. The mother stood by his side, as fat and ruddy an old Juno as you can imagine; and the younger branches of the family, in appropriate costumes, represented Apollos, Dianas, Venuses, and Mercuries, besides abundance of little Cupids and Psyches hovering about in the air, or perching on the shoulders of the greater Deities. None of us at first dared to disturb the formidable circle of chairs which were ranged in order round a miserable fire; which, by the brightness of the grate, had evidently been lighted but an hour before. Now you know, as well as all the members of the Club, that in these cold Autumn evenings no excuse is necessary for approaching the chimney corner, so we even drew our chairs a little nearer than the ceremonious formality of the house allowed. Burton began to argue that he was sure there was very good management there, when in walked, courtesying, blushing, and simpering, our lady hostess. I thought she would have overwhelmed us with excuses and pardons, difference of clocks, unexpected occurrences, sorrow for such an incivility,—all poured out together in a stream which nothing could stop. I inwardly pitied her husband. Her conversation was directed to Mr. Seymour, and appeared to be, from the parts that I heard of it, neither very polite nor very temperate. We had full time to admire her face, rather hollow, and cheeks fallen in, while her whole colour seemed to be concentrated in a nose rather exceeding the proportions of feminine beauty, and her abundant clusters of false hair, tastefully surmounted with a lofty turban. I am sure I cannot be wrong in saying that she wears the breeches. You can’t think how earnestly I was listening for the sound of carriage wheels, when a respectable-looking gentleman entered, with powdered hair, and dressed in black, whom the lady, hardly rising, introduced to us as Mr. Ormsby. The unassuming and silent way of his approach, his dress, his *tout ensemble*, made me conceive at once that he must be the clergyman of the place. You know I am a bit of a physiognomist. This man I fancied at first sight, and was extremely glad that he took a chair close to me. After a very few words, with my natural effrontery, I asked him to take pity on a stranger, and become my nomenclator. To this



request he good-naturedly acceded, and I resolved within myself that he should not have a sinecure office.

Presently we heard a tremendous rattling, and the door of the room flew open, admitting a current of air, which (excuse my pedantry, *entre nous*,) it would have required more than one of Æolus's bags to supply. We were subjected to this ventilation for two or three minutes, when an old man hobbled in, holding a stick in one hand, and with the other supporting himself by the arm of a lady not young, but still much younger than himself. Every thing about him savoured of the old school: his antiquated pigtail, a double-breasted white waistcoat, and gold-headed cane. I can't however refer to the same origin a set of sharp weather-beaten features, the corner of the mouth disagreeably drawn in, and the forehead contracted with a sort of habitual wrinkle. "That," said my friend, as the important person slowly proceeded, darting about his piercing gray eye, and answering in rather a peevish way to the inquiries and salutations of the company, "That is Mr. Thompson; he is a man of large fortune, and I believe good natural abilities, though he never has had occasion to use them. He has some interest here, and once stood a contested election. I believe his failure was owing to the inconsistency of his political character, and to his professing to hate every party at different times, so that he got credit for no principles at all. He still keeps a pack of hounds, though he is a martyr to the gout; which, as you see, totally incapacitates him from hunting;—it has however one good effect, that whereas formerly he used to vent his spleen on every body, he now finds employment enough in cursing at his pain and complaining of his malady. People that know him put up with his oddities for the sake of many good qualities, which it is not worth your while to hear. The Lady is his second wife, who takes all the care in the world of him, and has succeeded in getting his untractable temper entirely under her command. Common report says that she is secretly aiming to seduce him to disinherit his son by a former wife, with whom he has for some time quarrelled, in favour of a little brat of her own, hardly out of petticoats. For my own part I think he will see through it."—I was so well pleased with his description, that I persuaded him to leave the grand circle, and sit down in one of the farthest window seats, to avoid observation, under the impression that my curiosity would effectually keep out the cold, and that I might enjoy that greatest of all pleasures, the power of seeing without being seen. My clergyman, however, very prudently restricted my inquiries to proper objects. Just at this time the company began to flock in. Many, as their names were announced, escaped with a cursory notice; such as—"that red-headed man came into Parliament the last election for ———"

our nearest town, on the independent interest : that is to say, he had to bribe the best half of the corporation, and votes, of course, according to conscience, always with the Opposition. Oh ! my Lord Wingham. I suppose he just came down to receive his rents and kill the pheasants for a week or two, and no doubt fancies that he does the country folks a great deal of honour by abusing their vulgarity—and eating their dinners. What ! Mr. Sandford, the agriculturist ; he has invented I don't know how many new ploughs, weed extirpators, &c. and has tried ten thousand experiments ; in consequence of which, his farm of course looks worse than any body's in the neighbourhood. That gentleman is a noted shot, the other a crack rider, and, as you may guess by his red face, a famous bottle companion. There," said he, pointing to a person with a sallow face and large loose frame of body, whose limbs seemed to dangle about without any connexion between them, " goes a rich East Indian, who not many years ago bought a house and estate in the neighbourhood, and lives there like an Asiatic Prince. Such a quantity of attendants—such magnificent entertainments—every thing gilded and silvered over almost down to the pie-crust ;—then the rooms, so full of magnificent furniture, ivory cabinets, and precious gimcracks, that one is really afraid to move. The dark-complexioned female with him is his wife, married in the country, and the fruits of this union are a swarm of copper-coloured children. An Indian nurse was brought over, merely because they cried at the thoughts of leaving her. In winter it is so cold that he dare not go out but in a carriage, and in summer he passes whole days reclining on a sofa in a light linen dress. He says he is fond of shooting, and sometimes goes out in September—but that too he does quite like a Nabob. He himself rides on an easy pony ; two attendants carry his guns, a third looks after the pointers, and a baggage mule follows. When the dogs make a stand, he takes his firelock, and leisurely takes his aim on horse-back."—He scarcely commented upon any of the ladies, excepting one elderly dame with three pretty daughters, who, he informed me, was a widow, and the best creature possible. I can't remember how many schools she had established, how many dispensaries and saving banks she had set afoot or promoted, all of which institutions either she or her daughters regularly inspected. Besides, she was a thorough good church-going woman, who gave Prayer-Books as well as Bibles to her poor neighbours, and was a regular subscriber to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. What should next meet my eye but a figure such as would certainly have arrested you and me in one of our walks in Windsor in search of oddities ? Picture to yourself a furrowed weather-beaten countenance, a sharp and

prominent Roman nose, high bare cheek-bones, and a mouth horribly deformed by a great gash on the upper lip. To these you may add a body once tall and even gigantic, but now reduced to nothing but naked bone. All these peculiarities were fully displayed by an old black coat, with a waist considerably below even the fashionable lowness, a little star dangling on the breast, and a pair of light pantaloons, to use Shakspeare's expression,

"A world too wide for his shrunk shanks."

Picture to yourself, I say, a person answering this description, making his formal old-fashioned bow at the end of the room, and then walking onward with one hand in his pocket, and the other applying to his eye a little glass fastened to his neck by a gold chain. I eagerly inquired of my friend, after my first gaze of astonishment had subsided, who this old soldier was:—"Oh!" said he, "you know his profession, and consequently almost as much as I do. He will show you how Burgos might have been taken, although he himself was disabled from farther service by wounds received at the expedition against Walcheren, and will prove to a mathematical certainty how the battle of Waterloo might have been gained a day sooner, and with comparatively little bloodshed, although his information respecting it is only derived from the daily papers. He is a great stickler for the old discipline and tactics, and, by-the-bye, is not a little proud of that order of knighthood and that gold chain which was given him by some Prince or other for his former deserts. But look, here comes the master of the house. I cannot give you a better idea of his character than by telling you this single circumstance:—that I have lived his nearest neighbour now six years, and I know no more of him than I did at our first visit. You may guess from this that he is very shy;—and equally economical; and, agreeably to these two prevalent passions, he prefers giving a grand entertainment two or three times a-year, to living sociably like other people. This plan suits his wife perfectly well, for she is fond of saving, and still fonder of show and ostentation. In fact, they seem exactly suited to each other. He, I have no doubt, up to the present time, has been employed in putting out the wine and carefully decanting it, for he would never trust the key of his cellar to a butler. She has been equally busy the whole of the morning in superintending jellies and making creams. Nobody, however, can dispute his being a gentleman. Her pretensions to the title of a lady are, I think, somewhat more equivocal. But look, do you see those two persons entering the hall? One is Sir Charles Radcliffe, the strong whig, and, as fame goes, a great rhodomontader; the short one is Captain Dory, his constant companion, an officer on half-pay, whose merits, as far as I can understand, consist in

being able to swallow as much wine as the Baronet chooses, to speak when he is spoken to, to ride and shoot at command, to play at billiards on a wet day, and as a principal duty, to back up with his word, if necessary, every suspicious assertion which his friend and master makes. In return, he lives well, has a good house over his head, keeps two horses without any expense, sees the best society, and in fact enjoys every thing except the liberty of doing with himself as he chooses."

The room was by this time very full, and the assembly, as I thought, completed, when a thorough Dandy was introduced. You are so well acquainted with these animals, that I have no need to describe his external appearance. I can only say that I do not think even Eton could turn out such a one. He was fashion all over;—fashionable in his dress, tone, and manner, and perhaps most fashionable in being later than every one else. "Who," said I, "is this gay young man?" "What!" my informant replied, "he is one of my cloth—the curate to an old gentleman who is unable to perform his own duty. I see you are more surprised at my answer than I was at your question. He certainly is now a bit of a puppy, but that will wear off in time, and he will be as sober as I am when he becomes a vicar. He is in the habit of annoying me very much by constantly asking me to officiate in his place under some pretence or other, of going to see his friends at London or Bath; and whenever I happen to wish for a return of the favour, he is never in the way. But he is a good-natured well-meaning fellow, I believe, and besides, I hate to refuse."

I might have been honoured with a farther account, if a joyful messenger had not announced, to the satisfaction of the company, that dinner was on the table. It would have been worth while for you to have been there, if it were only to have seen Rowley's face, which had been heavy and dismal enough for some time, and now lightened up to a degree that I never witnessed even at the merriest meetings of the Club. He jumped up from his seat, opened his eyes, and most politely drew his chair out the way of some ladies who happened to be passing. There was such a confusion and delay about the order of precedence, that I longed for one of those ancient seneschals whom Scott is so fond of, with his gold-headed staff, who could tell a man's rank by a single glance, and could settle disputes by a single word. Our host was the most improper person in the world for such a task; however, at last they marshalled themselves and marched onwards—to use the old Officer's phrase. Our hiding-place did not screen us from some very inquisitive eyeings, which I longed to return, but unluckily I had left my glass behind me, or I should have given the retort courteous with a vengeance. My friend, as the people

passed, said the party did not appear so large as usual, which he ascribed to the numbers who lived on the Continent, and the still greater number who were absent on the Queen's business, who would have formed the most distinguished part. We, like modest folks, brought up the rear. Rowley's looks were so much altered in a short time, that I could not help asking him what was the matter? "Nothing," said he, evidently betraying his apprehension, "nothing indeed, only all will be so cold." It was easy to supply what he meant, and I must allow his suspicions were well-grounded, not to mention that the dining-room was as naked and lofty, as full of doors and windows, as any temple of Æolus; one of the two fire-places, built in the old hospitable times, was covered with a screen, after the notions of modern frugality. To make matters better, another stoppage was occasioned by the ridiculous punctilio of arranging the places at the table. At last these difficulties were overcome, and I found myself seated with Rowley on one side, and the warrior on the other, owing to the disproportionate quantity of ladies. As I am neither a great eater nor a good cook, I cannot give you an adequate idea of the venison, soups, champagne, &c.; I can only say that there was plenty of every thing, and every thing appeared to be good. If you want farther particulars, I must refer you to Rowley, who, I have no doubt, knows all the dishes by sight, and a good many of them more intimately. If I suffered the cloth to be removed without having satisfied my appetite, it was not from any want of attention on his part, for he never ceased every now and then recommending one thing or another, which he had found to be excellent by experience. How pathetically he lamented that they should not use those nice little lamps which keep the fricassees in a perpetual stew without the smallest trouble! But I shall never forget his consternation, when, after a long time and much exertion, a little lukewarm soup was brought to him in a plate, half cold. He said nothing, but his whole countenance changed colour, and I never before saw such a mingled expression of anger and dismay. This disappointment he made up for with some good slices of venison, ever and anon washed down with a glass of champagne, in which he bothered me to keep him company. Mrs. Thompson put me very much in mind of the physician who took such good care of Sancho Panza's health on his accession to the principality of Barrataria. The moment her poor husband had got any thing before him she interposed her rod—"Bless me, my dear, what are you doing?—that same curry gave you the gout once before; let me give you a little wing of chicken, and send away that horrid spicy stuff;—you might as well eat poison. Re-

member, you are but just recovered." The servant behind her understood the nod, and whisked away the dangerous viand before Mr. Thompson could say any thing against it. She would not let him drink a glass of wine before she had herself tempered it with a *quantum suff.* of water. I plainly saw how he was tormented when any one asked him to drink a glass of Burgundy. He first looked at his wife, whose visage gave an evident *veto*, and then drawled out a reluctant No. Little did his good nurse foresee the ample amends he was about to make after her departure, for the restrictions she had put upon him at dinner. Our host did nothing but carve, scarcely opening his mouth, either to swallow or to speak: in the latter respect his lady fully made up for him. She was in a perpetual ferment, beckoning, calling, and whispering, to the servants. I observed her particularly attentive to Lord Wingham, who sat on her right hand. "Your Lordship has really ate nothing; let me persuade you to take a patty, or one of those cutlets." A significant shake of the head, accompanied with a polite excuse, changed her entreaties to condolence. "Dear me! I am so sorry! I am afraid there is nothing that your Lordship likes." I know not whether her pressing solicitations, frustrated by the inflexible Lord, took an oblique direction to the old officer; but certain it is that he acquitted himself like a campaigner, and even rivalled Rowley in the quantity, but not the variety of his food. Never was eating better studied, or talking less. No one person tried to be amusing. I listened in vain, with the hope of catching some *bon mot*; or what would do equally well, some attempt at one, that I might sport as my own the next time that the Club met, sure of not being detected by Rowley, who was, as usual, better employed, or by Burton, who was quite busied in a deep conversation with the East Indian, from whom he afterwards told me he received a great deal of information respecting the commercial laws of the Company, the comparative price which the native and imported articles bear, and many other useful particulars. Just at this time, when many had laid down their weapons altogether, and even the most persevering began to think they had done enough, the officer washed down his first course with a good tumbler of ale, better, I can tell you, by many degrees, than Garraway's Best, and employed his vacant interval between the two courses, in taking a deliberate view of my humble person. "Well," said he, "young man! I hear you are an Etonian—a very pretty thing to be, I dare say. Long before I was half as big or half as old as you, I carried my colours against those cursed Yankees. Fine amusement it was for a boy of sixteen to be popped at by some rascal or other, concealed behind every hedge—to be beaten up five times every night with different alarms—fighting and starving all

the day, bivouacking all the night; always retreating but never beaten, till at last we retreated to old England. This is what I got by preferring the discipline of an army to the discipline of a school." I took advantage of a pause for breath, to ask him if he was ever quartered at Windsor. "Yes," he replied, "for a short time;—there I used to see the Eton boys of that time, who, as far as I could judge, appeared to have nothing to do but to lounge and saunter about Windsor—but I was never kept upon the peace establishment, never intended for a painted sentinel. My pay and my promotion were not given me for nothing. Many a tough rub had I under the Duke of York, with the French revolutionary rabble, as they called them; but rabble or soldiers, they fought like devils. There the King of Prussia was pleased to give me this bauble," (he pointed to his star,) "I suppose I might have got myself styled 'Sir' when I came home again, but what is knight-hood worth? Why every county Sheriff, every paltry Mayor, may have it if he pleases. Well, then, this expedition ended in retreat, and I returned Major—with an order and a wound. After this I was driven from Toulon, half blinded in Egypt; and, to crown all, disabled at Walcheren." Thus far, and another pause; the cloth had been removed for some time, and I could not invent any means of averting the threatened dissertation on the merits of old and new tactics, upon the advantage and respectability of powdered heads, long queues, long-tailed coats, and cocked hats, when the lady hostess opportunely and unexpectedly condescended to ask me some trivial question. In the mean time the indefatigable warrior fixed upon another victim; and I heard for a long time the ominous words, campaign, battle, commanding officer, sounded in my ears at intervals.

Shortly after this the Ladies retired, and every Gentleman, by a natural instinct, took a vacant seat, if it happened to be nearer the fire than his own. I, by a fortunate evolution, placed Rowley's insuperable taciturnity between me and this military lecturer, and freed myself from anxiety for the rest of the night. I never saw so sudden a change effected in a few minutes, as the one which now took place. The bottle went briskly round, and after the long silence there appeared to be quite a Babel of tongues, when in reality there was nothing more than sociable conversation. The first topic started was preserving game. Mr. Sandford said, that he gave all his tenants leave to shoot, course, and kill what they liked except foxes; as to the pheasants and partridges he cared not a farthing for them, and the rabbits and hares did so much mischief to the crops and young trees, that they were no better than vermin, and he wished heartily they were all extirpated. Mr. Thompson condemned the Game Laws as arbitrary and cruel—talked about the injustice of transporting a



man just for killing a few birds, and then selling them to keep his family; "surely the farmers had a right to them." His opinion was not much attended to; for, with his usual inconsistency, he was known to guard his manorial rights more strictly than any gentleman in the County. "Mr. Thompson," said a person from the other end of the table, whose name I did not know, "what became of the rascals whom you prosecuted at the last Assizes for poaching?" This somewhat staggered the advocate for liberty; however, he contrived to hatch an excuse.—"You are mistaken; they threatened my gamekeeper's life; what could I do?—they are only to be kept to hard labour in the hulks for a few years." The victory was complete, and the subject was dropped.

Next, by an easy consequence, came shooting adventures. Various were the opinions, all of high authority, about pointers, setters, and spaniels. Lord Wingham boasted greatly of his fifty guinea Manton, just turned out, and his beautiful new black bitch. Many, who had not opened their mouths before the whole night, gave out how much slaughter they had committed on the first days of September and October. But Sir C. Radcliffe at one stroke left them all far behind him. He mentioned, as a singular circumstance, his having killed a wild duck at the distance of seventy yards, with a charge accidentally consisting of dust shot. They all looked at each other, and stared with astonishment. "Oh!" said Captain Dory, "I remember the circumstance which you allude to perfectly well; I was with you at the time; it happened as you were out snipe-shooting, just at that swamp between the Rivers." "Well done," rejoined the Baronet, "thanks to your good memory; really otherwise the thing would appear almost incredible. Do you recollect my favourite greyhound Pincher tumbling down a high chalk-pit with a hare in his mouth, and running another course afterwards?" "Yes," said he, "as well as I can any thing. We were some distance behind, when Daphne stood still on a sudden, and Pincher vanished altogether. I rode round, expecting to find him half dead, with all his bones broken; I jumped off my horse, and discovered that he had sustained no other injury than a sprain in one toe, which was probably done in the running before."—This remarkable story introduced fox-hunting in all its glory. We had spirited accounts from different hands of all the hard runs this season, embellished with every detail of local interest,—where they found, where they killed or were at fault, where Reynard took to earth,—not omitting the particulars of who were spilt, whose horses were knocked up, or left behind in the stiff country. I would give you one of them at length, but I can't remember the names. I assure you I enjoyed these chases very much, and longed for Musgrave to have been with us. Poor Mr. Thompson listened with great attention; he



hoped his huntsman gave satisfaction. "How," said he, "I curse my gout! I don't care for the pain nor for the lameness so much, but it prevents me from riding. They tell me I am getting better and better, but I never get well, and I am sure I never *shall* be well enough to halloo to my old pack. However, I am glad that it keeps up its former credit, and that my good friends can enjoy it better than myself." Hereupon the company drank his health, and a speedy return to the field. He thanked them in a short speech, but really rather an affecting one. "Stop! stop! Mr. Golightly," you will say, "don't launch into the pathetic."—Well, next there was a violent tirade against some nameless person, who nevertheless appeared to be well understood, because it was suspected that he gave his gamekeeper orders to kill the foxes. This sacrilegious criminal did not escape without a good many execrations, and epithets far from equivocal. Mr. Sandford said he did not regard what harm the fox-hounds did to his crops and hedges; he liked to take a gallop with them now and then; it was as fair for one as the other; and as for the foxes he could not think why they should be persecuted: a few chickens killed now and then was the most harm they could do; in fact, they were not half so pernicious as those trumpery hares. A good many pretty surprising feats of horsemanship were related, which Sir Charles suffered to go on for some time, in order to obtain a more noble victory; and then, with one leap, properly attested and witnessed by the Captain, to use the words of the poet,

"High o'erleapt all bound."

This wonderful flight (for I can call it nothing less) over so many feet of hedge and water, like all the worthy Baronet's actions of the same sort, of which he gave us a list afterwards, not unworthy of Munchausen, took place in Leicestershire, where, if we may believe him and his man, he keeps his stud and has a hunting seat. He has been asked frequently by the gentlemen here, and was on the present occasion, to take a day's sport with them; they have offered to mount and equip him,—but he has always evaded it in some way or other, which renders his veracity in these accounts rather suspected.

I wondered that politics had been so long delayed, and now they burst forth with wonderful violence. The pending Trial of the Queen, the conduct of the Ministers, and fifty other hackneyed topics, upon which Wentworth and you have argued so frequently, gave rise to a debate, if not quite as clever, as least as furious, as any that ever took place within the Parliament walls. The master of the house, dreadfully frightened, out of his anxiety to prevent any quarrel, increased the tumult, by always giving, like Lozell, his assent to the last opinion that was delivered. I never before understood so plainly the grand advantage of Rule VIII.

in our Club. Wentworth would have been a valuable acquisition to the Whig side, which consisted of Sir Charles, the M.P., who, I suppose, thought himself bound to show off, and another gentleman; but this trio fully made up for the deficiency of their numbers and their arguments by their indefatigable tongues. At last our terrified host proposed an adjournment to the ladies, as the only way of effecting a truce between the contending parties. This I was heartily glad of, for nothing was said that you do not know as well as if you had been present; besides you may judge that we had sat pretty late.

The drawing-room was now furnished with a variety of card-tables; and tea, coffee, and cakes flew about unceasingly. Burton told me that he looked forward with much pleasure to a pool at commerce. Rowley, I verily believe, would have had no objection to a good supper when the cards were finished; and I was in some hopes of raising a quadrille, and had fixed upon my partner, though I won't tell you her name. In case of the failure of that scheme, I proposed a second conference with the clergyman. However, Mr. Seymour was afraid of being enlisted in some rubbers of long whist, so, under pretence of his distance, he ordered his carriage, and cut short Rowley's supper, Burton's commerce, and my quadrilles. I shook my nomenclator by the hand, made some respectful bows, and, as I went home, talked over the adventures of the evening.

Burton has evidently collected a great deal for his Essay on the Main Chance.

If you ever get as far as this, you will thank me for sitting up half the night to write this long epistle.

Compliments to the Knave and the rest of you.

Yours, &c.

F. GOLIGHTLY.

P.S. Make excuses for our non-attendance at the next Meeting. I shall certainly, when I come to Eton, send an "Etonian" down here to surprise them.

*To Peregrine Courtenay, Esq. President of the King of Clubs,  
Editor of "the Etonian," &c.*

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## ON HAIR-DRESSING.

—“Jamque à tonsore magistro  
Pectoris.” JUV.

WE intend, with the permission of Mr. John Smith, to present our readers with a few observations upon Hair-dressing. Before we enter upon this topic, which we shall certainly treat *capitally*, we must assure the respectable individual above alluded to, that it is our intention in no respect to assume to ourselves the shears which he has so long and so successfully wielded. We should be sorry to encroach upon the privileges, or to *step into the shoes* of so respectable a member of the community. We have a real veneration for his pointed scissars, and his no less pointed narratives, although our ears are occasionally outraged by both, since the first deal occasionally in the *Tmesis*, and the latter more frequently in the *Hyperbole*. Long may he continue in the undisturbed possession of those rights which he so deservedly enjoys; long may he continue to restore its youthful polish to the whiskered lip, and to prune with tonsoric scythe the luxuriance of our capillary excrescences.

The last paragraph is from the pen of Allen Le Blanc. We must pull him down from his high horse, and remount our ambling hobby. As we observed, it is not our intention to provoke any competition or comparison with Mr. J. Smith in the science of Hair-dressing. We shall treat of a branch of the profession totally distinct from that which is exercised by the worthy tortor, or *distortor* of curls. We propose to discuss Hair-dressing as a test of character, and to show how you may guess at the contents of the inside of the head, by an inspection of the cultivation of the outside of it.

The difficulty we experience in reading the hearts of men is a trite subject of declamation. We find some men celebrated for their discrimination of character, while others are in the same proportion blamed for their want of it. The country Maiden has no means of looking into the intentions of her Adorer until she has been unfeelingly deserted; and the Town Pigeon has no means of scrutinizing the honour of his *Greek* until he has been bit for a thousand. These are lamentable, and, alas! frequent cases. The prescriptions of the regular philosophers have had but little effect in the prevention of them. The idea of Horace, “*torquere mero quem perspexisse laborant*,” has but little influence, since the illiterate, who are most frequently in want of assistance, have seldom the cash requisite to procure the necessary *merum*. Allow us then to recommend our nostrum.

Think of the trouble we shall save if our proposal is adopted ! We doubt not but it might be carried into execution to so great an extent that one might find a sharp genius in a sharp comb, and trace the intricacies of a distorted imagination through the intricacies of a distorted curl. Perfumes and manners might be studied together, and a cavendish and a character might be scrutinized by one and the same glance.

Do not be alarmed at the importance we attach to a head of hair ;—Homer would never have attributed to one of his warriors the perpetual epithet of Yellow-haired, if he had not seen in the expression something more than a mere external ornament ; nor would Pope have

“ Weigh’d the Men’s *wits* against the Ladies’ *hair*,”

if he had not discerned on the heads of his Belles something worthy of so exalted a comparison. The attention which is paid by certain of our companions to this part of the outward man, will with them be a sufficient excuse for the weight which we attach to the subject.

We might go back to the ages of antiquity, and traverse distant countries, in order to prove how constantly the manners of nations are designated by their Hair-dressing. We will omit, however, this superfluous voyage, concluding that our schoolfellows need not to be informed of the varieties of the ornaments for the poll, in which the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman character evinced itself. We shall find sufficient illustration of our position in the Annals of *English Manners*. In the days of our ancestors the flowered wig was the decoration of the gentlemen ; and the hair, raised by cushions, stiffened with powder, and fastened with wires, formed the most becoming insignia of the lady. The behaviour of both sexes was the counterpart of their occipital distinctions ; among the gentlemen the formal gallantry of those days was denoted by a no less formal peruke, and among the ladies the lover was prepared to expect a stiffness of decorum by the warning he received from so rigid a stiffness of *tete*. In our days the case is altered—altered, we think, for the better ; unshackled politeness and innocent gaiety have by degrees succeeded to haughty repulsiveness and affected condescension ; and, in the same proportion, the wig of one sex, and the *tower* of the other, have been gradually superseded by fashions less appalling and more becoming. The harmless freedom, which is the prevailing characteristic of the manners of the present age, is shown in no particular more strikingly than in the cultivation of the head ; and the various shades by which the habits and dispositions of men are diversified, are not more distinct from each other than the various modes and tastes in which their heads are *made up*.

This we believe is the substance of a series of observations which we heard from a stranger the last time we were at Covent-garden Theatre. We were seated in the pit ; (in the fifth row from the orchestra, a situation which we recommend to our readers,) our companion was a middle-aged man, of a tolerable person, but marked by no peculiarity except that ease of deportment, and that ready conversational power, which are invariably the characteristics of a man of the world. We were imperceptibly engaged in a conversation with him, which finally turned upon the subject of this Paper. We are aware we have not done justice to his ideas. He expressed them with all the ease and perspicuity, mingled with playful humour, which denote a powerful mind employing its energies upon trivial pursuits. Then, pointing as he spoke with a curiously-knotted cane which he held in his hand, he proceeded in the following manner to exemplify his doctrines :—

“ Cast your eye for a moment upon the pair of figures who are leaning towards each other in the stage box. The Gentleman wears his hair cut somewhat of the shortest, thrown up negligently in front, so as to discover a full high forehead—I fancy he must be a Naval Officer ; open, bold, thoughtless. The character of the Lady is equally legible. Her long auburn hair, erected by the most assiduous attention into an artificial cone, has a bold and imposing appearance, and denotes that the Lady is a Beauty, and —*knows it*.

“ There are three old gentlemen in the next box, who are worth a moment’s notice. I mean the three in the second row, who are discussing some question with no little vehemence of action and attitude. The first of them, who has his hair so sprucely trimmed, and fitted to the sides of his head with such scrupulous exactness, appears to be a sinecure holder who receives yearly a large salary, and finds his only occupation in his brush ;— the second, whose hair seems to have been too much neglected by the scissors, although it is powdered for the occasion, and tied behind *en queue*, is, I should conceive, a disappointed and disaffected military officer ;— the third, whose locks seem to have a natural tendency to what was the *newest fashion* ten years ago, must be a country gentleman come up to town to benefit his constituents and ruin his heirs. By the earnest manner in which they are speaking, their topic is probably some political change ; and the fat old gentleman, in the close wig, who is listening to them in the third row, is reflecting upon the influence which such an event would have on the five per cents.

“ In the centre box there are a large body of fashionables, with some of whom I have a trifling acquaintance. Let us see how far they comply with my wishes in making the head an index of the heart. Look at the young man to the right. His locks are com-

posed into a studied negligence by the labour of two hours; they are glossy with all the invention of Delcroix, fragrant with a *mélange* of rose, jasmin, and jonquil. You need not proceed to the inspection of his neckcloth or his waist, in order to be convinced that such a being is an Exquisite.

“The lady next to him is a *languissante*. You might, with no great effort of ingenuity, divine it from the state of her head. Its curls hang over the ivory surface of her neck in a sort of artful listlessness, which is admirably adapted to her torpid style of beauty, and her yet more torpid style of mind. The other lady, in the front row, is her sister. She has more fashion than beauty, more vivacity than fashion, and more malice than either. With such qualifications the course of conquest she was to pursue was obvious. She studies singularity, dresses her hair *à la grecque*, and sets up for a *Spirituelle*. The success of these light troops is frequently more brilliant than that of the *Regulars*. The top with whom she is coquetting is a young author striving to be known. His character is written legibly on his forehead. The spruceness with which every hair is bound down in its proper station, and the stiff pertness with which the top-knot is forced up, as if disdainful of the compression of the hat, plainly show that he is, at least in his own estimation, a favourite of Apollo.

“There is a gentleman in the next box, of whom it was once remarked, that his countenance bore some resemblance to that of Lord Byron. Since this luckless expression the poor man has studied much to make himself ridiculous by imitating his Lordship in his eccentricity, since to copy his genius is out of the question. Without looking at the eye, which takes great pains to be “fixed in vacancy,” or the lip, which endeavours to quiver with an expression of moroseness, you may tell, from the wild and foreign *costume* of his tresses, that Lord Fanny is a would-be Furioso.

“It is needless to multiply examples. You will see them at every glance which you throw around you. Aurelia shows her *reigning* passion for rule or *misrule* by the circlet of gold with which her head is encompassed; and her husband, by the lank and dejected condition of his scanty forelock, gives room for a conjecture that the principal feature of his character is submission. Old Golding, the usurer, shows his aversion for extravagance by the paucity of his visits to the barber; and his young bride, Chloe, takes care to evince a contrary taste by the diamonds which are so bountifully scattered amidst her profusion of dark ringlets. Anna, by the unvaried sameness of her head-dress, gives you a warning of the unvaried sameness of her disposition; and Matilda, by the diversity of modes which her forehead assumes, gives you to understand that her temper and character are diversified as often.

It is not surprising that this should be the case. Look to the stage, from which, indeed, our attention has been too long withdrawn. Would you not smile if Juliet were to soliloquize in Mrs. Hardcastle's *tete*, or the Royal Dane to moralize in the peruke of Sir Peter Teazle?"

Here the stranger paused, and we shortly became interested to such a degree in the sorrows of Belvidera, that we know not what further remarks he communicated, nor at what time he ceased to be our companion. As the curtain fell we looked round, and he was no longer by our side.

F. G.

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LINES

ON LEAVING LLÂNDOGO, A VILLA ON THE BANKS OF THE WYE.

SWEET spot! I leave thee with an aching heart;  
As down the stream my boat glides smoothly on,  
With thee, as if I were a swain, I part;  
And thou the maiden that I doated on.

I ne'er shall view yon woody glen again;  
That lowly church, calm promiser of rest;  
Yon white cots, free from Riches and from Pain,  
Fantastic gems upon the mountain's breast.

Fast, fast, thou'rt fading from my longing sight;  
The next bold turn, and thou art gone for aye,—  
A dream's bright remnant on a summer night—  
The faint remembrance of a love gone by.

Farewell! and if Fate's distant unknown page  
Doom me to wreck on Passion's angry sea,  
I'll leave Philosophy to reasoning age,  
And charm the tempest with a thought on thee.

## THE COLISEUM.

Is this thine ancient glory, stately Queen?  
Well does it speak what once thou should'st have been :  
Do these the relics of thy giant reign  
Serve but to tell those glories were in vain?  
If tottering columns, nodding arches, show  
The thousand years, that bring an empire low.

Time was—imperial Rome, thy Flavian line  
With bold conception rear'd the vast design ;  
Colossal arches upon arches laid,  
And the wide orb in awful height display'd ;  
The fluted shaft, the ornamented zone,  
The studied frieze, the gaily-gilded stone,  
The polish'd marble, swell'd the pride of state,  
Sublimely fair, and regularly great.  
And now—the mouldering fabric stands alone,  
Frail monument of beauties past and gone,  
While in those rents the waste of years hath made,  
The mantling ivy spreads its verdant shade,  
And glimmering fire-flies through the gloomy night  
From their small caverns cast their feeble light.  
Yet here th' admiring eye in awe-struck gaze  
The circling gall'ries far aloft surveys,  
Where crowding nations above nations rose,  
And gaz'd on death in horrible repose :  
The spacious area here, where captives bled,  
And hireling fencers hung the listless head,  
Dropping with gory dew : alas ! too late  
They bow'd before the arbiters of fate,  
When their damp bosoms, in death's brief delay,  
Heav'd the last sigh that heralds life away.  
And here, in after-days, 'mid sparkling eyes,  
Fair waving hands, and combat-cheering cries,



High-vaunting youth, on victory intent,  
Prick'd on their steeds to tilt and tournament :  
Here, raging bulls in dying anguish roar'd,  
Or the pale limbs of lifeless champions gor'd ;  
While Roman beauty round th' arena stood,  
Unaw'd by death, unshuddering at blood.

But now no more such scenes their glory shed,  
All, all have vanish'd with the mighty dead :  
Distracted Rome those rifled beauties tore  
With worse than Gothic rage or Vandal war,  
On sculptur'd forms her civil fury pour'd,—  
Forms, that e'en Gods admir'd, and men ador'd :  
And still, as vultures tear their putrid prey,  
Had ruin'd ruins with barbaric sway :  
But now Religion spreads her veil around,  
And guards unseen the consecrated ground ;  
Her priestly trains in silence leads along,  
With pomp of pageantry and holy song ;  
And northern wanderers lift their sorrowing eyes,  
Where the proud wreck of prostrate grandeur lies,  
With pensive worship o'er each fragment bend,  
And mourn the age of greatness at an end.

Degenerate Rome—thy years of pow'r and pride  
Long since have sped, thy wreath of empire died :  
Thy graceful capitals, and fanes sublime,  
Have felt the silent stroke of reckless Time.  
These records of thy splendor must decay,  
And e'en their wrecks in ruin fall away,  
For all thine old renown has vanish'd far,  
Th' Augustan glory, and the Julian star ;  
The mighty masters of the world have fled,  
And slaves defac'd the halls where Cæsar bled.

G. M.

## BIOGRAPHY OF A BOY'S ROOM.

"Permutat dominos et cedit in altera jura."—HORACE.

THE transitory nature of human affairs, the uncertainty of prosperity, and the fickleness of Fortune, have, as might be expected, frequently attracted the notice of mankind. They have successively afforded matter of contemplation to the Philosopher and the Poet, the Orator and the Divine, until it is almost impossible to say any thing new upon the melancholy topic. How powerfully are these considerations forced upon us, when, after a lapse of years, we return to the scenes of our early days, and pass with a mixture of joy and pain over spots which have always haunted our recollection. With what a melancholy pleasure do we reflect upon the alterations which have taken place, the changes which Time has produced, in our most favourite scenes! We look with delight for the trees, the cottages, the rivulet, which are, as it were, the monuments of our boyhood. Have the trees been lopped, the cottages pulled down, the rivulet turned into another and a more pleasing direction? We turn from such *improvements* with aversion! However the face of the country has been beautified, or its advantages increased, we look with no favourable eye upon the Great Man of the village, who, in every novelty that he has introduced, has obliterated some long-remembered attraction—has disturbed some fond and cherished idea.

What would be the ideas of an Etonian of 1699, were he allowed to revisit, for one day, the scene of his early enjoyments? How great would be his disappointment, when, upon his inquiring after the pursuits, the studies, the amusements of his own times, he would hear that they had suffered the same change with the place in which they formerly flourished; that the scene and its occupations had suffered a total change; and that there was little in the Eton of modern years, which could remind him of the Eton of his own! We will suppose him going to visit the apartment which, in earlier and happier times, he inhabited. We will picture to ourselves the astonishment he would betray in every look, when he perceived the total subversion of all his arrangements, and the introduction of decorations so different from those which he formerly admired. With what wonder he would view the present Lord of the Castle; and with what curiosity would he reflect upon the numerous successors who had by turns occupied it, and had each destroyed some favourite relic of antiquity, each replaced it by some less becoming ornament of modern date!

We have made these observations by way of preface to a letter from a Correspondent, which will in some measure illustrate the

ideas we have expressed. We will now detain our reader with no further meditation, but will introduce *Somnolentus*, and leave him to speak for himself.

SIR,—I was sitting yesterday evening in my room,

—————"Sicut meus est mos,  
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis,"

when my sleeping, or my waking thoughts, for in truth they were something between both, turned upon the vicissitudes to which my residence,—a small chamber seven feet by six,—had been subject before I entered into possession of it. I determined to ask a narrative of these changes from the most aged of my Penates. (My Penates, Sir, consist of three small representations of Messrs. Homer, Virgil, and Milton.) I was particularly curious to learn in what fray or accident Homer himself, who appeared, from his ancient look, to have weathered many a storm, had lost that nose, which, if I may form a conjecture from the stump of it which remains, formed in the olden time a distinguished feature of his countenance. While I was engaged in these speculations, and was hesitating whether to address the old Gentleman by Ode, Elegy, or Sonnet, I thought I perceived a slight motion of his head, which enabled him to fix his eyes upon a part of the wall immediately surmounting the chimney-piece. Not a little amazed at this extraordinary phenomenon, I shook off my disposition to drowsiness, and hastened to the scene of action: I observed a small protuberance in the part of the wall to which my tutelary Deity had directed my attention; this, partly from curiosity, partly from idleness, I immediately cut open, and discovered—judge of my surprise and pleasure, when I discovered—a Manuscript, a real and inestimable Manuscript. I forthwith sent my lower boy for a candle, and composed myself in my arm-chair to wait for its arrival. A thousand conjectures passed across my brain, as to the actual value of the treasure which the Bard of Antiquity had consigned to my hands. Was it another *Iliad*? Was it a map of the site of ancient Troy? Was it a solution of the disputes respecting the author of the *Odyssey*? The light came, and I broke open the dear packet. I discovered nothing but the inclosed narrative, which I send to you, Mr. Editor, without any conjectures as to its origin or author. Had *Homer* really wished to convey to me any account of the scenes he had witnessed, I cannot think he would have chosen English prose for the vehicle of his narrative; although he has, as you see, headed his paper with a motto from his own poem.

I am, Sir, your's,

SOMNOLENTUS.

“Οἱ περ φυλλων γενεῇ, τοιῆδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.”

“ You have always been civil to the Poet who now addresses you from the chimney-piece; you have had my works bound in handsome Russia, and you have whitewashed one of my ears, which had suffered among your predecessors. I know your thoughts; and have gratitude enough to endeavour to meet your wishes.

“ The tenant, then, who, about twenty years ago, introduced me to my present post of danger, was a regular steady young man, who rose at seven and slept at ten, went through all his studies properly, and walked very upright. In the last year of his residence here he found himself in want of chimney ornaments; and, after hesitating for two days between me and a painted image of Confucius, he installed me in the post which I have since, through various vicissitudes, preserved. By-the-bye, I was sixpence the cheaper of the two.

“ His successor was a gentleman who possessed great poetical talent, and I had therefore reason to anticipate from him a favourable treatment. Here I was lamentably disappointed. The taste of my new master lay rather in the soft than the sublime. Perhaps it was in consequence of this, that upon his taking possession, he insulted me by putting Ovid and Pope upon the same shelf. With Ovid I had no acquaintance. Pope is a man whom I detest. He has, as you well know, altogether expatriated me; he has made me and my heroes think, speak, and act, like English beaux. Besides which, some of the noblest names in my catalogue have been murdered by him without provocation or apology. It was not long, however, before I was liberated from these odious compeers. What became of Pope I know not. Poor Ovid had his head broke by a Fourth Form boy, who found some difficulty in learning his verses. I was once in a similar predicament; but Ovid was a flimsy hollow fellow; I am made of more solid materials.

“ The poet was followed by an orator. He put up Demosthenes and Cicero on my right and left, and instituted a society here for the cultivation of eloquence. Many were the discussions which I witnessed in this reign. Upon one occasion, indeed, my very existence was threatened; for the subject in dispute was, ‘ Shall Homer be burnt?’ There was every probability that the question would be decided in the affirmative, when the President rescued me from my executioners, and locked me up in a closet with his rolls and butter. The next day a violent political debate took place, which, after raging with unremitting violence for two hours, was dissolved in the following manner. The whole body of members started from their seats, as if by instinct, overturned the

furniture, demolished the windows, hurled cinders, snuffers, jugs, tongs, pokers, &c. at the President's head, to the utter subversion of his authority, and the imminent danger of his person. Cicero and Demosthenes perished in the fray. You will not be surprised to learn that after this the Parliament was dissolved.

"The next inhabitant of this abode was a hard drinker. I was terribly handled by this monster. He cut off my nose, because I deprived Polyphemus of an eye; and flung a pewter vessel at my *cranium*, because he thought fit to misconstrue the words

"Οὐ ποτ' ἐνι—"

*Not any pot.*

I was very glad when this gentleman left me. He mutilated me as cruelly as a commentator, and I hated him almost as bitterly.

"His successor behaved to me in a much more becoming manner. He belonged to the race of Dandies, who were springing up very rapidly at this period. To be sure, he offended my eyes too often by the sight of my works deprived of their binding, and disgraced by pencilled annotations; and, in an equal degree, he offended my olfactory nerves by a bottle of *Eau de Cologne*, which he set up by my side. But in the main he was civil and inoffensive. He made to me a most studied inclination of his body every morning, before he completed his toilet; but whether his devotion was occasioned by my description of his prototype *Paris*, or by his *Parisian* attachment to the mirror which is suspended over my head, I cannot take upon me to determine. He used such a variety of unguents, that, before his departure, *I smelt of the oil*, from necessity, almost as much as my friend Virgil does from inclination.

"I believe these are all the gentlemen who have inhabited this chamber since I was appointed the guardian of it. I presume it will be uninteresting to you to learn the changes which have taken place in the paper of the room, its chairs, or its carpeting. Various were the tastes of its possessors; and various, of course, were the improvements they introduced. You, Sir, are now the occupier of the apartment, and, without flattery, I have no reason, as yet, to be dissatisfied with you. You have brought me into very good company; yet I must say Virgil is apt to give himself airs, and, though nobody has less vanity than myself, I am sometimes vexed at hearing Milton ranked above me. By-the-bye, you clapped a sprig of laurel on Milton's head the other day. I say nothing!—but at your age, Sir! methinks you might have known where such a decoration was due."

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Here ends the manuscript. We certainly have one reason which induces us most strongly to attribute it to the Spirit of Homer.

Whoever has read of Calypso, of the Sirens, and the Læstrygonæes, must be aware of the old gentleman's propensity to fiction. Now our MS. does decidedly in this point bear marks of Homeric manufacture, for we have little doubt that it is, like the Odyssey,—All a Hum!

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## ON WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

*To Richard Hodgson, Knave of Clubs, &c. &c.*

MY DEAR SEC.—I now come to the latter department of my humble vindication of William Wordsworth's Poems, in which I proposed to myself to take notice of those other ingredients of matter or style, which are, or are supposed to be, peculiarly characteristic of those productions. But before I proceed any farther, I must here remark, that the distinction which I have apparently created between Wordsworth as a poet generally, and the same as a poet in a sense peculiar to himself, is in reality little better than imaginary; the whole of his Poems, from the shortest to the longest, from the most humble to the most impassioned, being composed strictly upon the principles of one grand comprehensive system; and consequently the extracts in my first letter being just as thoroughly and genuinely the offsprings of that system as any thing which I may think it right to quote hereafter in this my second. The real foundation of the distinction, if any, is this, that the class of Poetry from which those quotations were made is one, with the external dress of which the world is commonly entertained in the writings of others; whereas a few specimens, which I shall take the liberty of presenting to your readers in this essay, will be either the living impressions produced on the heart and the mind by common incidents and natural objects, or they will be the emanations of impassioned feelings, deep thought, and high imagination, and which imperiously demand from the Reader a corresponding sensibility, and an associated temper of the affections, without which much of the most exalted poetry in the world must of necessity appear dead and meaningless phraseology, from the simple cause that the Reader is himself not sufficiently *alive* to perceive or be animated by the *life* that is before him. The motto and defence of all original thinkers must be, and ever has been, "*Intelligibilia, non Intellectum fero.*"

Having premised thus much, to guard against misapprehension, I now enter upon the particular subject of this letter, namely, the principles which are the foundation as well as the pervading spirit of Wordsworth's Poems. And here I have to lament the

utter impossibility of doing any thing like justice to my cause within the narrow limits which necessity imposes on me ; though certainly it is some consolation to remember that even Wordsworth himself, with all the eagerness of an advocate, and all his own nervous and fervid eloquence, has finished an exposition of his system with confessing that he found a full and satisfying development of his principles impracticable within the space allowed him in a Preface. What the Poet himself has left undone, I will not presume to fulfil, but will rather content myself by mentioning one or two of the grand creative articles of his faith, upon which every thing he has written is built up, and which, if duly attended to, will lead us, without fear of wandering, into the hidden and wonderful abysses of his Thoughts, and the treasure-house of his Imagination.

This Poet, then, in the first place, is a lover of Nature ; not a blind confounder of the Creator with his own creation—not a souless grovelling worshipper of the earth without even the supposition of a Providence ;—none of these,—but a genuine, pure, religious lover of the Universe, from an ardent belief that it is the symbol and visible exponent of the immeasurable wisdom, and goodness, and majesty of that Almighty God, who is, and was, and is to come. Penetrated, as he himself says, “ to his heart of hearts,” with this living idea, he can pass by in neglect or contempt no component part of this mysterious whole ; he denies not to any being, animate or inanimate, its due share of his love ; he recognizes in all and singular of the infinite germs of the Universe, the finger and the impress of a superior Being ; in winter or summer, in storm or sunshine, in solitudes or in crowds, in joy or affliction, he is still one and the same ; ever extracting from human contingencies their universal essence ; ever inspiring, in return, his own passionate and blended sympathies, whilst he chastens, subdues, and purifies every thought and every wish by a spirit of unutterable and boundless love. It follows intimately, from the foregoing convictions, that no natural object or incident (with obvious and manifest exceptions) can be too low or insignificant for poetry ; nay, to carry the principle to its legitimate length, that not seldom in rustic life the passions are more vigorous and decisive, the moving springs of thought and action more simple and unelaborate, and the whole system of society more genuine and unadulterated, than when encumbered and concealed by forms of city ceremonial, and deadened by the depraving habitude of perpetual though unconscious deceit. Low life, therefore, is not destitute of admirable materials for poetry ; and this particularly, when it is, as is usually the case, associated with the beautiful and sublime of Nature ; but these are only the rude *materials* of poetry ; they cannot become poetry itself, unless

they are arranged, and modified, and combined by the Fancy; and, above all, impregnated and shaped by the Imagination of the Poet. To express what I mean more clearly by examples, I would entreat my readers to recall to their minds for a few moments the "Tam o' Shanter" of Burns, and any of Bloomfield's or Clare's verses, and they will instantly understand and feel the mighty difference with which similar or even humbler subjects may be treated by a Poet and a Verse-maker. Here then it is, that Wordsworth lives and breathes in the full enjoyment of creative observation; and, elevated as that observation must be by the vicinity, and, as it were, relationship, of the most noble scenery in England, much of his most interesting poetry is concerned at bottom with the ordinary incidents of humanity. Of Westmoreland, as well as of Valchiusa, may it be said—

"Qui non palazzi, non teatro o loggia,  
Ma 'n lor vece un abete, un faggio, un pino  
Tra l'erba verde, e 'l bel monte vicino,  
Onde si scende *poetando*, e poggea,  
*Levan di terra al ciel nostr' intelletto.*"—

Wordsworth is not a *poetical man*, but always and exclusively a Poet; or, to give you his own words—

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live;  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It would be unfair, however, both to Wordsworth's fame and to my readers also, if I compelled them to take what I have said simply upon credit; and I am sure it is delightful to me when I can claim a proper opportunity of committing the cause to the Poet's own maintaining, by quoting his own words. The three following passages are an eminent proof, in different manners, of his wondrous power of creating and colouring common objects by the intenseness of his Imagination:—

"He scans the Ass from limb to limb  
And Peter now uplifts his eyes:—  
Steady the Moon doth look and clear,  
And like themselves the rocks appear,  
And quiet are the skies.  
Whereat, in resolute mood, once more  
He stoops the Ass's neck to seize—  
Foul purpose, quickly put to flight!  
For in the pool a startling sight,  
Meets him, beneath the shadowy trees.  
Is it the Moon's distorted face?  
The ghost-like image of a cloud?  
Is it a gallows there portrayed?  
Is Peter of himself afraid?  
Is it a coffin,—or a shroud?"



A grisly idol hewn in stone ?  
Or imp from witch's lap let fall?  
Or a gay ring of shining fairies,  
Such as pursue their brisk vagaries  
In sylvan bower, or haunted hall?

Is it a fiend that to a stake  
Of fire his desperate self is tethering ?  
Or stubborn spirit doomed to yell  
In solitary ward or cell,  
Ten thousand miles from all his brethren?

A throbbing pulse the Gazer hath—  
Puzzled he was, and now is daunted :  
He looks, he cannot choose but look,  
Like one intent upon a book—  
A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell!—  
He will be turned to iron soon,  
Meet Statue for the court of Fear!  
His hat is up—and every hair  
Bristles—and whitens in the Moon !

He looks—he ponders—looks again ;  
He sees a motion—hears a groan ;—  
His eyes will burst—his heart will break—  
He gives a loud and frightful shriek,  
And drops, a senseless weight, as if his life were flown ! ”

Can any thing, especially if read in connexion with the original Poem, be more intensely terrific than this passage?—and yet what is the real cause of the terror?

Again :—

“ And the smoke and respiration  
Rising like an exhalation,  
Blends with the mist,—a moving shroud  
To form—an undissolving cloud ;  
Which, with slant ray, the merry Sun  
Takes delight to play upon.  
Never, surely, old Apollo,  
He, or other God as old,  
Of whom in story we are told,  
Who had a favourite to follow  
Through a battle or elsewhere,  
Round the object of his care,  
In a time of peril, threw  
Veil of such celestial hue ;  
Interposed so bright a screen  
Him and his enemies between! ”

Can any thing, I repeat, be more natural and exquisitely beautiful than this?—and yet what is the object which has become the cause of this beauty?

Now mark, lastly, the miraculous, and almost sylphish fineness of melody and imagination displayed in these lines following :—

“ Withered leaves—one—two—and three—  
 From the lofty Elder-tree!  
 Through the calm and frosty air  
 Of this morning bright and fair,  
 Eddying round and round they sink  
 Softly, slowly: one might think,  
 From the motions that are made,  
 Every little leaf conveyed  
 Sylph or Faery hither tending;—  
 To this lower world descending,  
 Each invisible and mute,  
 In his wavering parachute.”

But it is a pernicious, though a common mistake, to suppose that the largest, or the most important share of Wordsworth's Poems is composed of pieces of the character of those quoted above. Inimitably beautiful as are these workings upon natural incidents, and quite, as I believe, beyond the example of former ages, yet they are as dust in the balance, when brought in contact with those mighty, those painfully mighty, energies and travailings of the Soul, of which many of his longer odes and blank verse poems are composed. And here it may be a good opportunity to point out one eternal master feeling, which more or less may be traced as either forming the foundation of, or giving a colouring to, almost all his writings. It is an earnest faith in the intrinsic godliness and immortality of the Soul, raised upon the Platonic theory of pre-existence; differing from the sordid system of metempsychosis, in that he believes that Spark within us hath never been sullied or dimmed by mortal incarnation before, but comes, as it were, fresh and original from some unimaginable vision and enjoyment of the Deity. Hence those passionate addresses to infancy; those melancholy retrospects upon what is never to return again; for in our downward course of life we go daily farther from the fountain of our existence, and become more and more “ earthy,” and forgetful of “ that imperial palace whence we came.” But why do I hesitate to give you his own intense and exalted creed in his own matchless numbers?

“ Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar;  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God who is our home:  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing Boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows;  
 He sees it in his joy;  
 The Youth, who daily further from the east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,

And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended ;  
At length the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day."

These "shadowy recollections," then, "are the master-light of all our seeing;" they "cherish us—and have power to make

*"Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal Silence."*

And then for the retrospect which a meditative and imaginative mind can exercise:—

"Hence in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither;  
Can in a moment travel thither,—  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

I am conscious that I have already quoted more than my limits will properly allow; and yet I know not how I can omit showing my favourite in one more, and that probably the most affecting point of view. The following lines are from the poem on "Re-visiting the Wye," which let no one presume to read without also *thinking*. They are Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι· ἐς δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων χατίζει.

"Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world  
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,  
And even the motion of our human blood,  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this  
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,  
In darkness, and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee!"

Before I conclude I must take notice of one specious and very common objection to any assertion of the merits of Wordsworth. "If," it is said, "Wordsworth be so great a poet as you would have us believe him to be, why is he not more popular?" I

will also ask a question. What is the meaning of the word *popular*? Is it to be the first and eternal requisition at the circulating library? Is it to be bepraised in the reviews? Is it to be copied in the newspapers? Is it to be the pillow and dear favourite of boarding-school misses, or even (*salvo pudore dixerim*) of desperate harlots? If this be to be *popular*,—and I declare conscientiously I believe it to be the essence of modern popularity,—then the most frantic and impure novels of Lady Morgan or Godwin, then Brutus and the Italians,\* then Little's Poems, then Hone's ingenious squibs, then Don Juan, are unquestionably the most popular works of the present day! For who or what shall compete with them? It is frightful to know the tremendous and exclusive empire which these, and works like these, hold over the variously intermingled classes of England. *They* are *popular*—and verily, verily, they have their reward.

But I entirely and absolutely deny the validity of the criterion that popularity is the test of merit! It is not so now; it never was in England or any other country. If it had been, then would neither Æschylus, nor Sophocles, nor Euripides, nor Aristophanes, be the first of ancient tragedians and comedians; for they were repeatedly beaten in a contest with rivals, whose works are now as if they had never been, and whose names are only preserved by the grammarians! The "Creation" of Dubartes drove Spenser's "Faery Queen" out of the field,—and yet now who knows of that victorious work or author any thing but that they *were*? The fate of the "Paradise Lost," on its first appearance, is notorious.† To this day Shakspeare, though confessedly the idol of England, is but blindly worshipped by most men; and G. Steevens talks of an Act of Parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of his sonnets and smaller poems! But I will come down closer to present times. I will say nothing of smaller fry. I ask if even Lord Byron, the image before which all have fallen down and worshipped—if even Lord Byron be as *popular* now as he

\* I mention Brutus and the Italians, though the first of these *did* certainly receive a pretty decent chastising in the Quarterly Review,—but all London thronged to them before they were in print, and for a whole season the popular taste "battened on this or these moors," when it might have commanded the exquisite works of Shakspeare or Massinger. The Reviewer ends his remarks on Brutus thus:—"It is enough to say conscientiously, that we cannot find in the whole play a single character finely conceived, or rightly sustained, a single incident well managed, a single speech, nay a single sentence of good poetry." The play is *miraculously* stupid, and was nearly as *miraculously* popular.

† Waller, the *popular* poet of his day, takes notice of the publication of the "Paradise Lost" in these words to a correspondent:—"John Milton, the old blind schoolmaster, has just published a Poem in blank verse on the Fall of Man—*remarkable for nothing but its extreme length.*" And that was the *flash* criticism of the times. Yet Edmund Waller was sometimes a real Poet himself, and certainly better qualified to pronounce an opinion than some of the dispensers of praise or blame of modern days.

was when he had just published the "Corsair?" No one who knows any thing of the prevailing feelings of what is called the world will venture to answer in the affirmative.

So then it appears that immediate popularity is not that infallible test,

"*Quem ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum;*"

since it is manifest that many of the most glorious efforts of the human intellect were neglected or laughed at on their first ushering into life; that it hath required the intervention of ages to show them in their native and genuine splendor; and that, on the contrary, whole shoals of mushroom follies have been fondled, caressed, and adored for a season, but are now lost in irretrievable oblivion. These are facts which should make us think;—we should learn to hesitate in giving either sweeping praise or blame; we should remember that our age differs in no essential point of human sympathy from those which judged so wrongly before us; and we may sometimes consider whether, when we applaud, we are not conspiring with those who pander to our passions; and when we neglect and abuse, we are not shunning a light, which we may not be pure enough to comprehend. In this frame of mind we might learn to doubt the correctness of the prevailing taste, and to take notice of that diseased appetite which can require and relish such extravagant stimulants as are now universally manufactured for it. I do not speak thus simply from theory;—I can myself bear witness at once to the violence and the unreasonableness of this passion. I remember distinctly, when Lalla Rookh first came out, I read it through at one sitting;—to say I was delighted with it is a poor word for my feelings;—I was transported out of myself—entranced, or what you will: the men did not appear to me half fierce and beautiful enough, and the women had nothing in their eyes at all like those of the gazelle;—not to mention that the flowers were very meagre, and the wind cold, and the chapel organ out of tune, and the "blessed Sun himself" but a poor substitute for the God of the Guebres. This seems extravagant, and yet I believe that many a young heart has felt nearly the same, if those feelings were uttered. Well—after a few days it occurred to me as something very odd that I had no patience now with old Homer or Virgil, or even Milton, and scarcely with Shakspeare;—they were not transporting enough! This made me reflect upon the causes which could work such a revolution in me; for I used to think the aforesaid poets the very first in their lines, and lo! now a greater than they had swept them out of my favour! After the cooling interval of three weeks I sat down to read this book again—but oh! "*quantum mutatus ab illo Hec-tore!*" I cannot describe my feelings, but suffice it to say, the

potent charm had vanished ; but still I was bewitched in a minor degree by the glare and dazzle of the scenery, and the music of the versification. Will you believe me, that a whole year afterwards I read this same book a third time ; and *then* I felt and knew, as all will feel and know, who will take the trouble of making the experiment, that the only parts of the work that are worth a farthing, are precisely those which are the simplest, the most plain, and free from the *beauties* of the Author, and which on that very account, I, on my first acquaintance with him, disliked or neglected. I allude to such lines as those beginning with

“ ‘ I mean not, Azim,’ soothingly she said,” &c.

This train of thought might, and, for the full development of the argument against the imperious domination of fashion in judging of works of the imagination, ought to be pursued much farther, and the deductions from it would be direct and conclusive in favour of at least a fair and patient examination of Wordsworth ; but I perceive that my eagerness has already caused me to trespass too long upon the attention of the generality of readers...

Here then I stop ;—those who are well acquainted with the subject of these Letters will feel how inadequately I have pleaded his cause ; but to those who may first hear of him, or at least to any purpose, in these pages, I earnestly trust I may be of some trifling benefit. I finished my last letter with a quotation in prose.—I will finish this with one in poetry, and the Poet shall be Wordsworth himself. I address these lines to every uncorrupted heart amongst us, and to them only :—

“ If thou be one whose heart the holy forms  
Of young Imagination have kept pure,  
Stranger! henceforth be warned ; and know, that pride,  
Howe’er disguised in its own majesty,  
Is littleness ; that he who feels contempt  
For any living thing, hath faculties  
Which he has never used ; that thought with him  
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye  
Is ever on himself, doth look on one,  
The least of Nature’s works ; one who might move  
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds  
Unlawful ever. O be wiser, thou ?  
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love,  
True dignity abides with him alone  
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,  
In lowliness of heart.”

G. M.

## ON A CERTAIN AGE.

"Tempora certa."—HOR.

WE happened the other day to be present at a small party, where, being almost entire strangers ourselves, we had little to do but to listen to and reflect upon what was said by others. While we were engaged in this occupation, we heard one expression repeated several times, which made a strong impression upon us, and induced us to draw up the following treatise.

We first heard some gentlemen observing that it was quite proper for Mrs. — to withdraw from the stage in time, for that she was now of a "certain age." Immediately afterwards we heard it remarked by Mrs. Racket, that it was lucky for Maria the Nabob had proposed in time, for the lady must be of a "certain age." Now, as the former of these objects had seen fifty winters, of which the latter fell short by at least twenty, it was natural for us to exert ourselves to discover what this "certain age" might be, the limits of which were so extensive. We accordingly commenced an investigation into the subject with great alacrity, and carried it on for some time with great perseverance. We regret to add that our success has not been proportionate to our exertions; and that, by the most indefatigable research, we can only ascertain that nothing in life is involved in such uncertainty as this "*certain age*."

Our first hope was, that by inquiries from some lady of our acquaintance, who had the fortune, or the misfortune, to come under this definition, we might be able to ascertain the precise boundaries of the period. But here we met with a difficulty, as it were on the threshold of our project. Out of all the young beauties of whom we made inquiries; out of all the fashionable belles in high life, and the vulgar belles in low life, and the languishing belles, who have no *life* at all, we could find no one to return a satisfactory answer to this mysterious, unanswerable, insupportable question, "Are you of a certain age?" One laughed naturally, and another laughed artificially; one looked amazed, and another looked chagrined; one "left it to us to decide," another left the room; one professed utter ignorance, and another tapped us with her fan, and wondered how we could have the impertinence. But plain "Yes" or "No" was not forthcoming. The ladies had not studied our Second Number, or they would doubtless have learnt from Messrs. Lozell and Oakley the absolute necessity of these little monosyllables.

But to proceed: Finding this method ineffectual, we changed

our battery, and carried on the siege in another quarter. We now applied to the same ladies for the names of such of their acquaintances as they considered were liable to this imputation, (for a terrible *imputation* the witnesses appeared to consider it.) Our difficulties were forthwith redoubled. We are not acquainted with a single girl with good eyes, good hair, good complexion, good fortune, or good character, whose name was not given to us as verging upon "*a certain age*." And it seemed to us extraordinary that middle-aged fair ones, whose charms were manifestly in their autumn, were seldom honoured with this appellation; it appeared to be exclusively reserved for those who were young, beautiful, and new to a fashionable life. Far be it from us to insinuate that *Envy* had any influence in making this appropriation.

Finding that the study which we had already bestowed upon this subject had tended rather to perplex than to elucidate the matter, we found it necessary to pursue the investigation a step farther. We now applied for information to the middle-aged matrons, the sober wives, the mothers of families. "Here," said we to ourselves, "prejudice will have ceased to influence, vanity to mislead, envy to embitter; here we shall learn the real, the whole truth, from lips unsoured by petty peevishness or violent passion." But the event disappointed our expectations: there appeared to be a strange disagreement upon this topic, for we found no two opinions to coincide. Mrs. Cranstoun, who has two daughters, and is in her twenty-ninth year, is of opinion that "*a certain age*" commences at thirty-four: but Mrs. Argent, who, according to our guess, is just entering her thirty-fourth year, is inclined to put off the dreaded period to forty. Lady Evergreen, again, who, to do her justice, paints as well at forty as she did at fourteen, disapproves of the impertinent notions of these "girls," and thinks that ten more years are wanting to give any one a just and proper claim to this enviable distinction. Fifty is with Lady Evergreen the precise period, the golden number, the "*certain age*." Still dissatisfied with the result of our examination, we betook ourselves as a last hope to the dowagers. "They," we thought, "as they must have long passed the boundaries of this dreaded space, can have no object or interest in withholding from us the truth." Alas! we were again lamentably deceived. Some of their ladyships had daughters whom they were anxious to preserve from this abominable imputation. Others had *particular friends* whom they were anxious to bring under it. Lady Megrim begged we would not interrupt her; she really never held good cards when any one looked over her hand;—and Mrs. Volatile assured us that she had made it a rule never to *think* after she was married. She never would have married if she had *thought* before.

Finding ourselves quite at a loss to connect or reconcile with



each other these several sentiments, we shall throw together a few observations which occur to us on the subject; and then leave it to wiser heads to determine the day, the hour, the minute, at which the unconscious fair one enters upon—"A certain age!"

And first, we must notice a peculiarity in the words which we do not well know how to account for; viz. that their use appears to be almost entirely confined to the fair sex. They are but seldom applied to a Gentleman. We have certainly been ear-witnesses to some exceptions upon this rule: for instance, we heard old Cleaver the butcher, who has lived nearly seventy years, and amassed nearly seventy thousand pounds, advised by his friend Gibbie, the tobacconist, to leave off business, as he was now of a "*certain age*." And in like manner did we hear Mrs. Solander, when inclined for a solitary walk, admonish her husband, the alderman, not to take up his crutch to accompany her, for he was now—"of a *certain age*." But with these, and a few other exceptions, we have heard this significant expression applied solely to ladies.

As to the meaning of the words, we confess that we are so completely at fault, that we do not thoroughly understand whether they imply censure or commendation. The air of sarcasm and contempt with which they are commonly delivered, leave us to conclude that the former is intended to be conveyed; yet we cannot but think that the words themselves signify the latter, if they have any signification at all. For, conscious as we are of the uncertainty of female fancies, the doubts they entertain on the most minute point, the hesitation which they display alike in the refusal of an equipage or a thimble, an ear-ring or a husband, we certainly consider it no small praise in a woman if she is found to be "*certain*" in any thing. Nevertheless, so attached are we all to our folly and our self-conceit, that we are unwilling even to be commended for the exercise of those good qualities which we call mean and contemptible. Hence it is that our fair friends, who cruelly exult in the ambiguity of *uncertain* wills, *uncertain* wishes, and *uncertain* smiles, reject with disdain the honour (which we must allow would be inconsistent) of possessing "*a certain Age*."

The discovery of the time at which this epoch is fixed baffles our utmost diligence. We are rather disposed to place it at no particular number of years in the life of man, but to allow it to vary its period according to the disposition and manner of life of each individual. We would make it a sort of interregnum between Manhood and Age, between Decline and Imbecility. According to our idea, the *certain age* of the officer would last from the first to the final breaking up of his constitution; the *certain age* of the drunkard would extend from the first fit of

the gout to the last shake of the head of his physician ; the judge would find himself in a *certain age*, from the time when he quits *the bench* to the time when he is unable to quit the sofa ; and the coquette must submit to the provoking definition of a *certain age*, from the day on which rouge and enamel first become necessary, to the silent melancholy day on which rouge and enamel will be unavailing.

According to this arrangement, a certain age would be that restless uneasy space which elapses between our first warning to prepare for another world and our final summons to enter it. That period is to some of long, to others of shorter duration ; but we believe there are few to whom this brief, this insufficient space for preparation is not conceded ; there are few who are not warned by some previous sign or visitation that their sand is almost run out, that a new state of existence awaits them, that their days upon this earth are numbered. The phrase which we hear so frequently, and disregard, seen in this light, will indeed inspire sombre and salutary ideas ; for ourselves, we look upon a certain age as if it were the last veil which conceals from us the visions we dread to see ; the last barrier which shuts us from that unexplored country on which we fear to tread ; the last pause between experience and doubt,—the last dark silent curtain which separates Time from Eternity.

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#### ELEGY.

HE who hath roam'd, with slow and pensive tread,  
Through that proud temple of the mighty Dead,  
Where Britain shrines, in monumental state,  
Her wise, her good, her gallant, and her great—  
Whose every footstep, in that awful gloom,  
Hath been re-echoed from the Poet's tomb,  
And broke th' unearthly silence, lone and deep,  
That soothes the warrior in unstartled sleep—  
He must have felt, slow stealing o'er his breast,  
The solemn stillness of that place of rest ;  
Felt that, amidst the silence of the dead,  
Majestic spirits hover'd o'er his head ;  
Till his wrapt soul hath held, or seem'd to hold,  
Mysterious converse with the great of old ;

Travers'd with them the far and pathless skies,  
And, sighing, wak'd to life's realities.

Such lofty dreamings o'er the fancy creep,  
Where the proud ashes of the mighty sleep.  
There let the heart throb, and the pulse beat high,  
And Genius lift her spirit-speaking eye ;  
At Wolsey's grave let young Ambition burn,  
And Science bow at Newton's honour'd urn ;  
But would'st thou feel the gentler throbs of woe,  
Let yon lone church-yard teach thy tears to flow.

Survey the spot:—no pomp arrests the eye,  
The green turf smiles beneath the summer sky ;  
And wild-flowers sweet a glittering mantle spread  
Above the ashes of the village dead.  
The humble mound, with verdant moss o'ergrown—  
The name trac'd rudely on th' unpolish'd stone—  
The simple epitaph of village-bard—  
These are the honours of that lone church-yard ;  
Where every Sabbath hears some friendly tread  
Near the cold dwelling of the kindred dead.

Within the church recline, in humble state,  
They whom the rustics once accounted great.  
There the mild pastor calmly sleeps, beneath  
That spot whence oft he smooth'd the road to death ;  
There he whose wealth the poor man's labour cheer'd  
In death reposes, as in life, rever'd ;  
Nor hears th' oppressor, in his narrow bed,  
The curses misery heaps upon his head.

Amidst the rest there is a nameless cell—  
Here let me pause—I knew its tenant well ;

And still in memory's charmed mirror find  
 Blest years of sunshine with her name entwin'd.  
 Ask not of me—'twere useless to impart  
 That name—'tis written on the poor man's heart.  
 If she had faults, in death they are forgot,—  
 If she had follies—I perceiv'd them not.  
 Her virtues—seek not on her tomb to find  
 The record stamp'd on living Friendship's mind:

Seek it not here :—no monumental stone  
 Lifts its proud head to make those virtues known :  
 No pompous phrases on her tomb reveal  
 The deeds in life she gloried to conceal.  
 Seek it not here—go, view the widow's cot ;  
 Her name lives there—her deeds are unforgot ;  
 Go, view the sick man on his restless bed—  
 Her gifts remain, her memory is not fled ;  
 View the lone orphans in their drear abode—  
 Listen—they pray—her name is breath'd to God.  
 Or—if thou lov'st to revel in distress,  
 Nor shrinks thy soul from deepest wretchedness—  
 Go—her memorial from her children seek—  
 Oh God !—thou'lt find it in the faded cheek,  
 The faltering voice, the deep, half-smother'd sigh,  
 The tear that starts resistless to the eye ;  
 The long, long silence, and the still, fixt gaze  
 Of eyes that tell thee how the Spirit strays ;—  
 Go, seek her virtues in that living scene,  
 And sorrowing cry, " How great they must have been !"  
 Yet she had many sorrows ; pain and care  
 That cheek had furrow'd, once so passing fair.  
 The throbs, the pangs her gentle bosom knew,  
 Were great, were frequent—but were told to few.  
 Yet tranquil were her sorrows, mute her pain,  
 Her meek heart suffered, but could not complain.

Slowly her spirit waned, and when at last  
 Death came, she bow'd her meekly to the blast;  
 Still unrepining left this drear abode,  
 Nor feebly murmur'd at the will of God.

My boyhood's dream is over—Life hath fled,  
 With more of smiles than sorrow, o'er my head;  
 And now, as standing in this silent gloom,  
 Friend of my childhood, I behold thy tomb,  
 In swift succession o'er my Memory fly  
 The dreamlike shadows of the days gone by:  
 Few were those days, but happy—all things smiled  
 On me, a sinless and unthinking child:  
 On every side the prospect glitter'd fair,  
 Light were my sorrows and I knew not care:  
 And friendly faces all around me shone,  
 And every voice breathed Friendship's sweetest tone;  
 Nor knew I then a kinder friend than her,  
 Whom now I honour in her sepulchre.

When the glad Sabbath bade the rustics meet,  
 And lightsome footsteps throng'd the swarming street,  
 How oft with looks of pride, in Sunday dress,  
 I sprung to meet her welcome and caress!  
 How oft, with beating heart and anxious eye,  
 Waited my smiling Parent's dread reply,  
 When she repeated the well-known request  
 "That I that evening might remain her guest,"  
 And led me to the hospitable door  
 Of that fair mansion I shall view no more.

Within that Hall glad faces used to shine,  
 And young eyes gleam'd, and pulses throbb'd with mine;  
 And childhood's sports our footsteps drew around  
 Yon smiling garden's fair and ample bound.

And when, at evening, in that Hall we met,  
With cheeks all sunshine, souls without regret,  
“ Laugh’d the heart’s laugh,” nor knew th’ approach of care,  
(Still, still I *feel* those hours—how sweet they were!)  
She, the fond mother, bless’d each happy child,  
Beheld our pleasures—shared our joys, and smiled.  
Time hath roll’d on—now pass yon gloomy gate,  
And view that mansion—lone and desolate ;  
No hum of happy voices meets the ear,  
No joyous groupes Affection’s bosom cheer :  
Silent and sad the vacant chambers sleep,  
And sorrowing menials scarce forbear to weep.  
There but remains the Memory of her—  
A moonbeam glimmering on the sepulchre.

Spirit, who far above yon silent sky  
Sleep’st in the bosom of Eternity,  
Till the last trumpet’s startling voice shall shake  
This trembling globe, and bid the dead awake ;  
If aught can break thy tranquil dream of bliss,  
If thou can’st hover near a world like this,  
Let thy celestial form at night descend,  
And o’er the slumbers of thy children bend :  
Soothe all their sorrows, steep each troubled breast  
In the pure essence of thy heavenly rest ;  
And lead their gentle Spirits up the sky  
To the bright home of Immortality.

K. S.

August, 1819.



## PETITION OF JEREMY GUBBINS.

*To his Most Gracious Majesty the King of Clubs.*

The Humble Petition of Jeremy Gubbins, Grocer, dealer in tea, tobacco, and snuff, No. 30, Bishopsgate-street Within; who, having diligently perused the account of the proceedings in his Majesty's most excellent Club, humbly entreats that he will take his piteous case into consideration.

Please your Majesty,

I hope your Majesty will excuse my neglect of the forms requisite to addressing so great a personage, on the score of my utter ignorance, having never been acquainted with the etiquette of Courts. Wherefore, trusting to your Majesty's *sweetness* of temper, I will proceed to state my case:—

My father (peace be to his soul!) was a worthy and respectable Grocer, No. 30, Bishopsgate-street Within. He, poor man! cared little of the luxuries of life, while he had his slice of bread and butter and cup of tea in the morning, and his pot of beer and pipe in the evening.

Having such a good example continually before me, I was, from my youth upward, a pattern of prudent and well-tryed economy; indeed, my father, while he patted my head, used to say, that "the honour and fortune of the Gubbinses would never suffer while I was the representative of the family." . . . . When my poor father (peace be to his soul!) departed this mortal life, I succeeded to the fortune and estate of the Gubbinses in Bishopsgate-street, whence I date the melancholy era of my miseries. I succeeded, by my own prudence and economy, to the utmost of my wishes. There was scarce a Lady in London who did not buy her souchong at No. 30, Bishopsgate-street Within; my shop was always the first to open and the first to fill; it was never empty. Elated with such success, I began to relax my ancient parsimony, and when my customers came I wrapped the change, though it were only a farthing, in whity-brown paper; this extravagance, however, would not have utterly ruined me, had not love, "that tyrant love," caught my susceptible heart in his *cayenne* clutches. On the opposite side of the street lived a Tallow-chandler, a prudent man like myself, but who unfortunately had a daughter, whose black eyes soon *turned my small beer to vinegar*. The shop was no longer attended to; the civil, engaging Jeremy Gubbins was no longer constantly behind the counter. The whole business was now left to the charge of the shopman;—he, alas!

poor man, had none of that engaging civility for which I was always so admired. I used to be watching at my window from day to day, in hopes of obtaining a favouring smile from my *sugar plumb*; so great constancy could not be long unrewarded. I paid my addressés; Miss Whilhelmina Maggs blushed, smiled, and at last, simpering told me, that, provided her Papa had no objection, she could not possibly object to a man of my fascinating qualities. It is useless to describe the rest of the courtship; the marriage was put in the papers, and I hired a neat little villa at Hampstead, in order that we might pass the honeymoon as rurally and agreeably as possible. I remember reading in a good book, which my father gave me while a boy, that mortals are shortsighted; I found it now to be true. Miss Whilhelmina Maggs, or rather, Mrs. Whilhelmina Gubbins, had scarce been my adorable wife a fortnight, before I discovered, to my *prime cost*, that her soul was of a *quality* far too refined for the low and contracted *scale* in which I had been accustomed to *weigh* my happiness. For three whole weeks she bothered me night and day to make me give up my shop; for three whole weeks I stoutly resisted; but, alas! what could my untutored eloquence do against her irresistible torrent of Boarding-School rhetoric! My argument could avail nothing against her *well-moulded* tongue; so, finding that I had got a *bad article*, I thought it best quietly to submit to be treated as if I were not worth *an ounce of nutmeg*; comforting myself with the thoughts, that though my *double-refined* wife might be inclined for *wholesale*, I, at least, might enjoy the quiet of a *retail* life. To be short;—I gave up the shop, and bought the villa. The next *article* to be bought was a carriage, for my dear *carraway comfit* declared that she must and would ride in her coach; a carriage could not be kept without horses, nor horses without a coachman. My dear then found out that it was impossible to be agreeable and fashionable without giving frequent parties; at these, I, miserable man, was forced to preside, and be stuck at the head of the table at dinner. In consequence I always lost my dinner, for I had to carve for every body, and Mrs. Gubbins gave me to understand that nothing was so opposite to good manners as to keep the company waiting while I was finishing my dinner. Not long since I got scolded for saving a nice piece of the brown for myself, which Mrs. Such-a-one had particularly desired to have; and the same day was unfortunately detected in the act of wiping my mouth with my coat sleeve. Not a day passed without my getting into disgrace. I am now obliged (unheard-of extravagance!) to take sugar and cream to my coffee, though every mouthful sticks in my throat. I have been so little accustomed to this, that when I was, for the first time, asked by a lady whether I would take cream, I very innocently replied,



"No, thank you, Ma'am, I'll take tea." I am now never allowed to dine till seven o'clock, and have been threatened to be never forgiven if I am ever seen eating with my knife. But, worse than all, I am compelled to forsake my dear apron, which, having been bequeathed to me by my dear father, (peace be to his soul!) has accompanied me through all the vicissitudes of life. I think your Majesty will allow that I am very much to be pitied, having been so long accustomed to stand behind the counter, that I now can never stand in a room without slinking behind a chair or sofa, which never fails highly to amuse my customers; (I beg their pardon, my company.) Your Majesty must perceive, by this time, that I am very much adulterated in my present situation. What am I to do? Am I to continue in this miserable *line*, and serve as a butt to all my acquaintance, or am I boldly to assert my rights, as husband, and return to my snug little shop at No. 30, Bishopsgate-street Within? I await your Majesty's decision with the most anxious expectation, humbly craving that you will not overlook me, for I am convinced that my bodily faculties cannot long withstand this unnatural usage. With your Majesty's permission, I subscribe myself,

You Majesty's most devoted and  
most loyal subject,  
JEREMY GUBBINS.

P.S. I forgot to mention that I am at this moment in disgrace for having preferred onions to olives, with my wine. By-the-bye, wine comes heavy, and Mrs. Gubbins drinks nothing under Hermitage.

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### REFLECTIONS ON WINTER.

"Is Winter hideous in a garb like this?"—COWPER.

THE Winter is approaching; our eyes are no longer dazzled by the penetrating rays of the sun, nor delighted by the variegated colours of a summer prospect; the earth, shrouded in white after the slow silent fall of the flakes of snow, presents to us on every side the same desolate scene; every thing from the hut to the castle, from the oak to the tuft of grass, wears an appearance of uniformity. Thus Winter seems contrasted with Summer, as the silence and the equality of the tomb is contrasted with the noisy bustle and continual variety of life. Yet I will say with the Poet,—

"O! Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art."

Indeed, to one of a melancholy though not discontented turn of mind, there is something not disagreeable, nay more, there is something pleasing, in the departure of Summer, and the approach of the more rugged season:—the former, indeed, it must be acknowledged, excites our spirits to the highest pitch of buoyancy and mirth; but the latter awakes all those melancholy yet pleasing emotions inherent in a contemplative mind. The glow of the summer's day, and the vivid colours of nature, fill us with a momentary burst of cheerfulness; the sporting of the cattle, the song of the birds, and the apparent enjoyment of the whole creation, from man to the butterfly, communicate to us a sympathetic pleasure, arising from the feeling that every thing around us is happy and contented. Yet there is something in the dry chill of the wintry atmosphere, in the hollow melancholy sound of a December storm, which rouses in our minds the sweet sensations of pity and of charity, suggested, perhaps, by the recollection that there are some, who, less fortunate than ourselves, are exposed to wander, without a home, during the inclemencies of the season. We are more pleased with the confidence reposed in us by the unfortunate wanderer of the feathered tribe, whom the frost has deprived of his food, and who, trusting to our hospitality, plaintively demands relief at our window, than by his more lively song during the happier season of summer. We feel more pleasure at hearing the harsh chip of the sparrow, when we have made him happy by scattering before him the crumbs which have perhaps saved him from starvation, than we derive from the most melodious song of the nightingale. I would freely exchange the glowing tint and the warm air of a summer's evening, and the emotions of love and pleasure which it excites, for the lonely silence of the winter night, when the clear sky appears to exhibit the whole immensity of the creation, and fills the mind with ideas of religion and eternity. It is at this time that the wisdom and the beneficence of the Deity, the greatness of his power, the beauty of his works, are most conspicuous: we feel an internal satisfaction at being ourselves a part, however insignificant, of that immense system which then presents itself to our view in all its splendor and magnificence. It is when this most beautiful of prospects is before our eyes, that the mind is most turned towards contemplation and to thoughts of a more serious nature. It seems then, indeed, that

“ Our mind,  
Expanded by the Genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal.”——

But there are some who are not alive to the feelings we are describing. Winter for these has other charms, less sublime, but perhaps not less agreeable. Can any one, who is not dead to the

delights of society, refuse to acknowledge the pleasure of a long winter evening, and the enlivening blaze of the fire, which seems to communicate its cheerfulness to the circle around it? I cannot express myself better on this subject than by quoting two passages from a poet who seems to have felt the true pleasures of these social moments:—

“Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round;  
And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
Which cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“The poet's or historian's page by one  
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;  
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds  
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out,  
And the clear voice symphonious yet distinct,  
And in the charming strife triumphant still,  
Beguile the night.”

We have even a greater pleasure in the cold rays of the sun during the Winter, than we experience from the overpowering glow of the noonday in July. Never during the meridian of their splendor, did we enjoy them with such real delight as when we catch their fleeting glances upon a sunny terrace. They are then like some token by which the memory of a departed friend is brought back to our imagination, for whom our affection is increased by the reflection that he is with us no more.

M. S.

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PEREGRINE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

NO. I.

Nov. 16.—Received a huge parcel of Epigrams. The following struck me as a new interpretation of a passage in Shakspeare:—

“*Killing myself to die upon a kiss.*”

“A crabbed couplet—but the meaning's this;  
The man *must* starve who dines upon a kiss.”

Nov. 19.—Received a large packet of Poetry on various subjects. The following is pretty and simple:—

A FRAGMENT.

I think of thee, I think of thee,  
Thy name it murmurs from my strain,  
When the silence of winter-noon is spread  
Over house, and field, and forest shed,

And the Sun shines white through rain.

I think of thee, I think of thee

When the Moon has climb'd her topmost hill,

When the glances of her bright eye fall

On silver pane, and whiten'd wall,

And the works of men are still.

W.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nov. 20.—The post brought me a large quantity of contributions, principally comic. The author, X. L., is requested to make more use of the file. The following *jeu d'esprit* has some humour:—

#### MARRIAGE.

What, what is Marriage? Harris, Priscian,  
Assist me with a definition.

"Oh!" cries a charming silly fool,

Emerging from her boarding-school,

"Marriage is—love, without disguises,

It is a—something that arises

From raptures, and from stolen glances,

To be the end of all Romances;

Vows—quarrels—moonshine—babes,—but hush!

I mustn't have you see me blush."

"Phsaw," says a modern modish wife,

"Marriage is splendor, fashion, life;

A House in Town, and Villa shady,

Balls, diamond bracelets, and 'my Lady';

Then for Finale, angry words,

'Some people's'—'obstinates,'—'absurds!'

And peevish hearts, and silly heads,

And oaths, and 'betes,' and separate beds."

An aged Bachelor, whose life

Has just been "*sweeten'd*" with a wife,

Tells out the latent grievance thus,

"Marriage is—odd! for one of us

'Tis worse a mile than rope or tree,

Hemlock, or sword, or slavery;

An end at once to all our ways,

Dismission to the one-horse chaise;

Adieu to Sunday can, and pig,

Adieu to wine, and whist, and wig;

Our friends turn out,—our wife's are clapt in,

'Tis 'exit Crony,'—'enter Captain.'

Then hurry in a thousand thorns,

Quarrels and compliments—and Horns.

This is the yoke,—and I must wear it;

Marriage is—Hell, or something near it."

"Why, Marriage," says an Exquisite,  
Sick from the supper of last night,  
"Marriage is—after one by me!  
I promised Tom to ride at three.—  
Marriage is—Gad! I'm rather late!  
La Fleur!—my stays,—and chocolate!  
D—n the Champagne!—so plaguy sour,  
It gives the head-ache in an hour;  
Marriage is—*really* though, 'twas hard  
To lose a thousand on a card;  
Sink the old Duchess!—three Revokes!  
Gad! I must fell the Abbey oaks:  
Mary has lost a thousand more;  
Marriage is—Gad! a cursed bore!"  
Hymen, who hears the blockheads groan,  
Rises indignant from his throne,  
And mocks their self-reviling tears,  
And whispers thus in Folly's ears:—  
"Oh! frivolous of heart and head!  
If strifes infest your nuptial bed,  
Not Hymen's hand, but Guilt, and Sin,  
Fashion, and Folly, force them in;  
If on your couch is seated Care,  
I did not bring the scoffer there;  
If Hymen's torch is feebler grown,  
The hand that quench'd it was your own;  
And what I am, unthinking elves!  
Ye all have made me for yourselves!"

Nov. 21.—Found on my table a cwt. of Love Verses. Burnt them.—*Mem.* To advise the members of the Club not to adore more than *two* at a time—even in Poetry—An exception must be made in favour of Gerard.

Paid a visit at Dr. D'urfey's.—Letitia wanted to bore us with some poetry;—obliged to tell her we received no contributions from Ladies. N. B. This is not the fact, an exception being made in Resolution VI. in favour of our fair friends.

Received and burnt several letters from Candidates for admission into the "King of Clubs."

Read an Epigram from Sir F. Wentworth.—The joke was, that the King of Clubs took all mankind for his *subjects*.—*Emendaturis Ignibus.*

Nov. 23.—Dined out.—Wasn't known for the Editor.—Kept snug, and heard various observations.—One Gentleman abused "Beppo" and "Godiva." N. B. Sorry for his taste.—Another wasn't sure, but he had been told, and he in some measure *believed*, that the King of Clubs was all fiction. N. B. Sorry for

his penetration.—Another, residing at Eton, had never seen “ the Etonian.” N. B. Very sorry for him altogether.

Nov. 24.—Met some of the Club at Breakfast.—The conversation turned on Alliteration.—Lozell quoted a line from Shakespeare—quite in his own style :—

“ As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.”

Met two old Etonians at Ingalton's, making conjectures on the subject of the Authors of the Etonian.—Assured them that I was Peregrine Courtenay ;—they would not believe me.—One of them asserted that he had been an intimate friend of Courtenay's these last six years, and that he had parted from him not two minutes ago at the Christopher. The other laid claim to an acquaintance with Peregrine of equal standing, but maintained that the worthy Chairman had gone off to King's College four years ago. *Mem.* To consult our Attorney-General upon the measures proper to be taken with these impostors. Looked over two light compositions from X. C.—Extracted a part of one of them. The lines are really very creditable to a young writer. Hope to see more of X. C.

“ O ask me not, Ellen, why quickly starts  
The tear to my eye when thine image is gone ;  
You know when the light of the Sun departs  
The dew-drop of Evening comes swiftly on.

\* \* \* \* \*

The worm that delights to illumine the dark \*  
When the mantle of Evening descends in state,  
But lights up the ray of her lonely spark  
To allure by the splendor her roving mate.

Thus the spark of Affection, all pure, all bright,  
Though cruel afar from these arms you roam,  
In this bosom shall burn with unfading light,  
And O! may it light thee, dear Wanderer!—home ! ”

Nov. 25.—Walked up to our Publisher's.—Played “ the Devil ” for half an hour.—Mr. C. K. remarkably sanguine.—Sale of No. II. very good. N. B. Found a “ character ” for Golightly's “ Eve of Publication.”—Took him. Coming down met Miss ———. —Cut me dead.—*Mem.* The Lady thinks we satirized her under the name of Emily. (Vide No. II. p. 140.) Emily is a *Beauty*.—Everybody thinks Miss ——— sat for the picture.—*Four o'Clock*.—Lounged at the Club-Room.—Hodgson made a

\* The male glow-worm is a small fly, furnished with wings, without any of that luminous appearance, the property of the female.”—*Dictionary of Natural History*.

bad pun.—He and Gerard were discussing the faces of rival Beauties.—“Why, my dear Hodgson,” quoth Gerard, “Laura is so tonish.”—“Yes,” quoth the Secretary, “but her two sisters as-tonish.”—Couldn’t smile for the life of me.

Called at my tailor’s.—Inquired whose coat he was making ;—“Mr. Peregrine Courtenay’s.”—“Why, Mr. Reeves !” I exclaimed, “I can never get into such a coat as this.”—“You !” says the man, “you’re not Peregrine Courtenay !” Shakspeare’s “Go to ! you are not Cassius !” burlesqued by another *Brute*.—This is abominable.—I begin to doubt my own existence.

Nov. 26.—Heard of the death of poor Morton.—If ever man died of love it was Edward Morton.—The Lady to whom he became early attached was married to another ;—Morton was present at the marriage, and was never seen to smile afterwards.—The Lady, it is said, was unhappy in her union, and did not survive it many years.—Morton died some time ago at Corfu.—A portrait of the Lady was found in his portfolio, wrapped up in the following lines :—

I.

I saw thee wedded—thou didst go  
 Within the sacred aisle,  
 Thy young cheek in a blushing glow,  
 Betwixt a tear and smile.  
 Thy heart was glad in maiden glee,  
 But he it lov’d so fervently  
 Was faithless all the while ;  
 I hate him for the vow he spoke—  
 I hate him for the vow he broke.

II.

I hid the love that could not die,  
 Its doubts, and hopes, and fears,  
 And buried all my misery  
 In secrecy and tears ;  
 And days pass’d on, and thou didst prove  
 The pang of unrequited love,  
 E’en in thine early years ;  
 And thou didst die, so fair and good !  
 In silence and in solitude !

III.

While thou wert living, I did hide  
 Affection’s secret pains ;  
 I’d not have shock’d thy modest pride  
 For all the world contains ;

But thou hast perish'd, and the fire  
That, often check'd, could ne'er expire,  
Again unhidden reigns :  
It is no crime to speak my vow,  
For ah ! thou canst not hear it now.

## IV.

Thou sleepest 'neath thy lowly stone,  
That dark and dreamless sleep ;  
And he, thy lov'd and chosen one—  
Why goes he not to weep ?  
He does not kneel where I have knelt,  
He cannot feel what I have felt,  
The anguish, still, and deep,  
The painful thoughts of what has been,  
The canker-worm that is not seen.

## V.

But I—as o'er the dark blue wave  
Unconsciously I ride,  
My thoughts are hovering o'er thy grave,  
My soul is by thy side.  
There is one voice that wails thee yet,  
One heart that cannot e'er forget  
The visions that have died ;  
And aye thy form is buried there—  
A doubt,—an anguish,—a despair !

Nov. 27.—Held a drawing-room this day. Gerard wrote the following invitation for the occasion ; but the deuce a Deity attended. Gerard wanted to bring down some Goddesses from Drury-lane, but Martin Sterling was against it. After all, we had so many *Christian* Goddesses, that the *Heathen* ones were not missed.

Hither haste, ye Gods and Goddesses,  
In your sprucest robes and bodices !  
From Olympus' and from Ide,  
And from every spot beside,  
Where you drive aërial dillies  
Over marigolds and lilies,  
Hither on this jocund day, i  
To the levee haste away.

Bacchus, come and bring with thee  
Merry toppers frank and free,\*  
Pholus, with his pimpled head,  
Bitias with his nose of red,  
Hilaris, that toasts the lasses,  
In champagne and half-pint glasses :

\* This related to the dinner which followed.—W. ROWLEY.



Leave behind that roaring fellow,  
Comus, ever mad and mellow ;  
If you bring that thirsty elf,  
Deuce a drop you'll get yourself,  
Momus come! and convoy down,  
From thy fav'rite haunt, the town,  
While the morn is bright and sunny ;  
All that's gay and all that's funny ;  
Convoy calculating cits,  
Would-be bucks, and would-be wits ;  
Aged dames, with rouge and dress,  
Imitating loveliness ;  
Ruby nose, and wrinkled chin,  
Eyes that stare, and mouths that grin ; \*  
But thou need'st not bring to us  
Ever-punning Asinus,  
If that lively blockhead's jest  
Gives its sharp and pungent zest  
To our meat and to our wine,  
Momus! none will laugh at thine.

Venus, queen of darts and flames,  
Bring with thee thy fairest dames ;  
Lydia, beautifully shy,  
Chloe, with her roguish eye,  
Caroline, whose auburn tresses  
Zephyr wantonly caresses,  
Laura, with her neck of snow,  
Ellen, playful as the roe ;  
Bring mine own enchanting fair,  
Grace and passion in her air,—  
Bring her with thee!—I forget thee!  
Envy, Venus! will not let thee!

**Nov. 28.**—Read over Hodgson's report of yesterday's proceedings; approved of it, and sent it to press. N. B. Mr. H. is apt to be facetious, and puts puns in the mouths of his fellow-members, of which they were never guilty. He might derive a useful lesson or two from Oakley's "Objections to other Men's Wit."

**Mem.**—To publish them the first opportunity. Talked politics with Sir Francis.—Had a letter from Burton—the following is an extract :—

"Miss Anne Parsons was married last Monday. The papers say she is very accomplished. Thereby hangs a tale. I was introduced to her some weeks ago, and my friend informed me that the lady was a great poetess, a great musician, and understood all modern languages except *one*. Now, you know, Courtenay, I only speak *one* language, and I suppose that is the *one* with which Anne is unacquainted."

\* "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

*Mem.*—Martin must write a paper recommending the study of *English* to all *accomplished ladies*.

Received a few rhymes from Patrick O'Connor. Extracted one stanza for the sake of the pun. I did not suspect Pat of any thing so classical.

TO TOBACCO.

Come, whate'er may be thy form,  
Bring thy leaves, or stem, or root,  
Come, my shiv'ring palate warm,  
Leave the shrine of Lundy Foot!  
Come thou choicest, primest thing!  
Io! *Bacche!* let me sing!

*Four o'clock till five.*—Sat in my elbow-chair, something between sleeping and waking. Meditated on No. I. No. II. No. III. and No. IV.—Scribbled the following

Epilogue to No. III.

Fellow Etonians! all who view  
With kindness Numbers One and Two;  
Belles who have called "Godiva" rash,  
Or wept upon the "Lines to ———";  
Look partially on No. III.,  
The latest labour of P. C.;  
Let merry laugh and cheering smile  
Our voluntary taste beguile.

While you behold with partial praise  
The efforts of our early days,  
Glad in your smile, the Monarch's Muse  
Laughs at the threats of cold Reviews,  
Shakes off the rules of place and time,  
And puns in prose, and puns in rhyme,  
And shakes her Club, in humour skittish,  
At all the thunders of "the British."\*

\* I hear sad reports of the intended severities of Mr. R\*\*\*\*s, the Editor of the British. If the said reports are groundless, I beg it may be thought that "the British" is only introduced "*Metri Gratia*." If Mr. R\*\*\*\*s really means to be spiteful, all I can say is, "Fye, Mr. R\*\*\*\*s!"

## No. IV.

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### THE KING OF CLUBS.

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#### WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF "THE ETONIAN."

*Saturni, 27o die Januarii, 1821.*

BEFORE I detail to you, beneficent Readers, the proceedings of our first meeting since the Holidays,—or, to speak more correctly, the Recess,—allow me, in my own person (for I am a bit of an egotist), to make to you a few remarks which Mr. Courtenay's modesty hath omitted.

Firstly, have you read our first three Numbers? If not, betake yourself forthwith to Mr. Warren's and buy copies, if they are to be bought, for, like honest men, they are becoming scarce. How should it be otherwise, when we are patronized alike by peerage and people,—when Mr. Hill, the barrister, calls us "the best thing going,"—when Miss Lely, the coquet, allows that, after Tom Moore, and scandal, and flirtation, we are really "pretty well,"—when Professor Von Masterlich has analyzed us in the German, and Father Confu Ching Chau has translated us in the Chinese,—when, finally, in common with every thing that has the welfare of Eton for its object, we have been noticed by the Princess Augusta.

But perhaps you *have* read the above-mentioned three Numbers; why then look for a moment at the effects they have produced:—Flint's has been crowded with tenfold custom ever since it was the scene of "Lover's Vows;" Lord Byron has withheld his continuation of *Don Juan*, for fear of competing with "Godiva;" Gerard's Remarks on Wordsworth have been closely followed by a new Edition of the *Excursion*: the *Microcosm*, and the *Miniature*, which were falling into a venerable, but I am afraid forgotten, old age, have attained as it were a second youth (*vide* Wrapper), and burst again upon public admiration as the real monarchs of early literature, who see in "The King of Clubs" the most respectful, though the most unworthy of their vassals.

The Newspapers have taken much notice of us; more, I think, than they do of some of our betters. I may enumerate "The Sun," "The Guardian," "The New Times," and divers provincial prints, among those which have illuminated the world with extracts. "The British Stage"\* has reviewed us very favourably; to say the truth, the Editor has made a mistake or two, but I shall not enumerate them, as I understand Peregrine has desired him to correct them in the ensuing Number. The Club is much obliged to "The British Stage."

\* N.B. *The British Stage* may stand in lieu of *The British Review* at the conclusion of No. III.; as the latter Publication has charitably let us alone.

Talking of the Stage, I must remark upon a scandalous misapprehension which has gone abroad upon the subject of my individual person in its official capacity. Have you not seen in the puffs in the papers, and the puffs in the bills, that the prologue at the Lyceum is spoken by the "Knave of Clubs?" Now I believe this is a device to draw an audience; yet it is by too many believed that I myself, Richard Hodgson, Knave of Clubs, Secretary, have degraded myself to the limit of a stage-player, and come forward (*"Proh Jupiter,"*) with "A Prologue on the Posy of a Ring!" I avow under my hand, that I am sitting, at half-past ten, in a cell 7 feet by 6, scribbling egotism, which is not written to please those whom it will not please. And here is a Bill which gives me a special retainer to the Opera House! I shudder at the age in which I live! Have I senses? Am I a man? Will these gentlemen be contented with giving me *two* capacities, or am I like Captain Absolute, *three* people at once?

But I must trespass on your attention no longer; for indeed our delay in the appearance of this Number has so overburthened us with contributions that we can only spare six pages for our Club Report.

#### MEETING OF THE CLUB.

The Club met pursuant to notice, and Mr. COURTENAY took the Chair. Discontent appeared prevalent among the Members, and there was reason to apprehend that the revolutionary spirit which has of late breathed out its malignant fury against greater Potentates, had pervaded the subjects of his Majesty of Clubs. The names were called over, the punch was prepared, and the storm arose.

Reader, have you ever seen a bull fastened to a stake and goaded to madness by bipeds and quadrupeds innumerable? Have you ever seen a milliner tormented by the queries of twenty boarding-school Misses, and rated for the late arrival of the new Bonnet, or the new Body? Finally, have you ever seen Lord Castlereagh opposing himself a single, and a ready respondent to the interrogatories of countless Oppositionists, who present themselves in horrible succession, as if the line would "stretch out to the crack of doom?" If you have seen these things, you may perhaps form some idea of the rapidity with which questions upon questions were poured out upon Mr. Courtenay—all of them relating to a point upon which many of our readers are doubtless as inquisitive. I am sorry that I am forbidden to gratify their curiosity.

Mr. COURTENAY rose to reply. He moved, as a preliminary stipulation, that the Secretary be directed not to publish the proceedings which ensued: accordingly I laid down my pen. In the explanation which followed, high words took place; and Martin Sterling had great difficulty in calming the turbulent animosities of some of the Members. The enraged contributors more than once threw up their pens, and the enraged Editor more than once threw up his office. Finally, when preparing to lay down his sceptre and quit the room, Mr. Courtenay, like the Speaker of King Charles's Parliament, was held forcibly in his chair, while certain measures were agreed upon;

which—but I shall offend—and besides, Reader, I can tell you no more, for—I fell asleep,

How long the discussion lasted I know not. I was roused by a cry of “Report, Report;” and, on awaking, found Mr. Courtenay on his legs, descending, with all his pristine good-humour, on the merits of No. IV.—I immediately resumed my pen.

“Gentlemen,” said Mr. COURTENAY, “you will find in our Fourth Number an attempt to substitute a little serious, and I trust profitable, matter for a portion of the puns and little witticisms, which have perhaps occupied too large a space of our preceding efforts. I hope that even the least serious of our readers will not find fault with this concession made to gravity and good sense, in consequence of the advice of our seniors and our superiors. In the mean time they may rest assured that our attention will never be directed *exclusively* to serious and moral topics: I am conscious, and I believe our readers are conscious, that ‘THE ETONIAN’ must *amuse* before he can pretend to *instruct*.

“It is useless for me to repeat my congratulations to you upon the subject of the success of our Third Number. Indeed, since I have mixed with older critics than are to be found among our schoolfellows, and conversed with censors less partial than those of Eton College, I have been so surprised by the favour which has been extended to us, that it would look like vanity were I to dwell upon it longer.

“I have to inform you, that a Reprint of our First Number has been called for, and provided, with the addition of ‘My Brother’s Grave.’ A separate edition of that beautiful poem has been printed for the accommodation of our former purchasers. It was written in the year 1818, not 1820, as the date would infer. The mistake was that of the compositor.

“The delay of one month in our publication has considerably overstocked us with matter; and although our Number will be found unusually crowded, we must still rely on the indulgence of many friends for the non-insertion of their favours.”—(*Hear, hear.*)

#### THANKS OF THE CLUB.

The thanks of the Club were then unanimously voted to the contributors to our present Number;—also to the authors of the following Articles, which will shortly appear:—

The Bride Cake.

Somnia Montgomeriana, Nos. I. II. III. IV. V. VI. VII.

The Sabbath.

The Two Hunch-Backs.

Memoirs of Peter Poeticus, Gent., late of the Horæ Otiosæ in this kingdom.

A Sober Essay on Love, by A. Le Blanc.

On the Blues

A Fragment.

On Charles Lamb’s Poetry.

On the Lake School in general.

A Party at the Pelican.

Reminiscences of my Youth, Nos. II. III. IV.

On the Writings of Montgomery (James) by W.

On the Writings of Montgomery (Gerard) by Himself.

The Knight and the Knave, an old English Tale.

Essays on the Poems of Homer, and on the Manners of the Age in which he lived.

The thanks of the Club were voted to the Authors of "Sentiment," and "Bashfulness and Impudence," which have hardly sufficient "*Finish*" for insertion.

Mr. COURTENAY stated, that as a fragment by X. C., inserted in the Scrap-Book, had been much admired, the verses would be printed entire in No. V.

Mr. COURTENAY moved the thanks of the Club to Gerard Montgomery, the support and ornament of "The Etonian," both in Prose and Poetry. Mr. Courtenay begged that, when he thanked the Hon. Gentleman most cordially for his zeal in the cause, he might not be considered as a party to the sentiments expressed in the Essays on Wordsworth and Coleridge,—sentiments in some of which he confessed he by no means coincided.—GERARD briefly returned thanks.

#### GOLIGHTLY'S FROLICSOME PROPOSAL.

Mr. GOLIGHTLY rose, and said a few words to the following effect:—

"Gentlemen,—I perceive that there is still lurking about us a certain degree of coldness and ill-will, which it ought to be our endeavour to subdue. Since business appears for the present to be at a stand, I propose that each member present shall proceed to read to the meeting some one of the numerous articles which every one of us has in preparation, and that every individual do continue on his legs as long as the Club think fit, and resume his seat when our unanimous voices shall cry 'Hold, enough!'"

The proposal was agreed to. Now, Reader, in the detail which it is my duty to give you, you will think I am rather recounting the drunken orgies of Bacchanalians, than the meeting of a sober and well-regulated Club. Indeed this has been the impression on the public mind ever since "The Etonian" made his appearance. I must correct the mistake. We assume at our meetings the fun, the frolic, the frivolity of inebriety,—and allow me to assure you it is only *assumed*. Eton is not the drunken spot which some have supposed it to be. Look through its list for 1820; and, when you find the name of Patrick O'Connor, draw a line under it:—you will then have underscored the only regular slave to the bottle in Eton—and not till then.

#### VON NICKERNEUCHT'S PHILOSOPHICAL RESIGNATION.

To proceed. Mr. COURTENAY, as in duty bound, set the example by a recitation of the following extract from a communication entitled, "Real Facts, descriptive of the Characters of the Wild Americans:—"

" Captain Von Nickerneucht, in his forty-ninth year, after enduring all the hardships of fighting and philosophy, hot blows and cold meals, almost from his cradle; after studying all tongues, visiting all lands, and getting wounds in all services,—was taken prisoner by a tribe of Indians in a skirmish on the banks of the Ohio. He was immediately presented to an old lady of high rank, as a substitute for her son, who had fallen; and it was notified to him, that in order to qualify himself to be a representative of the hero, he must submit to certain disagreeable operations. First, whereas the deceased Wastchinotkow, which signifies "the Great Bear," had been unfortunate in the loss of his teeth, the Captain must submit to a similar deprivation. "Well," said he, "I swallowed three in a drunken bout; and after all, it is better to have them extracted like a philosopher, than knocked down one's throat like a fool." Next, whereas the deceased had been deprived of his scalp when he was left for dead by the hostile tribe of the Mogasees, the Captain must of course bow to necessity here also. "After all," said he, "it is better to take off the externals of the head, after the manner of the Mogasees, than poison the internals with apophthegms, and theories, and speculations, after the manner of the Philologists." Finally, whereas the deceased weighed but seven stone, and the Captain was large of bone, it was necessary to bleed him to a certain weight. "After all," said the Captain, "it is better to be bled by a warm-hearted Chakapow Indian than by a hot-headed Parisian duellist." What a Stoic resignation! He died like a philosopher, for the bleeding killed him—"after all."—(*Hear, hear.*)

LE BLANC TURNED POET.

Mr. ALLEN LE BLANC burst out, to our astonishment, in the following strain:—

"I stood beside the moon! and there I watch'd,  
And saw into her visions, and beheld  
The wits of men innumerable, clad  
In robes of varied hues.—Mighty and gay,  
And vain and violent spirits, all were mixed,  
As in a charnel house.—

And I beheld  
The wits of beauties, light and airy things,  
Sporting about in beds of painted flowers,  
All bright and all deceitful:—and the wits  
Of sages, hunting in abyss profound  
Conclusions and confusions. Poets' wits  
Were soaring high, hither and thither, playing  
With dreamy thoughts and wild imaginings  
Intense—unutterable——"

FLATTERY AND PLAIN-SPEAKING.

Here the Hon. Gentleman was stopped, and Mr. O'CONNOR proposed that he should be fined for talking Greek. Mr. Oakley and Mr. Lozell began to

recite their respective essays on "Flattery" and "Plain-speaking" together, so that I could but catch a sentence of each alternately. "I say that Flattery is" "a rough and insolent way of speaking" "which always denotes a servile and an" "unyielding mind." "The Flatterer is always one who" "takes no pains whatever to make himself agreeable or pleasing: civility, on the contrary," "will always say to a thief, 'thief,' and to a fool, 'fool.'"—Mr. O'Connor here drowned the voices of the combatants by a Greek song, which will be inserted with a smart new type in No. V.

#### HODGSON AT A NE PLUS ULTRA.

The spirits of the meeting were so exhilarated by the song and the singer, that it was impossible to curb them. A kind of discord arose, of which I could carry away no idea. Every member was haranguing upon some favourite subject with such excessive earnestness, that even the punch-bowl was neglected. I could not the next morning arrange, in the smallest degree, my notes of what passed; and therefore the reader must be content with my rough draught of the conversation.

"Were I to journey to Kamschatka—I would join the South Americans: how can they fail when they are fighting for their own homes; when their country's liberty is at stake—When bread has fallen, Sir—Prince Leboo—Arrah! Sandy, it may do in your country—Mr. O'Connor, ye'll gar me gie ye an—Order, order—Every body must study economy; nobody can get at the product without working the sum—Fill Sir Thomas's glass—

' Though lightnings roar above me,  
While witheringly I rove,  
Here's a health for those that love me,  
And a heart for those I love.'

—Bravo—very well! I shall open my treatise by a few general remarks on the visual nerves.—My great grandfather wore a wig—I am often absorbed in fits of mental abstraction, from which nothing can relieve me but this one remedy—A pig's head with a lemon in his mouth—The Stocks gradually rising—I detest the stocks: Looney Mac-Mulligan had his ancles broke by 'em—Metaphysics, gentlemen—Theology—Mr. Burton has discovered the Longitude.—Where will you find a more glorious character than *our* Wellington?—Peter Bell—The Five Bills, Mr. Sterling—Nonsense, Wentworth, how can the Five Bills do any injury to—The prosperity of the Etonian!—Silence—Bumpers!"

Here the PRESIDENT, finding his office of no effect, left the Chair without putting the question of adjournment. Sir F. WENTWORTH made some political strictures upon his precedents for so doing; for which he would have been fined if the Chairman had been in his place. The exuberant spirits of the Meeting soon after subsided, and they returned to their "narrow dwellings."

(Signed) RICHARD HODGSON,

Secretary.



## GIROLAMO AND SYLVESTRA.

*(A Tale from the Italian.)*

THERE are some very good sort of people who fancy they are much wiser than their neighbours, whilst in fact their share of sense is much smaller; and hence they do not scruple to oppose their own opinions not only to the judgment of others, but even to the current and bias of Nature itself; from which presumption innumerable melancholy consequences have followed, but no shadow of good at any time. Now, among the whole circle of natural events there is nothing which, from its very essence, will less admit of counsel or opposition than Love; which indeed may sometimes be subdued by leaving it to waste away and consume itself, but, if there be truth in philosophy, was never yet destroyed or prevented by violence or foresight. To prove this needs nothing else than the simple relation of the following tale, wherein a certain elderly manœuvring Lady, who would forsooth be more cunning than either she herself was, or the case admitted, took counsel how she might drag love from the heart of a lover, where his stars perhaps had infixed it, which indeed she effected by extirpating love and life together from the body of her son.

Some years ago there lived in Florence a very rich merchant, who was besides, as is not uncommon, of noble extraction, by name Leonardo Sighieri. He had one son by his wife, called Girolamo, very shortly after whose birth, he himself, having arranged all his affairs, departed from this world. The guardians, who were appointed to assist his widow in the direction and education of his son, were honourable citizens, and they strove to do justice to their young ward. Now it happened that the little lad growing up as he did, together with many other boys of the neighbourhood, never cared much for the rude sports of his equals, but was always seen walking hand in hand with a little girl about his own age, who was the daughter of a respectable tradesman in the same street. A few years afterwards, when age had matured their feelings, this childish fondness became, on the part of Girolamo, a passion so ardent and fierce, that he fell quite sick of love, and never was in spirits except when he was gazing upon his Sylvestra; and it is certain that she loved him full as much as she was beloved. Now the mother of the boy, as soon as she perceived this attachment of her son, took him severely to task about it, and reproached him with a conduct unbecoming one of his rank and wealth. But, not being able to restrain him from his pursuit, she was much vexed, and revolved in her mind all the

expedients she could dream of for preventing, what she dreaded more than any thing, an unworthy match for the heir of the illustrious House of Sighieri. At length she resolved upon communicating the matter to his guardians, and asking their advice or authority, which she did in these words:—"Well, gentlemen, I have a pretty affair to tell you! What think ye of our little sparrow, young Girolamo I mean, who is not yet fourteen years of age, being desperately in love with the daughter of the tailor, who lives at the corner of the street! And what is more, I can't persuade him out of it for my life, and I don't doubt, that unless we can somehow or other take him from her, he will, one of these days, without saying a word to any of us, take her for his bride—and then I am positive I shall die of chagrin; or if he does not go so far as that, he will pine away with love, if he sees her married to another. Now the best thing I can think of to prevent either of these events, is to send him away under pretence of looking into his mercantile affairs in Paris. Perhaps absence will allay his passion, Sylvestra will vanish from his mind, and, when he comes back, I will pick out some suitable match for him." The guardians all declared that the good lady spoke wisely, and that they would promote her plan as far as possible; so, having called Girolamo into their presence, the eldest addressed him in a kind tone of voice as follows:—"My dear son, you are now grown quite a fine young man, and it is high time for you to begin looking a little after your own affairs;—our opinion is, that you should immediately go to Paris, where a great part of your trade is carried on, and personally inspect the accounts of your agents; besides all which, Paris is the best place in which a youth like you can learn manners, and that elegance of carriage, which is only to be acquired by frequent converse with Lords and Ladies, and Knights and Gentlemen, plenty of whom you will meet with at that splendid court; after which you may return hither." The boy listened very attentively, and then answered briefly, that he would do no such thing, for he could make as good a figure as any one else at Florence. Our worthy guardians upon this repeated their injunctions, and even went so far as to rebuke Girolamo very sharply for an hour together; nevertheless they could not carry their point, nor get from him any other answer, but that he was determined not to leave Florence. Away they went to his mother, and told her the event of her plan; whereupon she flew into a violent rage, and reproached him with being disobedient to her and his guardians, and with falling in love with such a creature as a tailor's daughter; but, perceiving that she only made him more obstinately bent upon his will by this harsh treatment, she had recourse to coaxing him by kisses, and tears, and flattery, to do what she wished; and at last she suc-

ceeded so well in softening his heart, that he consented to go to Paris for a year, and no longer ; which accordingly he did, though it cost him many a pang to tear himself from his first love. When he was once in Paris, his mother found means, by various pretences, to keep him there for more than two years ; and when at length, burning with restrained love, he returned home, he found Sylvestra married to a young tent-maker. This threw him into an agony of grief at first ; but at length, considering that what was once done could never be undone, he meditated for some time upon some means of gratifying his passion as he might. Accordingly, having discovered her room in her new house, he began, after the fashion of young lovers, to pass and repass her window, fondly hoping that she had not forgotten him, any more than he had forgotten her. But the case, as it happened, was otherwise. She did not remember him at all any more than if she had never seen him before, or at least, if she did at times recollect him, she feigned that she did not ; all which coldness he soon perceived, and was penetrated with the most poignant melancholy. Nevertheless he did every thing imaginable to recover his empire over her mind, but so entirely without success, that a fit of mingled passion, anger, and despondency, took entire possession of all his faculties, and he visibly declined in strength and health. In short, he felt that he was a dying man, and determined at all hazards, if he died for Sylvestra, to tell Sylvestra so himself.

To put this resolution in practice, he informed himself, by means of a neighbour, of the internal arrangements of the house ; and one evening, whilst Sylvestra and her husband were gone out to a party of their friends, he secretly entered her chamber, concealed himself behind some canvass which was extended for the manufacture of tents, and quietly waited till they returned, went to rest, and he could perceive that her husband was asleep ; then, moving gently from his hiding-place, he advanced to that side of the bed on which Sylvestra lay, and, putting his hand upon her bosom, said, in a very faint tone of voice,—“ O, my own life, my love, sleepest thou yet ? ” Sylvestra, who was not asleep, had nearly screamed out, but the youth instantly checked her by whispering,—“ For the sake of God, don't be alarmed or cry out—I am your own poor Girolamo.” When she heard this, she trembled all over, and replied, “ I entreat you, for Jesu's sake, Girolamo, to go away directly ; alas ! alas ! you know, as well as I do, that those happy days of our childhood are passed and gone, when no one forbade us to love each other. I am, as you see, married ; for which reason it is now very wrong in me to think of any man except my husband ; and so I again entreat you, as you fear God, to leave me instantly, for should my husband awake and see you, supposing no other harm should follow, yet it is certain that I

never should enjoy any peace with him more ; whereas I am now passionately loved by him, and, for my own part, I own I live tranquilly and happily with him."

The youth, upon hearing these words, felt the most piercing grief; and although he reminded her of all the past scenes of their happy love, undiminished in his heart by time or distance, and mingled his tale with the most fervent prayers and most tempting offers, he could not obtain the smallest favour. Desirous of ending his days near the object of his love, he prayed of her, lastly, as a reward for his long and unshaken passion, that she would permit him to lay himself by her side until he had recovered a little warmth, as he had become almost icy-cold in waiting for her; promising her, at the same time, that he would not speak to her a syllable, nor touch her person, and that as soon as he could feel some life in his limbs again, he would depart from her for ever. Sylvestra could not help feeling some little compassion for him, and, upon these conditions, permitted him to lie down by her. The unhappy boy being stretched out at length by the side of her he adored, though without touching her, and recollecting in one moment the long-continued love he had felt for her, and her present hard-heartedness, his lost hopes and eternal despair, determined to live no longer; and, holding his breath, without making the slightest motion, ended the contest and died by her side. A short time afterwards, Sylvestra, wondering at his stillness, and fearing lest her husband should awake, began to say,—“Prithee, Girolamo, go away,—why dont you move?” Not hearing him answer, she thought very likely he had gone to sleep; so stretching out her hand to awaken him, she began to feel him, and touching his face, she found it was cold as ice, which surprised her very much; but moving him again with more force, and perceiving that he stirred not at all, after some little further examination she plainly perceived that he was dead; upon which she almost lost her senses with sorrow and despair, and remained for a long time not knowing what to do. At length she resolved upon asking her husband what he would do in such a case, if it were to happen to him; and, having awakened him, she represented the story as having taken place with some other persons, and then inquired of him what would have been his conduct in such circumstances. The good man replied, that, in his opinion, the best thing to do would be to carry the dead youth quietly to his own house and leave him there; and he declared, for his part, that in such a case he should bear his wife no grudge, as it did not appear to him that she had committed any fault. “Then,” said Sylvestra, “so be it—and so let us do ourselves;” and, having taken her husband’s hand, she made him feel the dead body. At which being frightened beyond measure, he sprang out of bed and

lighted a lamp, and, without saying a syllable more to his wife, he took the body in the same clothes it had on upon his shoulders, carried it to the door of the house where Girolamo had lived, and having placed it there, left it standing upright. When the morning came, and the dead body was seen standing against the wall, there was a great multitude collected, and much lamentation on all sides, but especially from his mother; and, upon his being examined, and no blow or wound being discoverable upon his person, it was generally believed by the doctors that the youth had died of grief, which was indeed the fact. The corpse was forthwith conveyed to the inside of a church, and thither came the weeping mother, with a great troop of sorrowing relations and friends, and all of them began immediately, after the manner of the country, to bewail themselves and make a loud lamentation.

Now whilst these funeral rites were being performed by his mother and her female relations, the man in whose house Girolamo died said to Sylvestra, "Prithee put a veil over thy head, and go to the church where they have laid Girolamo, and insinuate thyself amongst the women, and hear what they say of this transaction, whilst I will do the same amongst the men, so that we may know whether any one suspects us of having been at all concerned in it." The proposal pleased the youthful bride, who now too late had become sorrowful and compassionate, and she longed ardently to gaze upon him dead, to whom, when alive, she would not grant the favour of one single kiss. It is a wonderful thing this Love! and almost impossible to be known beforehand, in all its hidden forces and surprising revolutions! That heart, which the living and prosperous fortune of Girolamo could not open, his present miserable fate subdued in an instant, and rekindled within it all her former flames of love and passion. A moment afterwards, upon looking on his pallid and emaciated countenance, she fell into an agony of remorse and pity, and, covering her face with the veil, she glided on through the crowd of women till she came to the feet of the dead boy; then uttering a shriek of unutterable meaning, where love, and passion, and sorrow, and despair, were mingled together, she threw herself at length upon Girolamo, and would have bathed his face in burning tears, had not Death touched her almost before she fell, her heart being broken, and her breath choked up by the violence of reviving feelings. After this the mourners around began to comfort her, and exhorted her to rise up, not as yet knowing who she was; but when they saw that she did not move, they endeavoured to help her; and, finding her insensible, they lifted her up, and at one and the same instant they discovered that it was Sylvestra, and that she was dead. Upon which all the matrons were over-

whelmed with double sorrow, and began again a second lamentation. The rumour of this strange event was soon spread out of doors, and at length came to the ears of her husband, who, when he heard it, would receive no consolation or comfort from any one, and for a long time mourned in profound grief. Some time after this the real circumstances of the death of the youth were related by the husband, and when they were publicly known they excited much indignation against the mother, who had taken such fruitless pains to quell the natural instincts of love. The deceased Sylvestra was adorned in a becoming manner with wreaths of flowers, and small knots of party-coloured ribbons, and then laid out in the same sepulchre, side by side, with Girolamo; and the young of both sexes of Florence for many days came to view them and weep over their unhappy fate; and little poems and songs were thrown upon their bodies; and their epitaph was written in these words:—

GIROLAMO AND SYLVESTRA.

Love could not join them in life—

Death hath joined them together in inseparable union for ever.

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## ON THE APPROACH OF THE HOLIDAYS.

“Ibimus, O socii comitesque.”—HOR.

A FEW more days— and Vacuna, with all her train of smiles and pleasures, will be our companion. A few more days, and Eton will send forth her numerous foster-children, to forget, with due expedition, the precepts which she has laboured to instil. Already are all our Windsor vehicles, from imperial tandem to lowly chaise and pair, bespoken for the removal of our fellow-citizens; already the rulers of our little state are looking forward to their release from “*durance vile*,” and our dames are “*blessing their stars*,” and preparing their last new apparel for a visit.

How busy is the scene! Wherever we go we are reminded by a thousand images that a great change in our commonwealth is at hand. Every friend we meet has a busy and thoughtful countenance, which seems to say to us, “I shall see you no more for some time.”

What an alteration takes place in the manners and characters of our schoolfellows as the Holidays approach! A hundred little foibles and follies, which have lain dormant during the uniformity of an Eton life, now begin to spring up, and force themselves upon

our notice. Among these, the desire of making a figure, or, as it is more usually termed, "cutting a dash," has a strong and extensive influence over the younger part of our community. Our little friend Gnavus, who, to do him justice, has been exercising all imaginable assiduity since his last vacation, is now busily employed in locking up his books, lest any one should suppose him to be "a sap in the Holidays." Carus, who dresses, while at Eton, with an almost puritanical plainness, is terribly afraid that Mr. Ingaltton's idleness may disappoint him of his top-boots; and Novus, whose quiet simplicity has hitherto procured for him the prænomen of *Cæker*, is anticipating, with inconceivable rapture, the splash which long spurs and a bit of blood will make on the London road.

How various are the enjoyments and pursuits in which the members of our commonwealth will shortly be engaged. One is anxious to see his friends, and another to see the world; one will read algebra, and another will read novels; one will kill birds in Norfolk, and another will kill time in Bond-street. Mr. Sterling is looking forward to an interview with the vicar of the parish, and Mr. Montgomery to a tête-à-tête with the belle of the county: Mr. Golightly is sighing for the glass of the lounge, and Mr. Rowley for the glass of the bon-vivant.

Perhaps the meditations of no two persons are alike; but the meditations of all have for their origin, their ground, their keystone—the Holidays. It is a circumstance that would surprise in no small degree an uninitiated observer, that in spite of the thousand delights and fascinations which are supposed to be concentrated in this single word—Holidays,—we scarcely meet a countenance which exhibits any extraordinary pleasure at their approach. And this we conceive does not proceed from any insensibility to the gratification of revisiting the places of our birth, and returning to the friends of our childhood; but rather from that reluctance we all feel to any change of place or habits which is accompanied with hurry and trouble. Of course, we do not assert that "The Holidays" are words conveying to any one unpleasant ideas;\* but there is a certain degree of restlessness attending the preparation for them, which is disagreeable even to lively minds, and absolutely vexatious to more sober and sedate dispositions.

Some of our friends are now leaving this abode of literature, not to return to it again. On the countenances of these the joy which is supposed to be felt upon such an occasion is still less manifest. They have finished the course which, as boys, they had to run. The few duties which devolve upon life at this age have

\* Our good friend Mr. M. Swinburne excepted.—P. C.

been concluded, by some of them heedlessly, by others with credit; but they are concluded; and the industrious and the idle, the steady and the wild, participate in the regret which their conclusion occasions,—a regret which the scholar endeavours to subdue by looking forward to academical honours, and the trifler to dissipate by examining the Russia and the Morocco of his *leave-books*.

We believe there is no one, however frivolous may be his pursuits, however strong his dislike of scholastic literature, who sees his final departure draw near without a considerable degree of regret, bordering on melancholy. Some may smile, and others may sneer, when we assure them that the best relief they can prepare for this painful sensation is the consciousness that their time in this place has been honourably and profitably employed. Wiser lips than ours have declared that the terrors of a death-bed are only to be dispelled by the remembrance of a life well spent. This final departure from

“That dear schoolboy dwelling which we love,”

is, as it were, the death-bed of our *Eton* life: and we can confidently assert that it stands in need of a similar consolation.

Agathus and Eugenio are two of our schoolfellows who have now bid their final adieu to “*Father Thames*.” The first, though possessed of only moderate talents, has succeeded, by regular habits and conciliating manners, in obtaining the applause of many, and the esteem of all. The latter, though adorned with talents sufficient to raise him to the highest honours, has so misapplied these natural endowments in wild or trifling pursuits, that he has been considered by many a madman, and by some a fool. Agathus withdraws from us with the gratifying consciousness that he enjoys the respect, if not the admiration, of his schoolfellows; while the farewell address of Eugenio was, “*Aye, Sterling! I’ve been a sad fellow!—but it can’t be helped, we can’t live over again.*”

Distant be the period of *our* departure! but often, ere that period arrives, we shall derive a profitable lesson from the recollection of poor Eugenio’s last words,—“*We can’t live over again!*”

M. S.



## A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

"Fit pugil, et medicum urget."—Hor.

SIR,—I will not preface the detail, which I am about to transmit to you, by any long introduction. It is sufficient to inform you that I am one of those who are afflicted by a romantic imagination, which, however it may inspire or enchant us in our moments of poetical inspiration, is, as we all know, troublesome beyond measure in the ordinary affairs of life. The circumstances which I am going to relate are an exemplification of this trite but true observation.

It was on a beautiful Autumn evening that I stole out unperceived, from a party engaged in discussing the merits of some of my Father's oldest claret, and left him eloquently and feelingly declaiming in its praise, to take a solitary ramble through the extent of grounds that had so often witnessed my infant gambols, or seen me, at a more advanced age, performing the voyages of Æneas by means of a horse-pond and washing-tub ;—or imitating my favourite Hector in the destruction of the Grecian Navy, to the imminent peril of Farmer Ashfield's neighbouring hay-rick. It was an evening, to delineate whose beauteous grandeur would require a heart teeming with all the inspiration of the Muses—a pen dipped in the brightest colours of imagination. A soft mellow silence pervaded the whole expanse of air and earth ; the sun, just sinking beneath the horizon, still retained influence sufficient to leave a bright tinge of red upon the western sky, and to deepen the verdure of the aged oaks, which, wreathing their huge gigantic branches into a thousand fantastic forms, overshadowed my path, and scarcely deigned to wave beneath the passing zephyr that agitated their foliage for a moment, and in the next had left all as still and solemnly silent as the grave. It was such an evening as would be peculiarly fitted to conjure up all the fantasies of a warm imagination ; which might easily have pictured to itself Queen Mab, and her fairy attendants, tripping nimbly over the herbage, or holding their sportive gambols far from the sight of intruding mortals, beneath the shade of some favourite beech. "On such a night as this," I wandered unconsciously along, forgetful almost of my own existence, totally absorbed in contemplation, and forming in idea the most unearthly and romantic images. Long had I thus roamed, indifferent to every thing around me, and in a kind of delicious forgetfulness of the world and its unpleasant accompaniments. Already had

the darkness of night succeeded to the shades of evening, but so gradually had its sombre light given way to the gentle brightness of the moon, that I was far from perceiving the change, and still pursued my way, unconscious of the dews that began to fall around me, till a sudden cloud obscuring the rays of the bright luminary above, and a sharp air that died away in threatening forebodings through the grove below, recalled my scattered senses, and, arousing me to the knowledge of myself and my situation, brought to my recollection the deserted party, and the supposition that, in all probability, the family would be alarmed at my absence. I was next reminded of a still more unpleasant circumstance; that, having no small distance to return, I should, in all probability, be caught in the storm which I now, for the first time, perceived had been accumulating all its horrors from every point of the heavens, and was just ready to burst forth with terrifying violence. As all this passed in quick revolution through my brain, I had already turned my face homewards, and, with buttoned-up coat, was on the point of starting forward with as great rapidity as the increasing darkness and devious path would admit, when my purpose was suddenly checked by the rain of which I had been but so lately forewarned. It fell in torrents so violent, that to proceed was impossible. I took refuge under a spreading tree, and had much ado to console myself by the reflection that I had met with "an Adventure."

"An Adventure," Sir, it certainly was, and a most lamentable one. I had not remained a minute in my uncomfortable situation, before I perceived two figures, of a most mysterious appearance, sheltering themselves from the storm, beneath the next tree. They were muffled up closely in thick cloaks, wore large slouched hats, and carried in their hands most villanous sticks. What could I suppose? what conclusion could I form, but that which all your readers, Sir, would form, under similar circumstances? I was within a few yards of a brace of highwaymen!

What could I do? escape was impossible! the least noise was death to me! Silently and anxiously I listened to the conversation of my foes; and my terror was not abated, when I overheard these dark and terrible expressions:—

"Upon the word of a gentleman!" said the first, I have not touched a single guinea since I came into this part of the country!" "Business is in truth very dull!" said the other. "I have practised here for twenty years, and never was there a time when people have been so shy of putting themselves in my hands as they are at present!" No wonder! thought I. "I am afraid," resumed the first, "there is a strong prejudice gone abroad against our profession!" Prejudice! thought I. "You are right!" replied the other; "not one blockhead can die

within ten miles round, but a hundred other blockheads cry out that *I* killed him!" My blood ran cold; but at this moment the violence of the tempest increased, and for some minutes I heard no more of the discussion.

By degrees the tumult of the elements abated, and I again caught a few words. "Your system, Brother! is too violent; *I* have always employed milder methods." (Blessings on you, thought I.) "I disapprove of your indiscriminate use of *steel* in all cases." "*Steel*, Sir!" cried the other, "*steel*!—Nothing is to be done in our way without *steel*." They began to move towards me!

I felt my brow grow clammy—my hair stand on end—my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. They approached!—nearer!—nearer! Despair gave me courage. I seized a large branch which had been rent from its parent tree by the wind, and dashed it, with all the fury of hopelessness,

"Full on the footpad's forehead! down he sank  
Without a groan expiring."

I heard my name vociferated as I fled; but I staid not for this, With inconceivable rapidity I fled from the place of combat, and, after traversing a space of many miles, perceived, to my great satisfaction, that I was not pursued.

I was endeavouring, though without much chance of accomplishing this desirable object, to discover the road I ought to take, when my ear was suddenly startled by a sound which very much resembled a groan. At first I treated it as a fanciful sound, though I confess my eyes were turned, with not the most comfortable feelings, upon the rugged branches and broken stumps that might have, to a terrified mind, borne the appearance of Satan and his sable attendants. A second, more loudly repeated, convinced me of its reality, and immediately looking in the direction whence it seemed to proceed, I espied something white lying upon an open tuft of grass; but I was unfortunately shortsighted, and this, added to the natural darkness, rendered me incapable of distinguishing the nature of the mysterious appearance. A third and deeper groan vibrated on my ear; imagination immediately resumed its sway, and, concluding it to be a woman, and fancying I could distinguish her garments, "Alas, unhappy one!" thought I to myself, "thou wast once perhaps lovely in the bloom of youth, and surrounded by all the blessings of peace and innocence, but now, by the arts of some infamous seducer, art become a fugitive vagabond, cast upon the wide world, houseless and helpless, with no one to pity, no one to succour thee! Yes, by Heaven! there is one," I exclaimed, rushing forward with the most fervent feelings of humanity and pity, "there is one shall help thee, poor

victim, and shelter thee from the furious storm ; there is one," I continued with all the ardour of a mind inspired with the most generous benevolence, " that shall recruit thy weary frame, and, if possible, restore thee to happiness ;" and, approaching still closer, I bent down, and was preparing to modulate my voice in the softest accents of pity, when up it started, Mr. Editor, not in the shape of either a Chloe or Luciuda, but in that of one of my father's favourite Dorsetshire sheep, which, while enjoying the slumbers I had disturbed, uttered those hard breathings which to my ear sounded as groans. " Damn humanity !" I exclaimed, as the animal retreated with frightened rapidity through an opening in the trees. " Damn humanity !" I exclaimed, as I hurried back on my way in no very placid temper, and in the next instant found myself at the bottom of a ditch, the existence of which I had entirely forgotten. Luckily it was a dry one, but unluckily of such depth, and defended by such steep banks, that, notwithstanding I received no injury by the fall, I was soon aware that the retreat would be a labour of much greater difficulty than the entrance had been ; and, to add to my troubles, the long-expected rain began to fall in torrents. Thrice I attempted the steep ascent, and thrice, with nails begrimed with dirt, and muddy knees, met with a repulse. My labours might have continued much longer, had not a large Newfoundland dog, accompanied by the butler, sent to search for me, smelt out my retreat. With the joint assistance of Hector and John, I was soon rescued, and in a short time found myself at the hall-door, surrounded by all the servants, who had been on the look-out, and who, while listening to John's account, passed not a few jokes on young gentlemen studying the stars in a ditch. Heedless of these, and their stifled laughter, and having relieved my father's fears, I had the gratitude to recal my oath, and thank Humanity for my safe return ; and when I found myself established by the blaze of a good fire to dry my moistened garments, " Bless Humanity !" I exclaimed, " for had she not directed Hector, I might still be exposed to yon rumbling thunder, and all the fury of the tempest, with a ditch for my bed, and in no better plight than—the unfortunate victim of seduction." This suggested an intrusive thought : " Pshaw !" I cried, " that must be forgotten till the next Meeting of the King of Clubs, and then, perhaps, I may be inclined, though at my own expense, to furnish ample food for laughter to the Members, by sending an account of my adventure. Sterling will deliver a lecture on star-gazing, and Musgrave descant upon the propriety of having lamps to a night-coach. Peregrine perhaps will dish it up as a pretty morsel of a tale in "The Etonian." It will be a warning to all warm and poetical imaginations not to stray too far, allured by the beauties of

an Autumn evening, until, after mistaking a Dorsetshire wether for a frail one repenting of a *faux pas*, they shall slip, by a *faux pas*, into a ditch, after the manner of

THEODORE AVELING.

P. S. I forgot to mention that the apothecary's lad brought a complaint the next morning against Master Theodore, for "*breaking Mr. Gargle's head in the storm last night.*"

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### CASTLES IN THE AIR.

"*Illusioni ! grida il filosofo ; Illusioni , ma intanto senza di esse io non sentirei la vita che nel dolore.*"\*—ORTIS, *Ultime Lettere.*

THERE exist in the world a certain set of sober-minded beings, who profess it as their opinion, that those thoughts which proceed from illusion or fancy ought to be banished from our minds ; that time is foolishly and unprofitably consumed in thinking of impossibilities. They dislike or despise poetry, as it is frequently composed of fictions, and represents things which are not in the ordinary course of nature. Some of these, who profess to admire nothing but reality or a representation of it, carry their prejudices to a ludicrous extent : for example, some of them will admire a staring likeness of the last Lady Mayoress† and family more than the finest composition of Raphael. "We are not interested," say they, "in looking at features which we know never existed, in a group of ideal personages : but there is an evident reality in the delineation of her Ladyship ; we see something resembling what is frequently before our eyes, and we are therefore pleased with it." These people will study with unwearied patience the incontrovertible facts of Cocker's Arithmetic, and abhor the beautiful fictions of the Fairy Queen ; in short, matter-of-fact is their idol,—fiction, romance, or poetry, the objects of their scorn. A fanciful disposition of mind may be disadvantageous ; but it may be doubted whether we should not be, as it were, wearied by the continual succession of realities, were it not for the occasional relief of fancy or illusion, whose ideal pleasures are at all times at hand to assist us when we are overcome with the real cares of life. By these

\* *Translation of the Motto:—*

"*Illusions ! exclaims the philosopher—Illusions—yes ; but without them I should feel nothing of life but its misery.*"

† We beg to assure our *eastern* readers that we mean no personal reflections upon Mrs. Bridges, should there be such a person ; we beg to be understood of any Lady Mayoress.

illusions I mean those incoherent ideas of future happiness or greatness which frequently occur to every one, and if I mistake not, even to those who profess to despise the workings of imagination; ideas which, on reasoning, we might feel could not be realized without some most material change in ourselves and circumstances, —a sort of waking dreams, commonly designated by the name of *Castles in the Air*. These freaks of fancy prevail in a less or greater degree in every one, from the madman in whom they are strongest down to the idiot in whom their influence is hardly perceptible. In the madman they have overcome his intellect and entirely blinded his reasoning faculties, so that he fancies that he has lost his head, and runs about in search of it, or that he is transformed into a tea-pot, and is afraid of being broken. Next to him comes the poet: he seems to be the boundary which limits sanity; beyond him is madness; for small is the barrier which divides insanity from inspiration. His imagination is more vivid than that of other men, but it has not quite overcome his reason. After these follow the general mass of mankind, who are all, in their several stations, subject to these waking dreams. What would become of the lover if he were denied some moments in which he might picture to himself a sort of acmè of happiness, which, upon reflection, he would feel was unattainable? Where would be the happy hours of a young author, if he were not led on by his fancy to dreams of imaginary Second Editions, which, on a return to his senses, and a perusal of the productions of his pen, would quickly vanish into air? How wretched would be the solitary hours to a younger son of a remote branch, if he were denied the pleasing occupation of picturing to himself the pleasure he would feel in possessing the wealth and rank of a distinguished nobleman, should he, by the extinction of *only* fourteen awkwardly intervening heirs, arrive at the summit of his hopes. The petty clerk of an office, ceasing awhile from the toil and drudgery of his desk, revolves his plans for saving the nation and advancing his family, should he be made Secretary of State. The gambling groom, when he has lost his last penny and broken his dice-box against the table of the servants' hall, retires to meditate on the dash he will cut when he wins a prize in the Lottery and becomes a country Squire.—To these illusions are the minds of men continually prone; and at no time more so, than when, by any accident, they are left for a short time in solitude. Our thoughts then receive a selfish cast; they are directed towards ourselves and our prospects in life; and it is at this time we delight to weave those spider-webs of fancy, which the bustle of the real world quickly sweeps away.

I am far from being one of those persons who think, or profess to think, that there is little in real life worthy of their attention;

that common things are below their notice, and that their only pleasures are to be found in the ideal world of their imagination. Those who hold these sentiments run into the opposite extreme from the set I before described. They say, (for I always am inclined to doubt that they think so,) that as solitude is the parent of that world of fiction, they infinitely prefer the sight of mountains, the roar of a cataract, or the gloom of a forest, to the acquaintance with man, his ways, manners, and conversation;—they profess that they could live retired from life, and feed upon the joys of romance and imagination. I would not advise them to try their plan; they would only destroy a pleasing illusion, and convince themselves that they were wrong. Yet, for my part, (though I am not one of these would-be anchorites,) I am fond of indulging myself at times in building castles in the air, and consequently of the occasional solitude which produces them. Were I deprived of these illusions, I should feel as if I had lost an intimate companion, who was always at hand to raise my spirits and to comfort me under every misfortune.

The ancient poets tell us, that of the contents of Pandora's box, every thing escaped, except Hope, which remained at the bottom to console mankind. Now I am disposed to keep up the Allegory, and to suppose these illusions to constitute the box itself in which this universal comforter Hope was contained. Indeed, as the box seemed necessary, in order that its contents should be retained, so these illusions appear to me to be necessary for the preservation of Hope, which is surrounded by, and, as it were, contained within them. Had it not been for them, it would, with the rest of the contents, have escaped, and left the mind of man without a consolation in misfortune.

I must confess I pity those who have no pleasure in these illusions; and who tell you that when this

“Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away,”

they are more discontented than they were before, and feel that they have only been playing Tantalus with happiness. This, in my opinion, argues a most inveterate determination (perhaps not an uncommon propensity) to be discontented; together with an ingratitude to the moments which have afforded us pleasure; an ingratitude which deserves the self-inflicted punishment it often receives, of never enjoying any at all. A contented mind will encourage these imaginary pleasures, at whatever time they appear; will snatch the delight of them, be it but for a moment; and, when these magic fascinations are fled, will return to the dreary scene of reality with cheerfulness, thankful for what it has enjoyed, and prepared for whatever it is about to suffer.

A. L. B.

## MARIUS AMIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

CARTHAGE ! I love thee ! thou hast run  
    As I, a warlike race ;  
And now thy Glory's radiant sun  
    Hath veil'd in clouds his face :  
Thy days of pride—as mine—depart ;  
Thy Gods desert thee, and thou art  
    A thing as nobly base  
As he whose sullen footstep falls  
To night around thy crumbling walls.

And Rome hath heap'd her woes and pains  
    Alike on me and thee ;  
And *thou* dost sit in servile chains,—  
    But mine they shall not be !  
Though fiercely o'er this aged head  
The wrath of angry Jove is shed,  
    Marius shall still be free,  
Free—in the pride that scorns his foe,  
And bares the head to meet the blow.

I wear not yet thy slavery's vest,  
    As desolate I roam ;  
And though the sword were at my breast,  
    The torches in my home,  
Still—still, for orison and vow,  
I'd fling them back my curse—as now ;  
    I scorn, I hate thee—Rome !  
My voice is weak to word and threat—  
Mine arm is strong to battle yet !



A COUNTRY WEDDING.

I.

Oh! there is music in the bells  
From yonder noisy steeple pealing,  
That sweetly o'er the spirit swells,  
And wakes the deepest chords of feeling.

II.

It is not that this twilight hour  
Blends softly with their melting tone ;  
Theirs is a deeper, holier power,  
Whose echo's in the heart alone.

III.

There's music in that merry voice,—  
The voice of peasants wild and high,  
That bids the listener's soul rejoice,  
And share in all their revelry.

IV.

It is not that those sounds proclaim  
Some boastful conqueror's vain parade ;  
They swell not now the pomp of Fame,  
They hail no gorgeous cavalcade.

V.

But oh ! they bear a mightier charm  
Than shouts of triumph can express ;  
They spring from hearts with feeling warm,  
Each voice a voice of happiness.

VI.

There's an o'erflowing tide of gladness  
To-night in all we hear and see ;  
A moment's passing dream of madness,  
The heart's delirious jubilee.

## VII.

Who recks, amid a life like this,  
 Of future grief, or toil, or pain?  
 To-morrow shall dissolve the bliss,  
 And Care and Reason wake again.

## VIII.

And it may be that yonder chime,  
 Which spoke to-day of hearts delighted,  
 May sadly tell in after-time,  
 That death those hearts has disunited.

## IX.

It may be—but away, away!  
 Forebodings dark and dreams of sorrow!  
 Let Mirth and Music reign to-day,  
 And Reason's voice be heard to-morrow.

## X.

I would not, with most sage advice,  
 Dispel this momentary fever;  
 For oh! the world were Paradise,  
 Could such delirium last for ever.

K. S.

*October 5, 1819.*


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 WHAT SHALL I DO?

“WHAT shall I do?” exclaimed Lady Emily to me the other day, as I entered her apartment, and found her reclining negligently on an ottoman, with a most languishing air; “What shall I do, Charles,” she exclaimed, laying a strong emphasis on the shall, “to expel ennui, and recover my lost spirits? All the world seems to have deserted Town, and left me to enjoy my own company; positively, Charles, you are the only rational being my eyes have had the pleasure of seeing this month; and now do be a good creature, and get me from the Circulating Library Scott’s last Novel; it is scarcely two, and old Lady Jervis’s card says seven for dinner this evening, where I believe you are going.”

She accompanied this request with such a bewitching smile as would have melted a much harder heart than Charles Belamy's. I readily promised, and we soon after parted; Lady Emily to her toilet, and I to execute my commission. But by some fairy impulse or other, Lady Emily's "What shall I do?" had taken entire possession of my thoughts, much to the detriment of Scott's last Novel. "Such a lovely creature as this!" said I inwardly, formed to be the ornament of society, forced to such an exclamation; but," continued I, in the same train of consideration, "by whom are they not uttered? In every station these few words will be heard with more or less meaning. The wealthy heir, revelling in all the pleasures and delights of luxury, and snatching with hasty hand every sweet life can afford, like the bee, culling honey from every flower, in the midst of all his joys and festivity, will cast his weary listless limbs on the nearest couch, with the exclamation of 'What shall I do?' The miserable offspring of poverty, dragging on his existence through hardships and difficulties, utters the same exclamation from his straw pallet: the shuddering victim of sorrow, while the unconscious tear trickles down his care-worn cheeks, will clasp his hands in agony, and sigh forth the scarcely-articulate sounds from his agitated and bursting bosom. It is alike connected with the soft melting accents of pity, and the tumultuous fury of anger; it is often to be found in the last desperate address of the discarded lover, and the broken ejaculations of my old Grandfather during a twinge of the gout. It was the *τι ὀρασω* of the Greeks; the *Quid faciam* of the Romans; and in some not the least admired effusions of our own divinest Shakspeare holds a conspicuous place. The Philosopher has often broken out into a similar expression while demonstrating some hidden problem, or unravelling the secrets of nature; and as often has it come to the aid of the dismayed countryman, as, with one hand employed in scratching his head, and the other in collecting the fragments of the broken milk-jug, he planned the best mode of avoiding the anger and broom-stick of Betty the housemaid. As my thoughts were hurrying thus rapidly on, my feet were not slow in accompanying them, and I had made some progress in the Park, when, to my amazement, I heard the identical subject of my meditations uttered in the deepest tones of distress; I mechanically turned to the sound, and beheld a tattered aged figure, in the habiliments of a soldier, hanging in silent agony over a poor dog, which, after having apparently been the faithful companion of his wanderings, now lay dead at his feet; his long grey locks floated in the cold air, and, as he dropped the tear of affection over his lost favourite, the old man's countenance, expressive of despair, and at the same time attempted resignation, touched me as feelingly as Lady Emily's

smile. I slid gently up to the aged veteran, and slipped some money into his hand ; he at first stared at me and my offering with a senseless gaze, like a person just recovering from the effects of some horrible dream ! his eye then glanced upon his poor dog, and, as he recalled his scattered thoughts, the hectic of a moment passed over his furrowed cheek, and a tear stood trembling in his eye ; he indignantly brushed it off, and, looking steadfastly at me, attempted to speak, but it was in vain ; the words died away in his throat, and he covered his face with his hand. There was no need of thanks, no need of words ; that single look was sufficient ; it was as precious to me then as the sweetest smile that ever played over the cheek of beauty. Oh ! ye thoughtless sons of luxury, ye would give the choicest pleasures of art to be able to enjoy the thrill of delight that single silent look bore with it to my soul : it spoke volumes ; and, in my idea, said as feelingly as the old man could have ever wished, " What shall I do to requite you ? " I turned away from the affecting scene, and hurrying rapidly on, endeavoured, by the swiftness of my motions, to avoid too open a display of the indescribable feelings that succeeded one another in the mastery of my whole bosom ; but in my haste, stumbling over something in the road, and, on casting my eyes downwards, finding them to be a little boy's playthings, I set about repairing my error ; and, upon looking out for the little fellow, found him by my side, standing in a most ludicrous attitude of rage, and the look which he directed at the dispersed objects of his amusement was amply expressive of " What shall I do to revenge myself ? " The contrast between this and my former adventure was too striking to be unobserved. " Here are two circumstances immediately to corroborate my observations," was my remark as I walked more slowly onwards, " and a hundred more would perhaps occur in the space of an hour ; these go well to prove how often those four expressive monosyllables are everywhere uttered," continued I, resuming the broken thread of my observations. " Sir Felix Patient, while yielding to the overwhelming torrent of her Ladyship's tongue, stretches out his legs, good easy man, before the parlour fire, and, as his dirty shoes afford new subjects for his cara sposa's eloquence, solaces himself with the conciliating " Lord, Lord ! my dear, what shall I do to please you ? " The County Member, while lowering his purse-proud haughtiness to the apron of some greasy rogue, often owes his vote to the overpowering " What shall I do for your son Samuel, or that little chubby-faced darling, Sally ? " Amidst, too, the transactions of our own miniature world, to enumerate the various repetitions of these four words would bid defiance to the calculating powers of a Burton. How often has some unhappy youngster, running in breathless, and finding himself too late for

school, deliberated at the door, whether he should trust his fate to the Master's clemency, or return, with a sick headach, to his Dame's; how often has he then appealed, with tears in his eyes, to some companion, in the emphatical, impressive, much-meaning "What shall I do?" Thou thyself, Charles, hast often been inclined to try the force of these monosyllables amid the various jeopardies in which you have been involved, by love, or a romantic disposition. Little did I at this moment suspect that the Fates were preparing a new jeopardy for me; but unfortunately the hour had already arrived which attracts all the butterflies of fashion into the Park, and in the midst of my cogitations I found myself crossing the ride, and there appeared, within a few yards of me, a horseman advancing at a most tremendous rate, and to all appearance one of those hair-brained gentlemen that pay very little regard to humble foot-passengers, though even of the Honourable Charles Bellamy's rank: as I wheeled round on my retreat, to my utter dismay, a moving phalanx of carriages appeared in the rear, blocking up my escape. My only outlet lay through a part of the road, from which, as I perceived the mud with which it was environed, I turned with horror; but what was to be done? carriages approaching one way,—my friend on his bit of blood splashing and dashing at a devil of a rate on the other, like Obadiah on his coach-horse; I was in almost as bad a predicament as Dr. Slop:—"Heavenly Trivia!" I exclaimed, "What shall I do?" and I was on the point of forcing a passage through the aforesaid palisade of mud which had been scraped up with most officious industry, when a well-known voice arrested my progress with "Well, Charles, have you been looking for the *Abbot* in the Park?" I looked up; it was Lady Emily's carriage that had been my opponent that way, and she was negligently leaning with her well-turned arm over the door. For the first time I recollected my promise, and the Novel, and immediately began stammering out a list of excuses, but I was evidently at a loss; I felt myself quite entitled to say, "What shall I do?"—"Any thing but stand staring there, with such a beautiful creature before you," replied Youth and Love. I thought the reproof just; fortunately her old uncle, the companion of her ride, had just been summoned away; in a moment the door was opened, and I offered my lovely cousin the services of a penitent willing to atone in every way for his forgetfulness. It was accepted; and, pardon me, gentle Reader, if, while she pronounced my forgiveness, another of Lady Emily's bewitching smiles totally banished from my thoughts the recollection of "What shall I do?"

C. B.

## LINES TO FLORENCE.

LONG years have passed with silent pace,  
Florence! since thou and I have met;  
Yet—when that meeting I retrace,  
My cheek is pale, my eye is wet;  
For I was doom'd from thence to rove,  
O'er distant tracts of earth and sea,  
Unaided, Florence!—save by love;  
And unremember'd—save by thee!  
We met! and hope beguil'd our fears,  
Hope, ever bright, and ever vain;  
We parted thence in silent tears,  
Never to meet,—in life,—again.  
The myrtle that I gaze upon,  
Sad token by thy love devis'd,  
Is all the record left of one  
So long bewail'd,—so dearly priz'd.  
You gave it in an hour of grief,  
When gifts of love are doubly dear;  
You gave it—and one tender leaf  
Glisten'd the while with Beauty's tear.  
A tear—oh! lovelier far to me,  
Shed for me in my saddest hour,  
Than bright and flattering smiles could be,  
In courtly hall, or summer bower.  
You strove my anguish to beguile,  
With distant hopes of future weal;  
You strove!—alas! you could not smile,  
Nor speak the hope you did not feel.  
I bore the gift Affection gave,  
O'er desert sand and thorny brake,  
O'er rugged rock and stormy wave,  
I lov'd it for the giver's sake;

And often in my happiest day,  
In scenes of bliss and hours of pride,  
When all around was glad and gay;  
I look'd upon the gift—and sigh'd :  
And when on ocean, or on clift,  
Forth strode the Spirit of the Storm,  
I gaz'd upon thy fading gift,  
I thought upon thy fading form ;  
Forgot the lightning's vivid dart,  
Forgot the rage of sky and sea,  
Forgot the doom that bade us part,—  
And only liv'd to love and thee.  
Florence ! thy myrtle blooms ! but thou,  
Beneath thy cold and lowly stone,  
Forgetful of our mutual vow,  
And of a heart—still all thine own,  
Art laid in that unconscious sleep,  
Which he that wails thee soon must know,  
Where none may smile, and none may weep,  
None dream of bliss,—or wake to woe.  
If e'er, as Fancy oft will feign,  
To that dear spot which gave thee birth  
Thy fleeting shade returns again,  
To look on him thou lov'dst on earth,  
It may a moment's joy impart,  
To know that this, thy favourite tree,  
Is to my desolated heart  
Almost as dear as thou could'st be.  
My Florence !—soon—the thought is sweet !  
The turf that wraps thee I shall press ;  
Again, my Florence ! we shall meet,  
In bliss—or in forgetfulness.  
With thee in Death's oblivion laid,  
I will not have the cypress gloom

To throw its sickly, sullen shade,  
 Over the stillness of my tomb :  
 And there the scutcheon shall not shine,  
 And there the banner shall not wave ;  
 The treasures of the glittering mine  
 Would ill become a lover's grave :  
 But when from this abode of strife  
 My liberated shade shall roam,  
 Thy myrtle, that has cheer'd my life  
 Shall decorate my narrow home :  
 And it shall bloom in beauty there,  
 Like Florence in her early day ;  
 Or, nipt by cold December's air,  
 Wither—like Hope and thee—away.

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I WAS A BOY.

IN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH.

———"Passing sweet  
 Are the domains of tender Memory."—WORDSWORTH.

I WAS a Boy ; and She was fair  
 As you are when you smile,  
 And her voice came forth like the summer air,  
 With a tone that did beguile,  
 And her two blue eyes refreshing were  
 As two trees on an Indian isle.

Her dancing shape I cannot tell,  
 But never may forget ;  
 The Heart remembers all too well—  
 Sweet Girl ! I see here yet ;  
 But I was hers by a holier spell  
 In the Soul's deep cavern set.



Ah me! what blissful rambles then,  
Children in childhood's band,  
Had we through many a lonesome glen,  
And many a faery strand!  
Now these scenes are fading! we busy Men  
Are travelling *from* that land.

A little Shepherdess by birth,  
An Orphan on that plain,  
She drank the beauties of the Earth,  
And never knew of pain—  
But the breezy song of her maiden mirth  
Shall ne'er be heard again.

Oh! can it be that She should lie  
In a grave of cold, cold clay,  
Whom I have known as fluttering high  
As a new-born thrush in May,  
And yet as quiet as the Sky  
In the morn of a summer day!

With fairest maidens I have been,  
And they were lovely things,  
When they danced upon yon hidden green,  
Like Fairies in their rings;  
But a fairer still my heart hath seen  
In her lone imaginings.

Nay, Chloris! 'twas a boyish love,  
And desolated soon—  
A longer life hath the woodland dove,  
Longer the rose of June;  
And now She's gone, far far above  
Or Sun, or Stars, or Moon!

Chloris! I'm thine; yea, by those eyes,  
 So soft, so bright, I swear!  
 Yet sometimes will a thought arise  
 Of One that was as fair;  
 Yea, my heart is thine, though from the skies  
 An Angel visit there.

G. M.

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 NOT AT HOME.

"An Englishman's House is his Castle."

"NOT at Home," said her Ladyship's footman, with the usual air of *nonchalance*, which says "You know I am lying, but—*n'importe!*"

"Not at Home," I repeated to myself as I sauntered from the door in a careless fit of abstractedness. "Not at Home!"—how useful, how universally practised is this falsehood! Of what various, and what powerful import! Is there any one who has not been preserved from annoyance by its adoption? Is there any one who has not rejoiced, or grieved, or smiled, or sighed at the sound of "Not at Home?" No! every body (that is, every body who has any pretensions to the title of *somebody*) acknowledges the utility and advantages of these three little words. To them the Lady of Ton is indebted for the undisturbed enjoyment of her *vapours*;—the philosopher for the preservation of solitude and study;—the spendthrift for the repulse of the importunate dun."

It is true that the constant use of this sentence savours somewhat of a false French taste, which I hope never to see engrafted upon our true English feeling. But in this particular who will not excuse this imitation of our refined neighbours? Who will so far give up the enviable privilege of making his house his castle, as to throw open the gates upon the first summons of inquisitive impertinence or fashionable intrusion? The "morning calls" of the Dun and the Dandy, the Belle and the Bailiff, the Poet and the Petitioner, appear to us a species of open hostility carried on against our comfort and tranquillity; and, as all stratagems are fair in war, we find no fault with the ingenious device which fortifies us against these insidious attacks.

While I was engaged in this mental soliloquy, a carriage drove up to Lady Mortimer's door, and a footman in a most appallingly

splendid livery roused me from a reverie by a thundering knock. "Not at Home!" was the result of the application. Half-a-dozen cards were thrust from the window; and, after due inquiries after her Ladyship's cold, and her Ladyship's husband's cold, and her Ladyship's lapdog's cold, the carriage resumed its course, and so did my cogitations. "What," said I to myself, "would have been the visitor's perplexity, if this brief formula were not in use?" She must have got out of her carriage; an exertion which would ill accord with the *vis inertiae*\* (excuse Latin in a schoolboy) of a Lady: or she must have given up her intention of leaving her card at a dozen houses to which she is now hastening, or she must have gone to dinner even later than *fashionable* punctuality requires! Equally annoying would the visit have proved to the Lady of the house. She might have been obliged to throw "The Abbot" into the drawer, or to call the children from the nursery. Is she taciturn? She might have been compelled to converse. Is she talkative? She might have been compelled to hold her tongue: or, in all probability, she sees her friends to-night; and it would be hard indeed if she were not allowed to be "Not at Home" till ten at night, when from that time she must be "at Home" till three in the morning.

A knock again recalled me from my abstraction. Upon looking up, I perceived an interesting youth listening with evident mortification to the "Not at Home" of the Porter. "Not at Home!" he muttered to himself, as he retired. "What am I to think? She has denied herself these three days!" and, with a most loverlike sigh, he past on his way. Here again, what an invaluable talisman was found in "Not at Home." The idol of his affections was perhaps at that moment receiving the incense of adoration from another, possibly a more favoured votary: perhaps she was balancing, in the solitude of her boudoir, between the Vicar's band and the Captain's epaulettes; or weighing the merits of Gout with a Plum, on the one side, against those of Love with a Shilling, on the other. Or, possibly, she was sitting unprepared for conquest, unadorned by cosmetic aid, wrapt up in dreams of to-night's assembly; where her face will owe the evening's unsuspected triumph to the assistance of the morning's "Not at Home."

Another knock!—Another "Not at Home!" A fat tradesman, with all the terrors of authorized impertinence written legibly on his forehead, was combating with pertinacious resolution the denial of a valet. "The Captain's not at Home," said the servant; "I saw him at the window," cried the other. "*I can't help that,*" resumed the laced Cerberus, "he's not at Home."

\* Every one knows the gradations of vis, visit, and visitation; *vis inertiae*, therefore, signifies an idle vis.

The foe was not easily repulsed, and seemed disposed to storm. I was in no little fear for the security of "the Castle," but the siege was finally raised. The enemy retreated, sending forth from his half-closed teeth many threats, intermingled with frequent mention of a powerful ally in the person of Lawyer Shark. "Here," said I, resuming my meditations, "here is another instance of the utility of my theme. Without it, the noble spirit of this disciple of Mars would have been torn away from reflections on twenty-pounders by a demand for twenty pounds; from his pride in the King's Commission, by his dread of the King's Bench. Perhaps he is at this moment entranced in dreams of charges of horse and foot! He might have been roused by a charge for boots and shoes. In fancy he is at the head of serried columns of warriors! His eyes might have opened upon columns of shillings and pence. In fancy he is disposing of crowns! Horrible thought! he might have been awakened to the recollection that he has not half-a-crown in the world!"

I had now reached the door of a friend, whom, to say the truth, I designed to dun for an article. Coming in the capacity of a dun, I ought not to have been surprised that I experienced a dun's reception. Nevertheless, I was a little nettled at the "Not at Home" of my old friend. "What," said I, recurring to my former ideas, "what can be Harry's occupation that he is thus inaccessible? Is he making Love or making Verses? Studying Euclid or the Sporting Magazine? Meditating on the trial of the Queen last October, or the trial for King's next July?"—For surely no light cause should induce one Etonian to be "Not at Home" to another.

As is usual with persons in my situation, who are more accustomed to speculate upon trifles, from which no fixed principle can be deduced, I negatived the theory of one moment by the practice of the next. For, having returned from my perambulations, I seated myself in my study, with pen, ink, and a sheet of foolscap before me; and, finding myself once more "at Home," enjoined the servant to remember that I was "*Not at Home*" for the rest of the day.

P. C.

## ON SILENT SORROW.

## STORY OF MARY FITZROY.

"No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
For truth denies all eloquence to woe."—BYRON.

As on the one hand there is nothing so contemptible as the grief which exhausts itself in peevish and unavailing complaints, so, on the other, there is no spectacle so beautiful as that of a noble and virtuous mind, enduring in silence the mischances of a frail world, and the oppressions of an unforeseen destiny. This quiet majesty of sorrow, which hides the pang it cannot suppress, and would fain appear to hope and to be comforted, where hope and comfort are not, in men attracts our wonder and our admiration: in women it seldom fails of exciting a tenderer feeling. When man lifts himself up against the injustice of the oppressor, and disdains to complain of wrongs, to which he would not be thought sensible, he presents to us the image of a rock unbroken by the violence of a rude torrent; but when Woman, lovely Woman, sustains, meekly and silently, a weight of affliction, under which a firmer heart might bow, we look upon her as upon a tender and a cherished flower drooping in solitude; unseen save by few; but by those few deeply and sincerely regretted.

Mary Fitzroy, to whom poor Morton was so unfortunately attached, affords an interesting example of the foregoing remarks. A long and intimate acquaintance had existed between my Parents and those of the Lady; and, notwithstanding the rapidity with which boyish impressions are said to wear off, I have at this moment as perfect a recollection of Mary Fitzroy at fourteen, as if she were still before me in the bright days of her youth. At that age she was the life and soul of our innocent amusements: her lively voice was the sweetest in the song; her fairy step was the lightest in the dance; and her union of native sense with foreign naiveté threw over her conversation a veil of originality which frequently was, and more frequently was supposed to be, wit. It was not to be wondered at that a young man, possessed, like Edward, of an imagination enraptured with all that was beautiful, and a heart captivated by all that was virtuous, was not insensible to these attractions. Yet Love did not so far blind him, but that he saw, even at the commencement of this fatal passion, its probable result. Often have I heard him describe the struggles he made to free himself from this mental fascination. But they were as fruitless as they were painful: even when he had succeeded in persuading himself that his thoughts were, en-

gaged upon other pursuits, there was still an idea of beauty lurking about his heart which always wore the form of Mary Fitzroy. The struggles of duty gradually ceased, and he gave himself up to the impulse which his reason was unable to subdue.

Miss Fitzroy was married to Lord Ruthven very early in life ; his Lordship was possessed of a noble figure, a large fortune, and considerable talents ; his young bride was deeply—devotedly attached to him : and the superficial observer could see nothing likely to interrupt the happiness of either. Those, however, who were intimately acquainted with the character of Lord Ruthven, doubted and feared in silence. There was about him a distant reserve, which to some bore the appearance of hauteur, to others that of a desire of concealment ; but whatever form it took, it seemed little calculated to repay the confidence or preserve the affection of a young and amiable female.

The elder sister of the lady was more open in her dislike of the match. She had been married some time before to an eminent medical gentleman, and it was from the knowledge of some transactions between her husband and Lord Ruthven that she thought her sister's happiness would suffer by this union. Her apprehensions however were disregarded ; and, in kindness, she ceased to express them when she found that they were of no avail. Mrs. Mervyn parted from her sister with a regret which she vainly endeavoured to conceal.

The marriage took place ; and Mary was, or appeared to be, completely happy. She looked up to her husband as to a superior being ; she dwelt upon his talents, his virtues, with an enthusiasm which seemed little short of adoration. Whatever transient feeling of anxiety had been excited by the fears or remonstrances of her friends, it had been replaced by confidence and tranquillity. Every idea that could vex, every circumstance that could alarm, was dismissed and forgotten ; nothing interrupted the smiles and gladness of that hour.—Alas ! many a day has risen in serenity and set in storm !

As for Morton, he bore the shock with a calmness which surprised every one but those who had had opportunities of studying his character. A superficial acquaintance would see in Edward Morton an imagination easily heated, a temper irritable to excess ; but his nearer friends knew that the warmth of that imagination, the irascibility of that temper, had been long disciplined and subdued by a sober sense of religion, which is too rarely found in Youth. The love he felt was not that of romance, which shows itself in violence of feeling and fury of expression ; but that of real life, whose melancholy is deep but silent. His was not the religion of a poet, which is merely used, as the structure of his work requires, and is thrown aside when no longer necessary ;—it

was the religion of a Christian, which “hopeth all things—*endureth* all things.”

“I am not disappointed,” he said to me shortly after the marriage, “for I can hardly be said to feel disappointment where hope never existed. Nevertheless, I do feel that I have lost the one vision of pleasure which I have loved and doated on; the one faint idea of happiness to which I have clung so fondly and so despairingly. The wave of my destiny was rough, but there was one beautiful bark riding over its surface;—the wilderness I had to traverse was long and dreary, but one tender flower was blooming by the way-side;—the night in which I wandered was dark, but one lovely dream almost made that darkness dear to me!—and now!—that bark is wrecked!—that flower is faded!—that dream hath vanished! I know that all things are ordered rightly; but the religion which forbids us to repine, does not also forbid us to weep!”

This bitter sense of utter hopelessness did not however prevent him from performing those duties which he owed to himself, to his friends, and to his Maker. He applied himself with increasing assiduity to the Law, the profession which his parents had chosen for him; and, by constant employment, endeavoured, if not to banish affection, at least to smother remembrance. In the few hours which he gave to relaxation, he fled from the solitude which nourished his sadness, to the haunts of gaiety and amusement. His conversation was again enlivened by anecdote; his manners resumed their former suavity; and many who were entertained by his talents, or flattered by his attention, perceived not the blow which he had received, and the dejection which he could not shake off. But there was a settled melancholy on his features, which to me spoke volumes. It was observable too, that his future prospects, which he had in happier days dwelt upon with pride and enthusiasm, were now seldom mentioned by him, and when mentioned, were alluded to in a reckless manner, which seemed to express, “the days I have on this earth are few! why should I take care for the morrow?” His efforts were undiminished, and his resignation was undisturbed; but his efforts were without ambition, and his resignation was without hope!

Suddenly the public attention was roused by a separation between Lord Ruthven and his Lady. Few things could have produced a greater surprise in the fashionable world. They had been always looked upon as models of conjugal attachment; nothing had ever appeared to throw the slightest gloom over their happiness. The manners of Lord Ruthven had been since his marriage unchanged;—or, if any alteration had taken place, they were rather more courteous than before. The liveliness of Mary Fitzroy was not diminished in Lady Ruthven. Now, however,

that a separation had taken place, a hundred little circumstances, trifling in themselves, but interesting when considered in relation with the event which followed, were recounted. It was recollected that when Lady Ruthven dropped her fan, her husband looked down, but made no offer to stoop for it, and that Lady Ruthven blushed as it was presented to her by a stranger. It was remarked, that although at evening parties, and in places of public amusement, Lady Ruthven was always seen leaning on her husband's arm, a casual visitor had seldom found them seated in privacy together. One gentleman remembered to have called one morning when Lord Ruthven's manner was unusually repulsive, and the spirits of his Lady unusually depressed. She was pale and feverish, and upon his remarking that she appeared unwell, Lord Ruthven frowned at the observation, and the Lady trembled, as she turned the conversation to another subject. Such circumstances as these afforded topics of discussion to the high circles; but all endeavours to discover the immediate cause of their separation were fruitless; the mystery was inexplicable.

No clue was to be derived from the behaviour of either of the parties. The cold austerity of Lord Ruthven's demeanour did not invite question, and the heart of Lady Ruthven suffered, but her lips never complained. Neither by word or action did she betray that she thought herself wronged, or oppressed. By her husband's friends she was darkly accused of petulance, of affectation, of coquetry: such insinuations as these she bore patiently, and weightier charges even *they* did not dare to circulate. It was an interesting sight to look upon a beautiful woman, who had now just attained that age at which other females mingle in the world and its dissipations with hourly-increasing relish, relinquishing without a sigh the publicity to which her rank and talents were entitled; burying the fascination of her loveliness and her wrongs in unpresuming seclusion; and finally, suffering the breath of reproach to taint her own fame, instead of attempting a defence which might have injured the character of her husband. Under such circumstances the frivolous would enjoy the commiseration their misfortunes would excite, and the revengeful would endeavour to interest their hearers by narratives of domestic grievances, dictated by an animosity alike unjustifiable and disgusting. Lady Ruthven went not to these sources for relief in her affliction: she had a consolation and a support of which none but the religious can be sensible.

She became an inmate of the house of her sister Mrs. Mervyn, whose affection did all that care and attention could do, for the revival of her spirits. She seemed to be in good health, and joined without reluctance the little parties of intimate friends which were occasionally assembled at the house; but Dr. Mervyn



soon perceived that she concealed in her heart a disease which no medicine could alleviate—no assiduity overcome. Its advances were slow—but certain!

I was present with poor Edward at one of these little coteries. It would have been prudence in him to have declined an invitation which prepared for him so severe a shock, but he was bent upon seeing her once more, “and after that,” he said, “I shall”—he did not conclude the sentence, but his look spoke all that he meant to express—“I shall die happy.” His unfortunate attachment had hitherto been a secret between him and me: he promised me that no one should divine it from his behaviour that evening,—and he kept his word.

Although we arrived early, the greater part of the company were there before us. Lady Ruthven was sitting with her sister; and her child, a beautiful girl, which already began to remind us of her mother’s infancy, was playing at her knee. Lady Ruthven seemed pale and fatigued; but there was nothing in her features or behaviour which showed a consciousness that she was the object of general attention. A person unacquainted with her history would have observed in her nothing remarkable, but ill health without peevishness, and loveliness without affectation. Many of the present party came, eager with curiosity or envy, to scrutinize every look and criticize every action of a lady whose life had excited so much interest. But she disarmed these inquisitive tempers by the ease of her demeanour, in which there was nothing unusual, nothing constrained; and she diverted from herself our attention, by the perfect carelessness which she evinced to it. The conversation turned at first upon general subjects, and Lady Ruthven bore her part in it, not perhaps with the liveliness which was hers in better days, but still without any very apparent depression. But I observed that her sister studiously avoided an allusion to any topic which might have recalled to her mind her former sufferings; and if any such allusion was made, the conversation was carefully, though almost imperceptibly, directed into another channel. Mrs. Mervyn, however, was by some untoward accident called away for a few minutes; and a circumstance then took place which immediately destroyed the success which her affectionate caution had hitherto obtained.

An old gentleman, who by some strange fatality had just returned from abroad, totally unacquainted with Lady Ruthven’s history, had been surprised at the silence which had been assiduously observed upon the subject of Lord Ruthven, and not aware of any uneasiness which could be produced by the words, he said, “I have not seen you, Lady Ruthven, since your wedding-day! It seems to me only yesterday;—and yet I think two years have elapsed!”—Her cheek grew rather paler as she bowed assent.

He continued unknowingly to wound her feelings: "I do not see Lord Ruthven in the company! I hope he is well!" "I believe Frederick," she began, but that familiar name recalled too forcibly the recollection of other days. She stopped, and blushed deeply. Immediately recovering herself, and observing the inquisitive glances which were thrown upon her, she continued with greater composure, "I believe *Lord Ruthven* is in Paris!" Morton's brow was flushed, but he said nothing; the gentleman perceived that he had done wrong, and was silent.

In the course of the evening some of the young people proposed dancing. Lady Ruthven was asked to join them. "I was once very fond of dancing," she said, "but I now prefer looking on!—besides," she added, "I am a married woman!" and, in the beautiful smile with which she spoke, you might almost read the happiness of a bride; but it vanished immediately. However, when she found that one was wanting to complete the set, she joined the dancers, and went through the quadrille with elegance, if not with animation.

Various subjects were afterwards discussed, and the lady again conversed freely,—I had almost said cheerfully. The glow which her face retained from dancing gave her an appearance of health; and I heard Mrs. Mervyn remark to a friend, that she had not seen her sister so well since her marriage. Her husband whispered to me, that appearances were not to be relied upon. At that moment one of the ladies present made some allusion to the case of an intimate friend who had recently been separated from her husband, and indulged in some very bitter reflections on the conduct of the latter; but immediately recollecting the similarity of the situation of her friend to that of Lady Ruthven, she stopped, and would willingly have recalled her expressions. It was now too late; and Lady Ruthven listened and replied with a serenity which was astonishing. "In circumstances like these," she said, "there is commonly much to be repented of by both parties. Youth and inexperience are too prone to give and to take offence; and even the calmest tempers are not always proof against the provocation of a hasty word; especially" (and she blushed slightly) "where a union is founded on mutual affection, for a strong attachment has always in its composition something of jealousy! Domestic differences generally arise from accidents so trivial in themselves, that, however wounding they may be to the feelings of the individuals concerned, they appear not a little ridiculous when published with comments and embellishments to the world. The less that is said of them the better." She paused, and looked as if she feared she had said too much. "I know of a case," said a low melancholy voice, "in which the repentance should be all on *one* side." It was Morton. He was quite ab-

stracted from all considerations but one, and seemed hardly conscious that he had given utterance to his thoughts. Lady Ruthven appeared as if she understood not the allusion, and the subject was dropped. Every one present, however, seemed too much interested to converse with freedom on any other, and the company soon after separated.

"She is more beautiful than ever," said Morton, as we left the house. What was the cause of this opinion? for the form of Lady Ruthven was too true a witness of the painful conflict her soul had endured. Her cheeks had lost their colour, and her eyes beamed with the light of serenity, but no longer sparkled with the rays of youth. Her present attractions were derived from other sources; less striking to a transient spectator; but less fallacious, and less evanescent. Morton had been accustomed to admire in Lady Ruthven the perpetual animation of her manner, the constant smilingness of her countenance, the unceasing brilliancy of her wit. But the charm he had this night found in her behaviour was greater than these; it was "the Beauty of Holiness!"

Morton saw her no more. He left this country shortly afterwards, being desired to travel for the benefit of his health. But his appearance on his departure plainly told me that the endeavour would be unavailing. "My friends," said he, as he left me for the last time, "have long flattered themselves that I have been recovering, and I have suffered them to believe so; but you and I, my dear Courtenay! always knew that it would come to this."

Since his death a small collection of poems, written by him at different periods of his life, has been put into my hands, which I shall insert, from time to time, in "*The Etonian*," with the signature of "E. M."

As for Mary, her health declined gradually, but her fortitude continued unimpaired. The approaches of the dissolution to which she looked forward with more of confidence than of alarm, became rapid and apparent. My mother was latterly much with her, and I thus had frequent opportunities of observing her tranquillity in sorrow, and her efforts to hide the struggles by which that tranquillity was produced.

When her illness had come to such a height that ultimate recovery was impossible, it was judged proper that she should be made acquainted with her situation. Both her parents had died shortly after her marriage, and she had few relations to leave behind her, save that sister who would not yet persuade herself that there was no hope. The probability of her speedy departure from this world was cautiously hinted to her: she received the intelligence as a thing which she had expected, and replied with a smile, "I have been long aware of this, my good friends; longer, perhaps,

than you yourselves have been ; and I am pleased that you do not so far suspect me of weakness as to withhold from me the truth." She then desired her child to be brought to her ; and, taking from her bookcase a small Bible, she showed to my mother the child's name written by Lord Ruthven in a blank leaf:—" It was given to the child," she said, " by her father ; and I wished to put it into her hand myself before I left her motherless as well as fatherless." In that interview she instructed the child in a beautifully impressive manner in the advantages to be derived from that book, and the duties which she owed to her father, whose gift it was, and concluded by repeating to her sister,

" Wilt thou teach her to say ' Father,'  
Though she must that name forego?"

This was the only allusion that she was ever heard to make to her deserted condition. A few days previous to her death she expressed a wish to see her husband once more ; and though there was little hope that his Lordship would arrive before her decease, a messenger was despatched to request his immediate return. It is said that he was visibly and strongly agitated by this unaffected summons ; but his behaviour, when, upon his arrival, he found that she had expired a few hours before, had more the appearance of embarrassment than of emotion.

When her death was only a few hours distant, Dr. Mervyn and another medical attendant supposed that she had fallen into that state of insensibility which frequently is the immediate forerunner of death, and were expressing their pity for her misfortunes, and their detestation of Lord Ruthven's character, in the most unequivocal terms. But her reason was still firmer than they imagined. " Gentlemen," she said, with greater energy than she had exerted for many weeks, " your good sense should tell you that these observations must not be made in the presence of Lady Ruthven."

She left a letter to my mother, which she had originally signed " Mary Fitzroy," but she had corrected it to " Mary Ruthven," as if afraid of showing resentment in death. Soon after writing it she breathed her last in the arms of her sister.

I know not whether this plain unvarnished tale is likely to interest the majority of my readers. But for myself, who have been an eye-witness of the sufferings I relate, (and God only knows how deep and how unmerited those sufferings were) I am sure that I shall seldom reflect without a tear upon the story of Mary Fitzroy.

REMINISCENCES OF MY YOUTH.

No. I.

“There’s not a joy the world can give, like that it takes away,  
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling’s dull decay.”—BYRON.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS—THE VICAR—ELLEN.

SCENE of my best and brightest years !  
Scene of my childhood’s joys and fears !  
Again I gaze on thee at last ;  
And dreams of the forgotten past,  
Rob’d in the visionary hues  
That Memory flings on all she views,  
Come fleeting o’er me !—I could look  
Unwearied on this babbling brook,  
And lie beneath this aged oak,  
And listen to its raven’s croak,  
And bound upon my native plain,  
Till Fancy made me Boy again !—  
I could forget the pain and strife  
Of Manhood’s dark deceitful life ;  
I could forget the ceaseless toil,  
The hum of cities, and the coil  
That Interest flings upon our hearts,  
As Candour’s faded glow departs ;  
I could forget whatever care  
It has been mine to see or share,  
And be as playful and as wild  
As when—a dear and wayward child—  
I dwelt upon this fairy spot,  
All reckless of a bitterer lot.  
Then Glee was high, and on my tongue  
The happy laugh of Folly hung,

And Innocence look'd bright on Youth,  
And all was bliss, and all was truth.

There is no change upon the scene,  
My native plain is gaily green,  
Yon oak still braves the wintry air,  
The raven is not silent there ;  
Beneath my foot the simple rill  
Flows on in noisy wildness still.  
Nature hath hath suffer'd no decay ;  
Her lordly children ! where are they ?  
Friends of my pure and sinless age,  
The good, the jocund, and the sage ;  
Gone is the light your kindness shed,  
In silence have ye chang'd or fled ;  
Ye and your dwellings !—yet I hear  
Your well-known voices in mine ear,  
And see your faces beaming round,  
Like magic shades on haunted ground.  
Hark ! as they murmur down the dell,  
A lingering tale those voices tell ;  
And while they flit in vacant air  
A beauteous smile those faces wear.  
Alas ! I turn my dreaming eyes,  
The lovely vision fades and flies ;  
The tale is done—  
The smile is gone—  
I am a stranger,—and alone.

Within yon humble cottage, where  
The fragrant woodbine scents the air,  
And the neat door looks fair to view,  
Seen through its leafy avenue,  
The Matron of the Village School  
Maintained her ancient state and rule.

The dame was rigid and severe,  
With much to love, but more to fear;  
She was my nurse in infancy;  
And as I sat upon her knee,  
And listen'd to her stories, told  
In dialect of Doric mould,  
While wonders still on wonders grew,  
I marvell'd if the tale were true;  
And all she said of valorous knight,  
And beauteous dame, and love, and fight,  
Enchanter fierce, and goblin sly,  
My childhood heard right greedily.  
At last the wand of magic broke,  
The tale was ended : and she spoke  
Of learning's everlasting well,  
And said " I ought to learn to spell ;"  
And then she talked of sound and sense ;  
Of verbs and adverbs, mood and tense ;  
And then she would with care disclose  
The treasured Primer's letter'd rows ;  
Whereat my froward rage spoke out,  
In cry and passion, frown and pout,  
And with a sad and loathing look,  
I shrunk from that enchanted book.

Oh ! sweet were those untutor'd years,  
Their joys and pains, their hopes and fears ;  
There was a freshness in them all  
Which we may taste, but not recall.  
No !—Man must never more enjoy  
The thoughts, the passions of the boy,  
The aspirations high and bold,  
Unseen, unguided, uncontroll'd ;  
The first ambition, and the pride  
That youthful bosoms feel and hide ;

The longings after manhood's sun,  
Which end in clouds—as mine have done.

In yonder neat abode, withdrawn  
From strangers by its humble lawn,  
Which the neat shrubbery enshrouds  
From scrutiny of passing crowds,  
The Pastor of the Village dwelt :  
To him with clasping hands I knelt,  
When first he taught my lips to pray,  
My steps to walk in virtue's way,  
My heart to honour and to love  
The God that ruleth from above.  
He was a man of sorrows ;—Care  
Was seated on his hoary hair,  
His cheek was colourless ; his brow  
Was furrow'd o'er, as mine is now ;  
His earliest youth had fled in tears,  
And grief was on his closing years.  
But still he met, with soul resign'd,  
The day of mourning ; and his mind,  
Beneath its load of woe and pain,  
Might deeply feel, but not complain ;  
And Virtue o'er his forehead's snows  
Had thrown an air of meek repose,  
More lovely than the hues that streak  
The bloom of childhood's laughing cheek ;  
It seem'd to tell the holy rest  
That will not leave the righteous breast,  
The trust in One that died to save,  
The hope that looks beyond the grave,  
The calm of unpretending worth,  
The bliss—that is not of the earth.  
And he would smile ; but in his smile  
Sadness would seem to lurk the while ;



Child as I was, I could not bear  
To look upon that placid air ;  
I felt the tear-drop in mine eye,  
And wish'd to weep, and knew not why.

He had one daughter.—Many years  
Have fled o'er me, since my tears  
Fell on that form of quiet grace,  
That humble brow, and beauteous face.  
She parted from this world of ill  
When I was yet a child : but still,  
Until my heart shall cease to beat,  
That countenance so mildly sweet,  
That kind blue eye and golden hair,  
Eternally are graven there.  
I see her still, as when she stood  
In the ripe bloom of womanhood ;  
Yet deigning, where I led, to stray,  
And mingle in my childhood's play ;  
Or sought my Father's dwelling-place,  
And clasp'd me in her fond embrace ;  
A friend—when I had none beside ;  
A mother—when my Mother died.

Poor ELLEN ! she is now forgot  
Upon the hearths of this dear spot ;  
And they, to whom her bounty came,  
They, who would dwell upon her name,  
With raptur'd voice, as if they found  
Hope, comfort, riches, in the sound,  
Have ceas'd to think how Ellen fled—  
Why should they sorrow for the dead ?  
Perhaps, around the festive board,  
Some aged chroniclers record

Her hopes, her virtues, and her tomb ;  
And then a sudden, silent gloom  
Creeps on the lips that smil'd before,  
And jest is still, and mirth is o'er.  
She was so beauteous in her dress  
Of unaffected loveliness,  
So bright, and so beneficent,  
That you might deem some fairy sent  
To hush the helpless orphan's fears,  
And dry the widow's gushing tears.  
She mov'd in beauty, like the star  
That shed its lustre from afar,  
To tell the wisest on the earth  
The tidings of a Saviour's birth ;  
So pure, so cheering was her ray—  
So quickly did it die away !

There came a dark infectious Pest,  
To break the hamlet's tranquil rest ;  
It came—it breath'd on Ellen's face ;  
And so she went to Death's embrace,  
A blooming and a sinless bride,—  
And how I knew not—but she died.

I was the inmate of her home,  
And knew not why she did not come  
To cheer my melancholy mood ;  
Her father wept in solitude ;  
The servants wore a look of woe,  
Their steps were soft, their whispers low ;  
And when I ask'd them why they sigh'd,  
They shook their heads, and turn'd aside.

I entered that forbidden room !  
All things were still !—a deathlike gloom

Stole on me, as I saw her lie  
In her white vest of purity.  
She seem'd to smile! her lips were wet,  
The bloom was on her features yet :  
I look'd!—at first I thought she slept—  
But when her accents did not bless—  
And when her arms did not caress—  
And when I mark'd her quiet air,  
And saw that soul was wanting there  
I sat me on the ground, and wept !

P. M. W.

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**HORÆ PALUDANÆ ;**

OR, DROPS OF DERWENTWATER.

No. I.

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**SONNET ON THE STATE OF SPAIN IN APRIL, 1820.**

I SAT, and bask'd me in the noontide sun,  
By Derwent's lovely water ; bright he shone,  
The sun shone bright, but ever and anon  
Athwart his chariot's golden track did run  
Light fleeting clouds, then fled, as if to shun  
Th' insulted Monarch's ire : the first scarce gone,  
Sunward their brother clouds came trooping on,  
Like metaphysic fancies, one by one  
Crossing the clear orb of my mind. In Spain  
Thus civil strife to foreign war succeeds,  
And each extinguished feud its fellow breeds ;  
So Fate hath order'd, that in endless chain  
Effect from cause shall flow : but what will be  
The end of this, no mortal can foresee.

W. W.

*Rydal Mount.*

## MARTIN STERLING ON PRINCIPLE.

Non, si quid turbida Roma  
 Eleuet, accedas : examenve improbum in illâ  
 Castiges trutinâ : nec te quæsiveris extra.

PERS.

THE observation of the Roman Satirist, which we have placed at the head of our Essay, may, with many other passages of the like nature, be looked upon not less in a moral than in a literary point of view. The Poet is reprobating the conduct of those who form their opinion of letters, not from the suggestions of their own knowledge, but from the sentiments which they hear expressed around them ; who find fault with unpopular works, merely because they *are* unpopular ; and chime in with the taste of the day, merely because it *is* the taste of the day. The beautiful though somewhat forced metaphor, with which the passage concludes, strongly expresses the contempt which the author feels for those, who, receiving from the mouths of others the opinion which they ought to ground upon their own judgment, do, as it were, look abroad for themselves. How much more contemptible, and, alas ! how much more dangerous, is this system of compliance with the will of the world, when it requires, not merely a sacrifice of feeling or sound taste in criticism, but a dereliction of principle or a neglect of religion. Yet we are so blind to the truths which are perpetually before our eyes, that when we find a person ready to confirm with his obedient "Yes," the opinions of whoever may have been the last speaker on literary topics, we sneer at such a yielding spirit of servility ; while, on the other hand, when we meet with the sycophant who is accustomed to square his ideas of morality according to the sentiments of the companion of the moment, such a character, so lost to all semblance of freedom and of self-respect, is too frequently past over without censure, and without disgust.

Among the minor foibles of young men there are few for which we entertain a greater contempt than a needless affectation of singularity. However absurd the manners of the world may be, still, provided they are only *manners*, we would rather see a young man comply assiduously with them, than deviate assiduously from them. Were we to visit Muscovy we would endeavour to eat caviere ; and were we to reside in Holland we would certainly study High-Dutch. But a broad line of distinction

must be drawn between manners and morals. The flexibility which is advisable, or rather necessary, in the one case, is in the highest degree reprehensible in the other; and the unbending disposition, which is ridiculous and displeasing when it only influences our manners, deserves the highest commendation when it acts as the safeguard of our morals.

The way in which we are about to apply these observations, will not, we hope, induce our schoolfellows to suppose that we affect any undue superiority over them—any self-assumed censorship with respect to their pleasures and pursuits; still we trust they will not be offended with us for being sometimes serious, nor listen less willingly to the friendly suggestions of their equals, than to the more rigid admonitions of their seniors.

In a work undertaken solely with a view to their amusement and reputation, far be it from us to impute to them any want of principle, or any loose notions upon practical religion. But there is another fault, which, although it wears at first sight a less dangerous appearance, must ultimately tend to the same pernicious effect. We allude to that species of false shame which leads us to conceal the feelings of virtue, of which we are really sensible; which disguises the existence of honourable sentiments from the apprehension of ridicule; and puts on the semblance of vicious habits from a wish for the applause of the unprincipled. When Vice clothes herself in the garments of Virtue, she sets an example of propriety to all who do not discover the deceit; but when Virtue goes abroad bearing the similitude of Vice, she betrays her own cause, and misleads; by the veil which she throws over good qualities, too many, who cannot perceive the purity which is beneath it.

These, it is true, are general remarks; and in common with all the plain truths of morality, have occurred to the wise in very distant ages. But they are more particularly appropriate when addressed to the inmates of a public school. There it is too much the fashion to regulate conduct rather by the fear of ridicule than by the suggestions of honest integrity. It too frequently happens, that young men who have been educated with the most rigid attention to propriety, who have acquired the most correct ideas of right and wrong, and who would feel seriously hurt if the firmness of their belief were called in question, are notwithstanding ashamed to acknowledge that they are religious, and rather *choose* to appear before the world in the character of wildness and extravagance, not to use a harsher expression. They endeavour to persuade themselves, that in matters of serious importance they act in obedience to the dictates of conscience; if they take care to commit no great crime, to neglect no essential duty;—it then matters little what are the external features of

their behaviour. They think themselves justified in dissembling their virtue, provided they are not neglectful of its precepts.

Alas ! this is a fatal mistake ! When we have once assumed the semblance of vice, it is difficult to confine ourselves to the semblance. Licentiousness of language leads, gradually, but certainly, to irregularity of conduct ; and thenceforward we have put the stone in motion, and we know not how to stop its impetuosity.

But the pernicious consequences of this mode of conduct are not confined to ourselves. When we scrutinize our own hearts, and search there for the motives of our actions, we are apt to deceive ourselves, and to rest satisfied with the performance of only half the duty of self-examination. We say to ourselves, "have we studied the observance of this precept ? have we avoided the temptation to that crime ?" And it is well if these questions are satisfactorily answered. But this is not sufficient. We have an example to set to those around us ; we have to prove to them that the religion, which enabled the primitive Christians to brave the tortures of the stake and the wheel, is not in us to be shaken by a sneer or a sarcasm. We have to show that there is nothing beautiful in profaneness, nothing mean in piety ; that we are not time-servers in religion, nor ashamed of the Cross of our Redeemer.

The obligation of a public profession of their sentiments upon this point is more especially incumbent upon those, who, either by rank, or wealth, or any other circumstances, are placed in an exalted situation. The peasant naturally looks up to his lord for the model of his conduct : the child naturally expects that his parents will lead him by the way in which he ought to tread. If we were not apprehensive of an imputation of presumption, we would go on to recommend this truth to the consideration of the senior members of our little world ; but they will no doubt perceive the justness of the application, and be sensible, that although in the indulgence of a few trifling follies they may see no harm, so far as relates to themselves, they ought to pause before they take any step which may, in the smallest degree, influence the habits of those who, newly entering upon their course, watch the path of their predecessor, and expect from him information and support.

*"Maxima debetur peuro reverentia."*

We have seldom seen the danger of the false shame we have been describing more strongly exemplified than in the life of Lionel Vernon. It is a melancholy tale, and we cannot reflect without pain upon its concluding incidents ; but if the reader is weary of the moralizing humour which we have been indulging

for a longer time than usual, he may not perhaps be unwilling to accompany us to something of a more interesting nature.

Lionel Vernon was the only son of a Clergyman residing in Cumberland. It was, perhaps, a fortunate circumstance for him that his mother died shortly after his birth; for, as she was of an extravagant turn of mind, and carried her fondness for her offspring almost to infatuation, her unthinking affection might probably have encouraged him in that love of show and dissipation which the stronger attention of his father was unable entirely to subdue. Lionel received an excellent education. As might be expected by all who were acquainted with the strict character of his father, he was thoroughly instructed in the great principles of religion; and the eager desire which he evinced for distinction and fame was kept within proper bounds by the timely admonition, that wealth, power, reputation,—whatever this world contains of glorious and of great,—are nothing, if they must be attained by the sacrifice of a peaceful conscience. Lionel was a very docile pupil. He had considerable genius and penetration, a very retentive memory, and invincible good-humour. As a child he was perfection itself in the eyes of the inhabitants of the village; but his father had discovered one fault in his character, which, like some of the blemishes that show themselves on the body, might spread its influence very widely, if not eradicated in early life. He had such an excessive vivacity of spirits, that he could not endure to spend one minute upon the attentive consideration of any suggestion which was offered to him. In consequence of this he was too apt to fall in with the opinions which others expressed; to comply indiscriminately with all that was requested of him, and to resign his wishes, or even his reason, to the control of his companions, in order to escape from the necessity of serious reflection. This unreasonable flexibility of temper was early perceived and discouraged by his father; and if not altogether corrected, it was at least partially checked.

Having passed through the usual routine of a child's education with unusual credit, Lionel was sent, in his twelfth year, to a public school. Previously to his first appearance upon a stage where independence of character is so necessary, he received much salutary advice upon various subjects, but especially upon the one we have alluded to. "There is," said Mr. Vernon, "a real good-nature, which is always subject to the control of reason; and there is a false good-nature, which is more frequently the slave of momentary caprice. There is a proper submission to the customs of the world, which gives way only to its fashions; and there is a false sense of shame, which complies also with its vices. Discrimination in both cases is necessary. Nature, Lionel,

has blessed you with an excellent judgment, and you have only to make use of it to become a good and great man."

Lionel was an affectionate son, and it was long before he totally forgot the lessons which he received at that parting. He set out in his career with the firmest resolutions to avoid every thing by which he might incur not only the guilt, but even the imputation, of any impropriety. By degrees, however, as his acquaintance increased, and with it his temptations, the good intentions he had formed began to relax somewhat of their original severity. He could not endure the ridicule of his associates; he was afraid to bring upon himself the opprobrium attached to a Saint or a Methodist; he began to think that, provided the precepts of his religion were observed, and his belief in its truth unimpaired, it was allowable in his external demeanour to practise a few fashionable follies. While his private studies were diligent, and his secret devotion sincere, he conceived that it was pardonable to affect a look of inattention in school, and an air of *nonchalance* in chapel; and while his actions were entirely regulated by virtue, he cared not if his language was that of scepticism or infidelity. Possessed of exalted talents, he suffered himself to be swayed by those who were in every respect his inferiors: enjoying the clearest perception of what ought to be pursued or avoided, he suffered his discretion to be overpowered by motives calculated only for an influence upon the weakest minds. In a word, he laboured more to hide his good qualities beneath a surface of wildness, than the vicious have ever done to conceal real unworthiness beneath a mask of sanctity. He attained his object; and, having spent six years with great *eclat*, so far as the pursuit of scholastic honours was concerned, took his departure, still full of sentiments of the purest nature, while he left behind a reputation for the most unprincipled immorality.

At the same time, while we say that his heart was still unsullied by crime, that his sentiments were still those of religion, it must be confessed that long habits of irregularity had given him a predilection for glitter and extravagance, and a distaste for whatever was tranquil and retired. Human passions had begun to mingle themselves even with his devotional exercises; and there was reason to fear that one, who, in obedience to the will of others, had so readily assumed the appearance of sin, would suffer himself to be drawn by the same motives into the reality also.

The first proof of the change which had taken place in his ideas was given in the choice of his profession. He had been originally designed for the Church; and, in his earlier years, had looked forward with enthusiasm to the time which would enable him to undertake those duties, by the performance of which his



father had made himself universally respected. Since that time, however, he had mixed with associates who thought differently, and had gradually learned to think differently himself. He had heard the clerical character frequently ridiculed; and, while his own opinion of its dignity and holiness remained unaltered, he dared not encounter the contempt in which he fancied it was held by the many. He remembered that one of his fashionable friends thought there was something very low in the employment of writing sermons, and that another had discovered something irresistibly laughable in the exterior of a preacher's gown. For such reasons as these he finally abandoned all thoughts of taking orders; and, after a lapse of some months, a commission in the army was purchased for him. His father had seen the destruction of his favourite hope with the deepest regret, but had given up his opposition to the wishes of his son, when he perceived that it was fruitless.

Good advice was again exerted, as they parted for the last time; and again it produced a momentary effect. For a time the young officer preserved himself carefully from those excesses into which he had once fallen, and the commencement of his military life gave a fair promise that the follies of his youth would be redeemed by the virtues of his manhood. But his inherent want of principle prevented him from keeping up his exertions, when the immediate stimulus which had excited them existed no longer. While his father's countenance seemed still before him, wearing that benevolent smile which looked a blessing upon him as he left him; while his father's voice seemed still to sound in his ear, as when it spoke to him the encouragement and the admonition, which perhaps he might never hear from those revered lips again;—so long was his strength of mind unshaken and his confidence in Heaven unimpaired. But the derision of the companions who were around him, and the temptation of the pleasures which were constantly before his eyes, by degrees overpowered the recollection of a parent who was far removed from the object of his anxiety. Lionel soon began to give way to the arguments and solicitations of his friends: at first he imitated only their follies; afterwards he learned to participate in their vices; the compliance, which was at first only absurd, became in a short time criminal. In the mean time the compunction of unstifled conscience was carefully hidden, and the virtues which he still exercised in secret were concealed, as if he was ashamed of their practice. His warm imagination and ready command of wit made him the idol of the dissipated set into which he had thrown himself; the talents which he possessed were only exercised for the entertainment of

the sensual and the profligate; from his enlivening sallies the ball derived its animation, the faro table its interest, the champagne its zest; and he sought no higher reputation.

Once more he was roused from this slavery of the mind before he became finally its victim. He had sat with a convivial party much later than usual; and, rather than submit to the designation of a milksop, had compelled himself to drink more wine than his inclination prompted, or his constitution could bear. The young men of the party were all much inebriated, when the conversation turned upon the common-place topic of the necessities of youth, and the unreasonable frugality of old age. Lionel took no part in the discussion; his heart could not but remind him at that moment that *he* had a father whose every wish was centred in him, who had attended to all his wants, and had been indulgent to all his foibles. He fell slowly into a mental reverie, and became inattentive to what was passing around him. Suddenly he heard a toast given from the chair, and received with rapturous plaudits:—"May the branches flourish when the root is under ground!" He was struck with horror at the impious idea; he looked round, and fancied that the eyes of the company were upon him; he felt a detestation of their behaviour, yet he dared not incur their ill opinion. An undefinable sensation of dread came over him as he lifted his glass from the table. At that moment a letter from the country was handed to him. It was in the hand-writing of his father's steward; the paper was edged with a wide black border, and sealed with a black seal. He broke it with a hurried and desperate hand. His eye glanced at the first few lines, and they were sufficient. His father had died that morning. He felt his senses fail him; his eyes wandered, the paper dropped from his hold, and he was led from the room, conscious of nothing but that he was an orphan, and that he deserved to be so.

His agitation, joined to the intemperance of that fatal evening, produced an immediate illness; in a few hours he was in a high fever. When, for the first time, he recovered in some measure his senses, and endeavoured to look back to the circumstances which had preceded his illness, he shuddered inwardly at the recollection of the toast in which he had been about to join. "That impious cup!" he exclaimed, "Thank God that I did not drink it!" and then the remembrance of what followed recurred to his mind, and he became again delirious. It would be needless to detail the progress of his disorder. His recovery was a long time retarded by the bitter reflections in which he indulged whenever he was visited by a gleam of reason. After a lapse of some months, however, his health was tolerably re-established, and he

returned into life with a constitution unbroken by disease, but with a gloom upon his spirits, which, apparently, no length of time would efface.

It was impossible that, in this frame of mind, he could return immediately to the haunts of profligacy, and to the society of the dissipated. His visits were confined to the intimate friends of his father, whose acquaintance he had neglected while engaged in his thoughtless career. Here he found sources of enjoyment which until now he had never known to exist. His talents were improved by listening to the conversation of men of letters, and his taste was refined by mingling in the society of amiable women. Innocence and peace began to return to his bosom, and his prospects in life again looked fair and flattering, save when remorse brought past transactions before him, and clouded the sunshine of to-day by the recollection of yesterday's darkness.

Among the persons at whose houses Lionel was most frequently a guest was a widow lady of the name of Herbert. She was a Frenchwoman by birth; but had married an Englishman early in life, and since that time had resided principally in this country. Her husband was a man of powerful talents and considerable attainments; and left her at his decease possessed of a fortune, not indeed large, but amply sufficient for her retired manner of life. She had a daughter in whose character the natural liveliness of her mother was beautifully united to the scientific habits of her father. At the period when Lionel was introduced to her, she was in her nineteenth year, very beautiful, and very amiable, as Lionel soon discovered, without appearing conscious that she was either. Lionel in a short time became deeply attached to her; and the sincere passion which he felt occupied in a great measure his thoughts, and diverted them from the melancholy channel in which they had been wont to run. It is not our intention to detail in this place the incidents of a love-suit, which, however interesting to lovers, are commonly very insipid to readers. Suffice it to say, that the affection which he felt was reciprocal; and that, when a sufficient length of time had elapsed to persuade both ladies that his reformation was complete, and the only obstacle to their marriage was removed by his quitting the army, he was allowed to hope for a favourable result. The fortune of Louisa was small, but that of Lionel was independent. Their union was only delayed that Captain Herbert, the brother of Louisa, who was quartered with his regiment at some distance, might procure leave of absence, in order to be introduced to his future brother-in-law, and to be present at his wedding.

Things were in this state when Lionel went into the country, to prepare his residence for their reception. As he wandered through the solitary rooms which he was now about to inhabit for

the first time since the death of their beloved owner, a thousand sad reflections came across his mind, and bitter repentance for the past gave rise to good resolutions for the future. He was oppressed by the ideas which the scene recalled, and although all his affection for the spot, and all his veneration for its former possessor, were at once revived, he felt much relieved when he hurried from the dwelling-place of his childhood, and from the recollections which the sight of it awakened.

Upon his return he went immediately to the house of Mrs. Herbert. He was informed that Captain Herbert had been in town some days; and while Louisa dwelt with enthusiasm upon the good qualities of her brother, and the delight which she felt in his return, he thought she had never looked so beautiful. He was invited to meet young Herbert on the evening of the next day, and left the house in unusually good spirits.

As he walked towards his hotel he was met by Captain Grahame, one of the dashing associates whose company he had for some time carefully shunned. Upon the present occasion, however, it was impossible to avoid the usual salutations. After these had taken place, his friend indulged in many sarcastic guesses at his reasons for leaving the regiment, which Lionel listened to with a very ill grace. He assigned a thousand fictitious motives for his conduct; but his dread of ridicule prevented him from declaring that he had resolved to relinquish his former companions, and to abandon his former mode of life. Ultimately his friend desired him, if his apostacy from all good-fellowship was not quite complete, to accompany him to a neighbouring coffee-house, where they would probably meet some of their old acquaintances. Lionel complied, inwardly determining that this should be the last time he would give way to such solicitations. Alas! how frequently are such determinations made, and how frequently are they made in vain.

In the coffee-house they found, as they expected, several officers of Lionel's regiment; and, in the trifling conversation which ensued, he forgot in a great measure his promises of amendment. The topic of marriage was discussed, and the usual commonplace sarcasms upon the subject were repeated and received with unanimous applause. This had lasted for some time, when one of the company observed, "We are wrong, Gentlemen, to indulge in these satirical reflections, when one of our number is so shortly to be made a bridegroom." He was immediately overwhelmed with queries and conjectures, which he stopped by desiring all present "to drink at their clubs that evening the health of Mrs. Vernon."

At the mention of that name, a young officer, who had been sitting unobserved at the other end of the room, raised his eyes

from the newspaper which he held in his hand, and looked earnestly at the group. Finding himself noticed, he returned hastily to his reading, but appeared to listen attentively to what followed. The good-natured communicant unfolded to his hearers, as far as he was able, the particulars of Lionel's amour, mixing from time to time various embellishments derived from his own invention. The Lady's name was given, her fortune guessed, her features described. Lionel, in the mean time, unable to brave the storm of prejudice and ridicule which he saw ready to break over his head, endeavoured to invalidate the speaker's assertions. He confessed "the girl was pretty; he had admired her; trifled with her occasionally; possibly his attentions might have made her vain; he might have mentioned marriage in jest—but for serious thoughts of it—impossible." By such expressions as these, he avoided an avowal of his actual intentions; and chose rather to allow that he had sported with the feelings of a virtuous woman than to set himself in opposition to sentiments which he knew to be those of profligacy and libertinism.

The party broke up. Lionel, with his friend Captain Grahame, left the room the last of the company. As they were rising to retire, the young officer who had been sitting apart came up to them, and requested to be allowed to speak a few words with Captain Vernon. After a short pause, he said, "Mr. Vernon, I must request that you will immediately unsay the expressions you have used with regard to a lady who is very dear to me." The tone in which he spoke, although a little hurried, was low and composed; but there was a sudden flush upon his cheek, and a slight quiver on his lip, that betrayed the deep emotion which he laboured to conceal.

Lionel was thunderstruck. His first impulse was to confess at once that he had spoken thoughtlessly and inexcusably—that he saw his error and begged forgiveness for it. But the fear of appearing ridiculous or dastardly checked these honourable feelings; and he was silent. His friend spoke for him. He demanded to know "by what right a stranger remarked in this manner upon the language used by a gentleman among his intimate friends—by what authority he assumed the character of a spy and a dictator?" "Sir," resumed the stranger, "before a gentleman gives an unrestrained license to his conversation in a public place, he should reflect that what he is about to say may possibly hurt the feelings of some individual present; I am neither a spy nor a dictator, but there are honourable motives which require my interference upon this occasion. I am the natural guardian of a woman whose equal you will not find among her sex. To you, Mr. Vernon, I need hardly add, that I am the brother of Louisa Herbert."

Again Lionel was almost irresistibly impelled to explain his error, and to throw himself upon the generosity of the man he had offended. He was again interrupted by his companion, who replied, in a tone of rising passion, "I care not, Sir, whose brother you may be, and not enjoying the honour of a personal acquaintance, I am no judge of the personal perfections of Louisa Herbert; but as the expressions you have used with regard to the language of my friend apply equally to my own, I must tell you that they are such as I cannot brook, and further—" Here his speech was cut short by their antagonist, who observed, with a calmness which was neither ruffled by passion nor by alarm, "the peculiar situation in which Mr. Vernon is placed obliges me to repeat my request to him in the first instance; at a proper time, Sir, I shall be at your service." The genuine impulse of the heart had in Lionel's bosom given way to the influence of false shame. Should it be said that he had submitted to reproaches which his friend thought himself obliged to resent?—that Captain Grahame had risked his life in Lionel Vernon's quarrel?

It was a moment of pain and delirium: he muttered a few words expressing that the affront was addressed to him only, and that it became his duty to resent it. He paused and was sorry for what he had said; but he believed it was too late to retrieve his error. What remained was soon decided; seven o'clock the next morning was named as the time of their meeting: and they separated. Such was the origin of a dispute upon whose issue two valuable lives were to be hazarded.

Lionel returned to his hotel, and spent some time in solitude before he could rightly collect his ideas, and consider the situation in which he was placed. But then what agonizing reflections presented themselves! He thought of the memory of his father, of the doctrines he had inculcated, of the manner in which they had been neglected. He pictured to himself Louisa weeping for the fate of her brother, and endeavouring to invoke justice upon his destroyer. When he strove to avoid these melancholy visions, and to seek consolation in that religion of which he had been ashamed to profess himself a servant, he remembered the hand which had written "Thou shalt do no murder!" and the lips which had said, "Agree with thine adversary quickly!" Night came and brought no rest. How full of horror was its darkness! The morning dawned brightly, and Captain Grahame arrived to summon him to the place of rendezvous. Herbert was there before him. He was attended by an old military man, who came immediately to Lionel, and expressing his regret for the occasion which brought him to that spot, begged to know if there was no way yet open for reconciliation. Lionel seemed again disposed

to act under the influence of proper feelings. "Consider, Lionel," whispered his second, "what will the world say?" The momentary impulse was subdued. The old officer was repulsed with a cold reply. Their stations were taken in silence. They fired together, and Lionel fell.

The surgeon who was in attendance hastened to the spot. The unfortunate youth still lived, but the wound was mortal. He was conveyed to a neighbouring cottage, where he expired in a few hours. Previously to this he shook hands with his antagonist, and appeared to join mentally in prayer, but preserved an unbroken silence.

It is time for us to close the scene. Louisa is now the inmate of a religious house in the south of France: for Lionel, he rests in the sleep of death, despised by the many who only saw in him the thoughtless, the hasty, and the extravagant; but deeply lamented by the few who knew him as the warm, the generous, and the affectionate. Let his faults sleep with him, or be only remembered that they may warn the inexperienced to acquire fixed principles, and to avoid a temporizing morality; to conceal no feelings, but those of guilt, and to assume the appearance of no sentiments, from the actual existence of which they would recoil.

M. S.

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### GOLIGHTLY'S LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

*January 8, 1821.*

MY DEAR COURTENAY,—I cannot think how that poor wretch Swinburne could contrive to invent so many imaginary Miseries in the Christmas Holidays. For my own part, I have absolutely been trying to discover, or rather verify, some of them by my own experience, and, as I have been totally unable, I shall be cruel enough to accuse him of being the sole cause of all his unhappiness. Well, let him rest for a melancholy moping sort of being. I only hope that he will not send, and that you will not publish, any more of his complaints; indeed I am heartily sorry that I did not join my vote to Oakley's for the expulsion of the first, for I hear them abused wherever I go; and, with all his affected love for Eton, people ought not to know, as I never did before, that there was such a kind of person there. I think you might describe *your* sorrows with much greater justice; for I conclude that you have been writing all you can, and revising all you have had in the way of contributions, which, I should think, was little enough. What could have induced you to promise an "Etonian" for the 1st of January? You will never be able to do any thing without

the regular meetings of the Club, and the inspiring sanction of the Privy Council. I do not know how you will be able to appease his Majesty, or Messrs. Knight and Warren; but when it does come out, which, it is devoutly to be hoped, will happen by the 1st of February, do not let us hear any thing about "unavoidable delays," "unlucky accidents," "unforeseen circumstances," and suchlike flummery; but tell the plain honest truth—that the boys would not write when they could amuse themselves better; and I am sure all charitable people will pardon you much sooner than if you had filled a page with the most elaborate excuses. However, we shall soon come together, and then we shall see what can be done to set this dilatory publication on its legs again.

Well, I think by this time I have prosed quite long enough, and probably you will think so too, considering that you have been the object of the attack. But prithee, good Peregrine, take all this in good part; and now you shall be refreshed a little by the opinions of all the erudite company I have lately met, respecting the merits of our conjoint labours.

In the first place, you must know that I came to Mr. Seymour's the second week in the Holidays, and have remained here ever since; and, as my visit is pretty nearly elapsed, I take the first opportunity of recording and collecting the precious observations, lest they drop from my memory in the interval before I see you.

Now the good people, many of them old Rawsdon Court acquaintances, have only read the two first Numbers, which is a very happy thing. These, indeed, I sent them, and their curiosity has not led them to inquire after the third; so that, at present, I cannot be accused of putting them print. If I were, I should undoubtedly transfer the blame to Rowley, as it is ten to one if any of them remember the signature.

To begin systematically,—I was asked by some person, "Pray, Sir, can you inform me what was the origin of 'The Etonian?'" For this I referred him to the First Number, and advised him strongly to purchase it, as indeed I did every one else. Shortly afterwards he said, "And may I ask what may be the end of it?" "Oh!" replied I, "it is quite out of my power to tell you; but I hope it is as far off as possible." You will excuse my pun, the more so as I tell it myself;—but, apropos, to speak seriously, I sat one day at dinner next to my old friend and nomenclator, Mr. Ormsby, who condemned most unequivocally our general levity, our innumerable puns, unnatural double entendres, and the like, evidently not flowing from the momentary wit and impulse of the author, but introduced by clumsy and deliberate mechanism. By way of example, he fell most fiercely upon "Lovers' Vows;" and I assure you I had great difficulty in somewhat alleviating his ob-



jections, which I was the more anxious to do, as the article was a great favourite of mine. "Why," said he, "why do you not rouse that Martin Sterling of yours from his lethargy? He seems to be a boy of sound steady talents, and would give a weight and decided principle to your work, in which it is sadly deficient."

I fully coincided in some of his opinions; informed him that the obnoxious *puns* were greatly removed from the Third Number, and that we intended in the Fourth to bring forward an excellent production of his favourite, upon "Principle;" and another, equally good, of your own, upon "Silent Sorrow." By-the-bye, why should you hoard up such a number of good articles after they have been given notice of and formally acknowledged? By all means give them insertion as speedily as possible. For instance,—M'Farlane's "Bogle of Anneslie;" "The Genius of Æschylus contrasted with that of Sophocles;" "Sterling's Review of the present State of Literature at Eton;" "Le Blanc's Castles in the Air," &c. &c.

The punch-bowl, and Sir Thomas Nesbit's warm and constant praises of porter, and Musgrave's "vehicular metaphors," have given serious alarm to many sober and well-minded people in this vicinity; insomuch so, that I really believe they consider our respectable Club, with the exception of yourself, Montgomery, Sterling, and Le Blanc, as little better than a collection of toppers, coachmen, and suchlike characters; indeed, I have some trouble in persuading them that Musgrave has left off driving, and that I have not been called to the honourable office of punch-maker since the second meeting; all the rest having been totally on business.

A valiant old Wykehamist, who was no other than our friend Mr. Thompson, attacked me most violently for libelling his favourite school; and moreover accused us of ignorance, certainly not without a cause, for it seems we have been guilty of the grand mistake of spelling his founder's name with an *i* instead of a *y*. Moreover, he launched out into a violent philippic against the laxity of Eton discipline; which he instanced by their permitting such a foolish publication to continue. "We manage those things better at Winchester," said he, "at least we did so when I was there. The boys had too much to do to think of scribbling for amusement's sake. Latin and Greek are what you are sent to learn; and if you do them well it is quite sufficient. This meddling with English must take away from your attention to your studies, and does you neither good nor credit, I can assure you."

This was all very disagreeable and very annoying to me; but I knew he was rather fretful in his temper; and, as he was old and I young, it did not become me, even if I had been inclined, to

answer him. The most difficult opponent I engaged with was a young Lady, who complained of our having taken unpardonable liberties in our observations on female characters in sundry parts of our publication—adding withal this pithy quotation—

“The proper study of mankind is *man*.”

I defended myself as well as I could, and promised that we would be more circumspect for the future. Surely she could not say that men escaped with impunity.

Can you believe that, after our solemn asseveration and evident disclosure in our Second Number, there are still people wicked enough to suppose that the dreadful conspiracy against our fame, our honour, our best interests, never in reality existed? This really provoked me greatly; I assured them, I protested, I proceeded to appeal, but all in vain; they still remained incredulous. Some means must be adopted against the offenders, and then there is some chance of these cavillers being satisfied.

One day I was terribly annoyed by a gentleman arrived fresh from London, who, on being introduced to me as an Etonian, begged to know if I was the Golightly who cut such a conspicuous figure in “The Etonian.” I confessed that I was, looking miserably ashamed the whole time. I longed to be Oakley, to have a “No” at the tip of my tongue. “Well,” said he, “I can hardly believe you; for on my going to Warren’s to inquire after the Fourth Number the other day, I was credibly informed that a son of Mr. Sergeant Raide was the principal Manager, and that the Club, punch-bowl, &c. were all ideal. I was violently alarmed during the whole of this speech, lest he should blunder upon “Rawsdon Court;” so I lost no time in setting him right, and afterwards discovered, to my great comfort, that he was an entire stranger, and neither knew Rawsdon Court, nor its inhabitants.

I have borne all these trials and torments with incredible patience; but that you, my dear Peregrine, should be mistaken for this Raide, when we all know that there is no such boy in the School, is too provoking to be ludicrous.

I find myself beginning to be in a passion; so, with my best wishes for the speedy appearance of No. IV, remain,

Your Majesty’s most loyal  
and devoted servant,

F. G.

P. S. I inclose you a few stanzas, which perhaps may serve to fill up a vacant space in one of your Numbers. I am going to my uncle’s in Wiltshire, on Wednesday, for three or four days;

I am invited to a delightful party there, and I will send you an account of it.—Direct to me, at Henry Peak's, Esq., Burbage-Hall, near Salisbury.

TO MISS F. HARRISON.

OH lady, since I must away  
 From this gay scene of pleasure,  
 To thee I leave this idle lay,  
 Despise not thou the measure ;  
 And though no treasured pledge bear I  
 Of Rawsdon to remind me,  
 My heart will sometimes breathe a sigh  
 To those I leave behind me.

I boast not, I, a love-sick brow,  
 Nor breast of burning anguish ;  
 The merry Muse that greets thee now  
 Was never formed to languish.  
 But, though my heart is light and free,  
 From belle to belle a rover,  
 Yet deem the bard a *friend* to thee,  
 Who is to none a lover.

Let sad Montgomery weep and whine  
 To Caroline or Chloe,  
 And swear their blue eyes are divine,  
 Their bosoms soft and snowy ;  
 That gently on each ivory brow  
 The flaxen curl reposes,  
 That on their lips twin cherries grow,  
 And lilies deck their noses.

I hate the mawkish eye of blue,  
 That stares as if 'twere sleeping,

That ne'er the beams of laughter knew,  
And seems too cold for weeping.  
I ne'er have admiration known  
For those insipid Misses,  
Whose lips have cold and pouting grown  
Beneath love's burning kisses.

Give me the laughing, bright, black eye,  
That swims beneath the lashes,  
Through which the soul beams momentarily  
In fifty thousand flashes.  
Give me the wild and liquid glance,  
With love's own lustre bright'ning,  
That flings o'er all the countenance  
The heart's ethereal lightning.

Oh, Rawsdon's belles are wondrous fair!  
Their eyes!—oh! Venus lights them;  
Cupid lies tangled in their hair,  
And curst be he who slights them.  
But when from this gay scene I'm gone,  
Through classic groves to wander,  
At Rawsdon I shall leave but *one*  
On whom my heart will ponder.

Then, lady, take this parting strain,  
And think on him who sends it;  
The subject of my verse, 'tis plain,  
And not the style, commends it.  
Scorn not such weak and careless song,  
But deem it gay and sprightly;  
And sometimes, 'midst this courtly throng  
Remember

F. GOLIGHTLY.

## ON COLERIDGE'S POETRY.

To Richard Hodgson, Secretary, &c.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—From my avowed poetical predilections, you will not be surprised at my troubling you with another attempt to advocate the merits of the objects of them; and it would seem that the transition from Wordsworth to Coleridge is both a natural and convenient one, considering the early and intimate communion that has existed between them, that the works of either are so mutually impregnated with the spirit of the other, and that in short there is so much of Wordsworth in Coleridge, and so much of Coleridge in Wordsworth. It is not, however, my place or my intention to consider Coleridge in the character in which for some years past he has chosen exclusively to appear; nor will I presume either to accuse or lament, much less to rail at, what many have and many will term a useless waste of learning and talent, or at least a wilful perversion of intellect, which might have spread its genial and restorative influences over the whole extent of polite literature, politics, and theology. To deny that in “The Friend” is displayed great erudition, brilliant talent, much occasional pathos, and not seldom the very highest inventive and exploring energy in the obscure region of Metaphysics, would simply show that the person who so denied the existence of these qualities was incapable of feeling their power. But conceding this, as I do most cordially, yet let me question whether a large share of “The Friend” and of the first “Lay Sermon” must not for ever be, for any purposes of practical advancement in the study of the mind, a mere *vox et præterea nihil*; and this not only to the “general,” or *operatives*, as they are called, but even to that sum total of speculative minds, who, by the Philosopher’s own system, are to be the *media*, through which the original rays of light, springing from that system, may be transmitted and scattered over the nations. The substance of this objection has, I am aware, been often urged before; and Mr. Coleridge has, in his “Friend” and elsewhere, repeatedly put in his answer:—that his subject is the most profound and abstruse to which we can apply ourselves; that to make an actual advance in it requires new modes of thinking, new modes of expression in the author, and a corresponding effort in the reader, to follow him; that the present age especially is overrun with the plague of superficial education; and that, abstractedly considered, the attempts to popularize learning and

philosophy must end in the plebification of knowledge! Be it so:—I am as far from being gratified at the notion of a “Reading Public” as Mr. Coleridge can be; and I perfectly detest the whole system so much in fashion now of making easy what ought not to be learnt without some difficulty; for examples of which precious practice take, “The History of England made perfectly easy to Children, in a series of Maps;” “The System of Linnæus rendered intelligible to Young Ladies, in a series of Questions and Answers;” nay, very lately, “The Whole Duty of a Christian Exemplified—by a Pack of Cards;” which last I suppose is meant, amongst other Christian duties, to inculcate the use and practice of gambling! But then assuredly there is another extreme; and, if Mr. Coleridge has fallen into it, perhaps it was the natural effect of the re-action of his mind occasioned by these convictions;—but that there is such an extreme who will deny?—and that the first volume of the “*Biographia Litteraria*” can show some specimens of it, perhaps not many will be found hardy enough to dispute. Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton both made as great advances in the knowledge of Mind and Nature as any two men that ever lived; yet both have, I apprehend, been understood, and both *acted* upon;—but where are we to find in Mr. Coleridge’s philosophy that solid, sensible ground, upon which we may venture to build up an abiding-place for our doubts and our desires? I do not affirm that this whole system of commingled Platonism, Kantism, and Christianity, *may* not be true; but I do affirm, and I fear not contradiction, that it will never be useful. Perhaps if “The Friend” live so long, and I do not fear its dying,—in the transcendent illumination of the Earthly Millennium its doctrines will be recognized, and its conjectures realized; but till that happy period in the Latter Days, while we are still perplexed with doubts and fears, and our minds bedimmed with passion and prejudice; whilst we persist in demanding plain reason for what we are to believe from men, and will not place that *faith* in mortal ingenuity which we rest alone in Omnipotent Wisdom; so long, methinks, will “The Friend” be the dark seer of an unknown land; so long will he sit enshrouded in his cloudy tabernacle, possessed, Cassandra-like, by a Spirit, which may denounce or may teach, but whose denunciations or whose teachings will be disregarded, be pitied, or be unnoticed by all.

But it is high time to turn to the particular subject of this letter; from which, indeed, I should not have so long abstained, had I not thought a cursory mention of Mr. Coleridge’s philosophical pretensions interesting, if not necessary, in a complete view of the productions of his genius. And, for my own part, I confess I have never felt my regret at his present exclusive

pursuit of undefinable mysticism so vivid, as when I have been charmed, tranquillized, and thrown into delicious musings, by the perusal of his exquisite Poems. These last have fared, with a few very splendid exceptions, much in the same manner as those of Wordsworth; and, to solicit for them a candid examination, is, I am conscious, to ask what will hardly be granted by the obdurate and almost malicious prejudices of many people. And yet, notwithstanding this general neglect or contempt, I declare it as my settled opinion, which has not been formed hastily, or without previous acquaintance with his all-praised contemporaries, that in many very most important respects, in a transparency of ornament, a purity of conception, a matchless ear, and splendor of diction, Mr. Coleridge is not only equal, but once and again superior to all of them put together. With the same continual working of the soul upon its own energies, which is so conspicuous in Wordsworth, he is less abstracted and ideal; not so philosophically sublime, he is more humanly passionate; not so anatomizing, if I may so speak, in the operations of the heart and the mind, he is more diffused, more comprehensive. From the natural bent of his genius there is a tendency to the strange, the wild, and mysterious; which, though intolerable in the cool pursuit of Truth, is yet oftentimes the fruitful parent of the very highest Poetry. To this he adds a power of language truly wonderful, more romantically splendid than Wordsworth's, and more flexible and melodious than that of Southey. Indeed his excellence is so great in this particular, that in my judgment many finished specimens of perfect harmony of thought, passion, measure, and rhyme, may be selected from his Poems, which will hardly yield the palm to the most celebrated passages in Spenser, Shakspeare, or Milton. I shall quote an instance or two of this, when I come to speak more particularly of his Love-Poetry. In the mean time, to give those who may be strangers to Mr. Coleridge's powers an idea of what he once could perform, and at the same moment to display that high and bright mysteriousness so peculiar to him, couched in what appears to me very beautiful numbers, I will present you with a view of his "Ode on the Departing Year."

"Spirit who sweepst the wild Harp of Time!

It is most hard, with an untroubled ear

Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!

Yet, mine eye fixt on Heaven's unchanging clime, —

Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,

With inward stillness, and submitted mind;

When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,

I saw the train of the Departing Year!

Starting from my silent sadness,

Then with no unholy madness,

Ere yet the enter'd cloud foreclos'd my sight,

I rais'd the impetuous song, and solemnized his flight."

Then follows a very fine invocation to all Nature to suspend its woes and joys for a season—then a vivid description of the war incidents of the year ;—after which comes the vision :—

“ Departing Year! ’twas on no earthly shore  
 My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,  
 Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,  
 Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscrib’d with gore,  
 With many an unimaginable groan  
 Thou storied’st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,  
 Deep silence o’er the etherial multitude,  
 Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.  
 Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,  
 From the choired gods advancing,  
 The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,  
 And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

## V.

“ Throughout the blissful throng,  
 Hush’d were harp and song:  
 Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads Seven,  
 (The mystic words of Heaven)  
 Permissive signal make ;  
 The fervent Spirit bow’d, then spread his wings and spake!  
 ‘ Thou in stormy blackness throning,  
 Love and uncreated Light,  
 By the Earth’s unsolaced groaning,  
 Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!’ ”

And so on for many lines ; imprecating, in an impassioned style, the vengeance of God upon the tyrannies and bloodthirsty persecutions of the Great Ones of this Earth. The Vision is ended :—

## VI.

“ The voice had ceased, the vision fled ;  
 Yet still I gasp’d and reel’d with dread ;  
 And ever, when the dream of night  
 Renews the phantom to my sight,  
 Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs ;  
 My ears throb hot ; my eye-balls start ;  
 My brain with horrid tumult swims ;  
 Wild is the tempest of my heart ;  
 And my thick and struggling breath  
 Imitates the toil of death ! ”

\* \* \* \* \*

After this a burst of affectionate enthusiasm for his country prevails over his settled conviction of her guilt and impending punishment :—

## VII.

“ Not yet enslav’d, not wholly vile,  
 O Albion! O my mother Isle!  
 Thy valleys, fair as Eden’s bowers,  
 Glitter green with sunny showers ;



Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells  
 Echo to the bleat of flocks ;  
 (Those grassy hills, those glitt'ring dells,  
 Proudly ramparted with rocks)  
 And Ocean 'mid his uproar wild  
 Speaks safety to his Island-Child!  
 Hence, for many a fearless age,  
 Has social Quiet lov'd thy shore ;  
 Nor ever proud Invader's rage,  
 Or sack'd thy towers, or stain'd thy fields with gore."

Then the prophecy of the destruction that is to ensue ; and the Ode concludes with his own feelings and prayers.

VIII.

" Abandon'd of Heaven ? mad Avarice thy guide,  
 At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—  
 'Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,  
 And join'd the wild yelling of Famine and Blood !  
 The nations curse thee, and with eager wond'ring  
 Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream !  
 Strange-eyed Destruction ! who with many a dream  
 Of central fires through nether seas up-thund'ring  
 Soothes her fierce solitude ; yet as she lies  
 By livid fount, or red volcanic stream,  
 If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,  
 O Albion ! thy predestin'd ruins rise,  
 The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,  
 Muttering distemper'd triumph in her charmed sleep.

IX.

Away, my soul, away !  
 In vain, in vain the birds of warning sing—  
 And hark ! I hear the famish'd brood of prey  
 Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind !  
 Away, my soul, away !  
 I, unpartaking of the evil thing,  
 With daily prayer and daily toil,  
 Soliciting for food my scanty soil,  
 Have wailed my country with a loud lament.  
 Now I recenter my immortal mind  
 In the deep sabbath of meek self-content ;  
 Cleans'd from the vaporous passions that bedim  
 God's Image, sister of the Seraphim."

The disposition to the mysterious and preternatural, which I remarked above as constituting a very principal moving spring in almost all Mr. Coleridge's writings, is nowhere more absolutely developed, or more splendidly arrayed, than in the " Rime of the Ancient Mariner." This is one of the best known and most admired of his poems ; and certainly, in whatever light it is viewed, in whatever temper it is read, it must be allowed to be a most singular and astonishing work, both in conception and execution. I have quoted largely already, yet I cannot refrain from giving a stanza or two of this wonder of Poetry :—

" The moving Moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide :  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemoock'd the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread :  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmed water burnt alway  
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship  
I watch'd the water-snakes :  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watch'd their rich attire :  
Blue, glossy-green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam ; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare :  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware !  
\* \* \* \*

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the sun :  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the sky-lark sing :  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute ;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune."  
\* \* \* \*

But notwithstanding the striking success and perfect originality of his compositions in the manner of the poem quoted above, (for the whole pervading spirit of the " Christabel," that unjustly-vilified fragment, is intensely the same with that of the " Ancient Mariner ;") and not forgetting either the energy, the dramatic excellence and splendor of the " Remorse," or the softer and more fanciful elegance of " Zapolya,"—yet it is in his Love

Poems that the genius of Coleridge is poured forth in a more peculiar and undivided stream. As a Love Poet he is strictly and exclusively original, or if that be not possible for any one in these latter days, yet indisputably the most genuine and original writer that has existed since the times of "Romeo and Juliet." It is to his amatory Poetry that I would particularly call the attention of a young or old lover of the Muse; to the one it will seem bright and prospective, to the other gentle and contemplative; and, indeed, this portion of his works has been acknowledged to be excellent, even by those who have affected to despise his other productions. Assuredly no one who had any regard for his own reputation as a critic would forbear praising such Poems as those called "Love" and the "Circassian Love-Chaunt;" but I cannot think that they have been sufficiently admired, nor their essential distinctive principles thoroughly examined. None of the Love Poetry of the present day can, to my mind, be for an instant compared to them in any one particular. The love of Lord Byron is the love,—if we may so degrade that term,—of a Turkish Sultan, revelling in the indiscriminate obedience of a haram of slaves; perilously, indeed, alive to the violent excesses of the passion, but despotic, troubled, desperate, short-lived. The love of Moore (ever excepting what ought to be forgotten) is something more refined and natural; but still it is so bedecked and beplastered with cumbrous Orientalisms, that we are but rarely or never in perfect unison with it. There is positively nothing to be called love in Wordsworth: he has indeed an intellectual devotion, a deep communion of sentiment; but no love, as that word was understood by Shakspeare and Fletcher. But in Coleridge there is a clear unclouded passion, an exquisite respect, a gentleness, a knightly tenderness and courtesy, which recalls us in a moment to our old dramatists; not too sensual, as in Byron, nor too intellectual, as in Wordsworth. The purity of his feelings is unequalled; yet, with seeming contradiction, they are ardent, impatient, and contemplative. It is Petrarch and Shakspeare transfused into each other. It is, if I may be allowed so fanciful an illustration, the Midsummer Moonlight of Love Poetry. Take for example, and mark the complete harmony of expression, flow, and rhyme, with the feelings conveyed in these stanzas:—

" I play'd a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story—  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd, with a sitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace:  
For well she knew I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

*On Coleridge's Poetry.*

I told her of the Knight who wore  
 Upon his shield a burning brand ;  
 And that for ten long years he woo'd  
 The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pin'd ; and ah !  
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone,  
 With which I sang another's love,  
 Interpreted my own.

\* \* \* \* \*

But when I told the cruel scorn  
 That craz'd that bold and lovely Knight ;  
 And that he cross'd the mountain woods,  
 Nor rested day nor night ;

\* \* \* \* \*

And that, unknowing what he did,  
 He leap'd amid a murderous band,  
 And sav'd from outrage worse than death  
 The Lady of the Land.

\* \* \* \* \*

And that she nurs'd him in a cave,  
 And how his madness went away,  
 When, on the yellow forest leaves,  
 A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach'd  
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
 My faltering voice and pausing harp  
 Disturb'd her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense  
 Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve ;  
 The music and the doleful tale,  
 The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
 An undistinguishable throng,  
 And gentle wishes long subdued,  
 Subdued and cherish'd long !

She wept with pity and delight ;  
 She blush'd with love and virgin-shame ;  
 And, like the murmur of a dream,  
 I heard her breathe my name.

\* \* \* \* \*

She half enclos'd me with her arms,  
 She press'd me with a meek embrace ;  
 And, bending back her head, look'd up,  
 And gaz'd upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
 And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
 That I might rather feel than see  
 The beatings of her heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet a few words more upon the character of the very extraordinary author of these Poems, and I have done. Mr. Coleridge has now for many years been what is called before the public, in the shapes of poet, politician, and metaphysician. In the commencement of his life he shared in the general spirit resulting from the auspicious exordium of the French Revolution, and declared and advocated his sentiments with a brilliant enthusiasm which unfortunately lost him many friends, and procured him hundreds of foes: but let it be remembered that his enthusiasm was directed solely to political objects; from the irreligious, atheistic, impure systems of miscalled philosophy, attendant upon the Revolution, no man was ever more alien, more estranged. Indeed, he has ever been an eminently devout and fervent Christian, and it is one among many other proofs and indications of the genuine greatness of his mind, that he was able to resist with firmness the seductions of infidelity, at a time when it came recommended to his feelings by its alliance with what he deemed true in other respects; whilst many of the younger men of genius of the present day have degenerated into a contemptible scepticism, the very dregs and lees of the basest of French principles, discountenanced, as it should be to a mind with any spark of purity in it, by its intimate congeniality with the worthless and pernicious spirit of radicalism. I know it would be to incur the ridicule of nine out of ten, who may read these pages, if I were to assert my opinion, that Mr. Coleridge is the greatest genius, in every respect, of the present day. We have all been so accustomed to hear him and Wordsworth abused, laughed at, and cut up, by critics of every dimension, that we cannot emancipate ourselves from the habitual delusion. We have seen a weak poem cited as a *chef d'œuvre*—an obscure disquisition as a sample of his poetry and philosophy; and it but rarely occurs to us that this may be all trick, nay, and a trick so contemptibly easy of execution, that it is notorious that the shallowest scribblers have, under the character of the anonymous “We,” *written down* with success the writings, and broken the hearts of men of the most exquisite and hence susceptible genius. Kirke White cannot and ought not to be forgotten. “Well! but you forget Lord Byron! think of ‘Childe Harold,’ ‘The Corsair,’ ‘Don Juan,’ and ‘The Bride of Abydos,’” says one;—“and Moore,” says another;—“or Southey;—or at least your idol Wordsworth!”—True, I hear you all, and know your own convictions, and know also that the first, second, and third of you, have the world on your side. Howbeit, I am a Mede or Persian in this my opinion, and will not retract or soften it even at the name of Wordsworth himself. To enter into a critical examination of *meum* and *tuum* between Wordsworth and Coleridge; to show or rather hint that much of the very

essence of the former's poetical being is a transfusion of the life-blood of the latter ; to demonstrate this fact by remarking upon the gradual decrease of intellectual vigour, observable in the recent poems of Mr. Wordsworth, occasioned, as I would have it, by his less intimate communion of late with the friend of his youth ;—all this would require, though it might justify, more time, labour, and delicacy of touch, than at present I can possibly afford it.

That to Coleridge and Wordsworth the poetry, the philosophy, and the criticism, of the present day, does actually owe its peculiar character, and its distinguishing excellence over that of the last century, those who would trace the origin of the present opinions back for thirty years would find no difficulty in believing. These two men, essentially different as they are in many respects, have been copied, imitated, and parodied, by every poet who now lives. Lord Byron has owned his obligations to Mr. Coleridge, and the third Canto of "*Childe Harold*" could not have been written unless Wordsworth had lived before it. The author of "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*" can best tell what poem was the *motive* of his own work, and the "*Lady of the Lake*" is indebted almost for the very words of many of its most admired passages to Wordsworth's Poems. I do not deny that there are many assignable causes of the neglect which the writings of Mr. Coleridge have met with ; I have myself hinted above at the uncouth dress of his metaphysical meditations, and the general difficulty and hardness of his reasoning ; but this censure does not apply to an immense portion even of "*The Friend*," or the first "*Lay Sermon*;" to the second Sermon not at all ;—and surely it is a little unreasonable to excommunicate the works of a man of such acknowledged excellence in most respects, because of his obliquities in a few particulars.

It is not much to the purpose, but yet I cannot help adverting to his personal manners and qualities ; for they are such as when once seen and felt have never been forgotten, or not revered and loved even by his enemies themselves. Gentle and patient to every one ; communicative and sympathizing, you perceive at the very first glance that you are near an extraordinary and self-subdued being. His powers of conversation have, I suppose, never been equalled ; there is a fervid continuousness of discourse, a brilliancy and justness of images and similes which charm and convince every hearer ; and a learning so deep, so various, so perfectly under command, that you may come away from an evening's conversation with him, with more curious facts, well-conceived explications, and ingenious reasonings upon them, than you could possibly gain from a week's reading. Those who have attended his Lectures on Shakspeare may form some idea

of what I would express ; but they cannot know all his winning fascination, all his almost infantine simplicity of manners, all his exquisite humour. I do not indulge myself in wilful flattery of this great man by these expressions ; for it is little probable that a Number of " *The Etonian* " should ever creep in between his Plato and his Bible ; but I use them because they are justly his due ; because they have been long and maliciously withheld or denied ; and because, besides his universal claim for respect from his genius and eloquence, he has ties of another kind which assure him the love and esteem of

GERARD MONTGOMERY.

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PEREGRINE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

NO. II.

*December 6.*—Took leave of the Members of the Club, and arrived in London.

*Dec. 7.*—Saw it notified in the papers that " yesterday morning his Majesty left Windsor for Town."

*Dec. 13.*—Received two letters of advice. The first from " a Whig and an old Etonian."—He is our very good friend, and deserves my most sincere thanks ; but, being " an old Etonian," he must recollect that *young* Etonians have an hereditary attachment for hoaxing. The second is from " an old Etonian of from 1796 to 1801."—I am obliged to him for his suggestion, and will profit by it, should any future impression be found necessary. I must take this opportunity of observing, that under the numerous difficulties which our inexperience has to encounter, we trust our friend will not withhold from us any advice which may be of service to us in the prosecution of this work.

*Dec. 16.*—Received the following song from a highly-valued correspondent :—

Spring breathes her first kisses on mountain and vale,  
There's warmth in the sunbeam, and health in the gale ;  
And bright shine the blossoms, and green waves the bough,  
And Earth in its beauty looks merrily now.

'Tis the season of gladness—yet gladness is not,  
For where is the Maid who should gladden the spot?

The Morn in its loveliness bids us awake,  
Noon flings its calm splendor on forest and brake ;  
And soft melts the Earth in the shadows of Even,  
And the Star of the Twilight shines brightly in Heaven ;  
And Night summons neighbours to revel and ball—  
But where is the Maid who should gladden them all?

I wander at evening and dream of her eye :  
 I call on her name—but I hear no reply ;  
 I gaze all around me—the country is fair,  
 But I heed not its beauties—for she is not there.  
 Oh! sad is the scene where my Mary is not,  
 Return to us, Maiden, and gladden each spot.

*Dec. 19.*—Received some stanzas on “Balaam”—not Blackwood’s Balaam, but the Bible’s Balaam. The author must get somebody to explain the term to him. We are unwilling to insert poems on Scriptural themes, unless they have something extraordinary to recommend them.

*Dec. 26.*—This day I, Peregrine Courtenay, King of Clubs and Editor of “The Etonian,” paid my first visit to Cambridge. N. B. Had excogitated in “the Telegraph” sundry Burtonian compositions in the way of Song, Sonnet, and Serenade, all ornamented with “antique fanes,” “hoary sages,” “ethereal contemplations ;” but the sight of the town (“I shall offend if I describe”) somewhat curbed my Pegasus, and I was finally recalled to sublunary considerations by my dinner in the Hall of St. John’s.

*Dec. 27.*—After breakfast, sallied forth *incog.* in quest of the Arch-Fiend Criticism.—Found him, with a smile on one side of his face and a frown on the other, in Mr. Deighton’s shop. Many Gownsmen were lounging about, acting under his influence. Various, as usual, were the opinions expressed as to my own identity. I contained myself as much as possible ; nevertheless I was somewhat provoked when I heard myself described by one orator as a jovial Hampshire sportsman ; and by another, as a silent sickly Gentleman with a long face. I had a fit of the sullens when a Johnian Pensioner averred that I was the son of a Linen-draper, and laughed outright when two Fellow-Commoners of Trinity in a whisper elevated me to the Peerage.

*Dec. 31.*—Found another old acquaintance, who is preparing for the Senate-House, and is alarmed beyond measure. Went to bed in the horrors, and dreamed of the Wooden Spoon.

*January 1, 1821.*—I am this morning in possession of matter sufficient for 156 pages of letter-press : but it seems probable that the appearance of No. IV. will be delayed till February, from causes which it is impossible for me to make public.

*Jan. 3.*—Left Cambridge with great regret. I have seen there very old edifices, and drank very old wine ; met some very dear old friends, and found very kind new ones. Altogether I begin to rank Granta second only to *Etona* in my estimation, and look forward with tolerable complacency to a Pensioner’s gown.

*Jan. 7.*—Upon my arrival in Town I find that my friends con-



ceive the delay of No. IV. to be occasioned by want of matter. Contributions have of course flocked in from all quarters. First I take up a Dwarf Epic in Whistlecrafts, 300 stanzas. I have only room for five. The Poem is entitled "The Civil Wars;" and abounds with broken heads.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Courage and flight to-day alike are vain,  
The brave and timid side by side are lying,  
The wounded war-horse, with his broken rein,  
'Midst pennons torn and shatter'd helms is dying,  
Flinging the red gore from his reeking mane,  
Over the mingled mass of dead and dying;  
And now and then bursts forth the stifled scream  
Of some young warrior, with his life-blood's stream.  
Night came around them with her purple veil,  
And the Moon beam'd amid her stars serene,  
Shedding her lustre, sorrowful and pale,  
On the dim horrors of that gloomy scene;  
Then widows wander'd with their voice of wail,  
Where late the clamour of the war had been;  
And then poor Mary hurried o'er the plain,  
Calling on those that answer'd not again."

Mary's husband and brother embraced different sides of the quarrel, and she finds them both among the slain. *Par consequence* she goes mad:—

"Years past away; but from that dreadful hour,  
No sound from Mary's lips was heard again,  
The star of frenzy on her fate had pow'r,  
And Madness revell'd in her wand'ring brain;  
And now her tears flow'd forth in plenteous show'r,  
And now a smile came o'er her in her pain:  
And yet her anguish with her reason slept,  
She knew not why she smil'd, nor why she wept.

She lov'd to wander 'neath the aged trees,  
Where once had stray'd the objects of her love,  
As if she heard their voices in the breeze,  
Or saw their faces in their native grove;  
Sometimes, beside the ripples of the seas,  
Far from the sight of all men she would rove,  
And wav'd her hand, and seem'd to beckon home  
Some lonely skiff, that came not—would not come.

This could not last!—an aged Eremit  
Before his homely dwelling found her lying;  
Cold was her cheek, and all its frantic light  
From her dim eye in dark'ning shades was flying;

The tender flow'r had met an early blight  
 That nipt its op'ning blossom!—she was dying,  
 And ere the Hermit stoop'd him down to pray,  
 That soul of wretchedness had passed away."

*Mem.*—To keep the rest as *Balaam*.

*Jan. 20.*—Returned to my court at Eton, and was glad to shake hands with the Members of the Club. *Mem.* Mindful of Cantabrigian hospitality, I must give orders that upon the Club-table, on Feast-days, be placed a pig's head with a lemon in his mouth;—a brave accompaniment for our Punch-bowl.

Again I am fixed in this abode of early talent and rising patriotism. Again I seem to see the shades of my ancestors haunting these classic groves, and smiling on the labours of their successors: again I feel the glow of hope, and the throb of emulation: again I look with enthusiasm on this "school-boy spot;" and every pulse within me beats a proud emotion as I reflect that I am an Etonian! Hail to the slumbers that refresh, to the studies that amuse, to the pleasures that delight; hail to the Spirits\* that swim within our Punch-bowl; hail to the Spirits that sit in merriment around it.

*Jan. 23.*—Received from a Trinity Correspondent a letter written at the close of the late examination. Our readers will be amused with the following extract:—

"DEAR COURTENAY,—'Tis now night; the skies are hung  
 With small bright stars innumerable, that seem  
 Heaven's eyelets, looking stilly down on man  
 And man's vain tumults. Many a studious head,  
 Its labour o'er and learn'd encounters, now  
 Rests on the pillow, that for many a day  
 Had toil'd from thorny premises t' extract,  
 By alchymy of subtlest argument,  
 Conclusions fair and smooth; had chas'd, thro' wilds  
 Of algebra, the shy retiring forms  
 Of  $x$  and  $z$ ; or rung the mystic change  
 On notions and ideas, words and things,  
 And idol forms Baconian: or discours'd  
 Of angles plane, and ratios duplicate,  
 Inventions strange, and figures multiform,  
 Circle, and square, and shapely trine; or, arm'd  
 By Paley, with the social compact waged  
 Relentless war. Myself the while——"

W.

\* N. B. Those who object to our conviviality must have recourse to the theory that spirits are ideal.

*Jan. 26.*—Received a letter from Robigo.—We trust our antiquarian will permit us to take a few liberties with his communication; and are in hopes to find a place for it in No. VI. This excuse must likewise serve several other much-honoured correspondents, as our press of matter renders it impossible to give that speedy insertion to every contribution which we could desire.

*Jan. 27.*—The Club met. I must refer my readers to the Secretary's account for particulars, and conclude No. IV. with—

**“ HOW TO RHYME FOR LOVE.”**

At the last hour of Fannia's rout,  
When Dukes walk'd in, and lamps went out,  
Fair Chloe sat: a sighing crowd  
Of high adorers round her bow'd,  
And ever Flattery's incense rose  
To lull the Idol to repose.  
Sudden some Gnome, that stood unseen,  
Or lurk'd disguis'd in mortal mien,  
Whisper'd in Beauty's trembling ear,  
The word of bondage and of fear—  
“ Marriage ”——her lips their silence broke,  
And smil'd on Vapid as they spoke,—  
“ I hate a drunkard, or a lout,  
I hate the sullens and the gout;  
If e'er I wed—let dangles know it,—  
I wed with no one—but a poet.”

And who but feels a Poet's fire  
When Chloe's smiles, as now, inspire?  
Who can the bidden verse refuse,  
When Chloe is his theme and Muse?  
Thus Flattery whisper'd round;  
And straight the humorous fancy grew,  
That lyres are sweet, when hearts are true;  
And all who feel a lover's flame  
Must rhyme to-night on Chloe's name;  
And he's unworthy of the Dame,  
Who silent here is found.

Since Head must plead the cause of Heart,  
Some put their trust in answer smart,  
Or pointed repartee;  
Some joy that they have hoarded up  
Those Genii of the jovial cup,  
Chorus, and Catch, and Glee.  
And, for one Evening, all prepare  
To be “ Apollo's chiefest care.”

Then Vapid rose—no Stentor this,  
 And his no Homer's lay—  
 Meek victim of Antithesis,  
 He sigh'd, and died away :—  
 "Despair my sorrowing bosom rives,  
 And anguish on me lies;  
 Chloe may die, while Vapid lives,  
 Or live while Vapid dies!  
 You smile!—the horrid vision flies,  
 And Hope this promise gives;  
 I cannot live while Chloe dies,  
 Nor die while Chloe lives!"  
 Next Snaffle, foe to tears and sadness,  
 Drew fire from Chloe's eyes;  
 And, warm with drunkenness and madness,  
 He started for the prize.  
 "Let the glad cymbals loudly clash,  
 Full bumpers let's be quaffing!  
 No poet I!—Hip! hip!—here goes!—  
 Blow—blow the trumpet, blow the ——"  
 Here he was puzzled for a rhyme,  
 And Lucy whisper'd "nose" in time,  
 And so they fell a-laughing.  
 "Gods!" cried a Minister of State,  
 "You know not, Empress of my Fate,  
 How long my passion would endure,  
 If passion were a sinecure;  
 But since, in Love's despotic clime,  
 Fondness is tax'd, and pays in rhyme;  
 Glad to retire, I shun disgrace,  
 And make my bow, and quit my place."  
 And thus the jest went circling round,  
 And ladies smil'd and sneer'd,  
 As smooth Fourteen, and weak Fourscore,  
 Profess'd they ne'er had rhym'd before;  
 And Drunkards blush'd, and Doctors swore,  
 And Soldiers own'd they fear'd :  
 Unwonted Muses were invok'd  
 By Pugilists and Whips;  
 And many a Belle look'd half provok'd,  
 When favour'd Swains stood dumb and chok'd;  
 And Warblers whin'd, and Punsters jok'd,  
 And Dandies bit their lips.  
 At last an old Ecclesiastic,  
 That look'd half kind, and half sarcastic,  
 And seem'd, in every transient look,  
 At once to flatter and rebuke,

Cut off the sport with "Psha! enough;"  
And then took breath, and then—took snuff;  
"Chloe!" he said, "you're like the Moon!  
You shine as bright, you change as soon!  
Your wit is like the Moon's fair beam,  
In borrow'd light 'tis o'er us thrown;  
Yet, like the Moon's, that sparkling stream  
To careless eyes appear your own:  
Your cheek by turns is pale and red;  
And then (to close the simile,  
From which, methinks, you turn your head,  
As half in anger, half in glee,)—  
Dark would the night appear without you—  
And—twenty fools have rhym'd about you."



## No. V.

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### THE KING OF CLUBS.

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THE Club having met, and all the preliminaries being disposed of, Mr. COURTENAY proceeded, as usual, to describe to us the reception of our last Number. But upon this point, in order to avoid the charge of puffing, which has been brought against us, I was desired to hold my tongue. I had a great mind, out of pure spite, to write down, that No. IV. was a failure, and that our writers were falling off, and our repute decreasing. But every one would know that these things are false.

Mr. Courtenay concluded amidst loud applause, which rather increased than diminished when Mr. OAKLEY rose to reply. After the usual number of items from the Hon. Member, and the usual quantum of endeavours on the part of the President to procure silence, Mr. Oakley began :—

#### MR. OAKLEY'S CENSURE OF NO. I.

“Sir,—You have told us that our work is still successful; our writers still improving; our readers still indulgent. To each, and to all of these assertions, I answer, ‘No! no! no!’—(*Laughter.*)—I maintain that our work is growing dull, our writers growing idle, and our readers growing severe. I am not one of those who bring forward charges without evidence to support them.—(*Hear, from Sir F. Wentworth.*)—I am prepared to argue in behalf of all these accusations.

“First, Sir, I affirm the work is growing dull. I will not address myself to your own judgments, because prejudice and absurdity—(*loud cries of order, in the midst of which Mr. Sterling rose, and appealed forcibly to the Chair.*)—but I hold in my hand a great many letters, bearing testimony to the fact. First here is one from a Collegian, who has found ‘a marvellous stupid paper on the Asyndeton!’ Next, here is one signed ‘Lucilla,’ complaining of the number of pages we devote to Ladies, and Love, and Nonsense. Next, here is one from ‘Levitas,’ who begs me to inform Mr. Sterling, that no one wishes, or expects, to read Sermons from the pen of a schoolboy. Next, here is an epistle from ‘Joseph Trebatius,’ who wishes to know how it concerns ‘The Etonian,’ whether the Critics clapperclaw Wordsworth, or Wordsworth clapperclaws the Critics. Next comes an admonition from a Winchester friend, who is sure we shall never bear a good name in the world, as long as we continue to murder his Founder’s. Next, here are a few lines of censure from ‘Leonora,’ who is thunderstruck at our ignorance of court etiquette,—‘What! the Ladies dressed in leno, and kissing his

Majesty's hand! Mon Dieu!' Next, here are the opinions of 'Isaac Mucklethrift,' who deposes that the work is twice as long as it ought to be. Finally, here is, in *propria persona*, 'Michael Oakley,' who is convinced—(*here the voice of the Hon. Gentleman was thoroughly drowned.*)

"Next, Sir, I affirm that our writers are growing idle. There is Mr. Lozell fast asleep—('true' from Mr. Lozell.)—Mr. Le Blanc, to my certain knowledge, took all his irons out of the fire, the moment his 'Essay on the Bituminous Quality of Coals' went into it.—Martin Sterling, I am credibly informed, made a resolution to give up writing, when his 'Address to the Whigs' was burnt by mistake with the bundle of old *Couriers*.—Sir F. Wentworth has been in dudgeon, ever since Golightly stole his 'Ode to the Queen,' from the President's box, and sent it to the *Old Times*; and Golightly himself, the gay, the witty, the satirical, the amusing—(*hear, from Mr. Golightly,*)—has not spoken a word, or written a line, since Miss Harrison converted his song into thread-papers.

"Next, Sir, our readers, I said, are growing severe. I shall very shortly be able to demonstrate this, by—(*here the Hon. Gentleman was stopped for some time by disapprobation.*)—I shall first support my assertion by reading to you a letter from a Gentleman, who"—(*Order, order.*)

Mr. Oakley produced a long letter which he endeavoured to read. The disapprobation continuing, Mr. Oakley returned the letter to the inside-pocket of his brown great-coat. The Secretary caught a glimpse of the signature, which began with "Metius," but whether the next word were "Tarpa," signifying accuracy, or "Talpa," signifying blindness, Mr. Secretary was unable to ascertain. Mr. Sterling then rose, and said, that the Members of the Club had heard themselves calumniated, without offering any interruption, but that they really could not sit still to listen to abuse of their friends. Mr. Oakley accordingly sat down.

Mr. COURTENAY then rose to reply:—

"I do not intend, Gentlemen, to trespass on your time, by going through all the arguments which the Hon. Gentleman has brought forward; because the censures which he quotes light upon trivial blemishes, and have no reference to the general merits of the work."—(*Mr. Oakley here vociferated, in great wrath, "Perhaps the President will tell me that my head has no reference to my shoulders."*)—"The Collegian, who writes about the Asyndeton, has, I hope, more regard for the quality of Essays, than he has for the quantity of Syllables. I can only say, that I hope he is not an Etonian. Lucilla's strictures we must allow to be just, if she will concede that Ladies, and Love, and Nonsense, are synonymous. Leonora's remarks have really astonished me. Can she suppose that his Majesty of Clubs, sitting on his own throne (an arm chair of five feet high) wielding his own sceptre (a goose-quill covered with the concretion of the last month's ink), and surrounded by his own guards, (writers, readers, compositors, and devils,) is bound or influenced by the regulations of the court of any Heathen or Christian Prince or Potentate? Indeed it is in contemplation, that upon the next grand ceremony the court-



dress is to be a quire of wire-wove; and 'The Etonian,' Vol. I. is to be laid on the footstool, that the visitors may salute, not his Majesty's hand, but the works of it.—(*Hear, hear.*)

"Mr. Oakley," continued the President, "imagines that our writers are growing idle. He will therefore be equally glad with myself to hear that we have a new candidate for admission into the King of Clubs; upon whom we may repose some part of our burthens.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

"I have to apologize to you, Gentlemen, and to the other supporters of 'The Etonian' for the postponement of several articles which were intended for insertion, but which a miscalculation in the printing compelled me to omit. Among them are 'An Essay on the Writings of James Montgomery;' 'Tancred and Sigismunda;' and 'The Serenade.'

"I have now only to inform you that the first Volume of 'The Etonian' will be completed with the Fifth Number; and that an Index and Title will be prepared for the accommodation of those who wish to have their copies bound."—(*Hear, hear.*)

#### VIOLATION OF RESOLUTION X.

MR. STERLING, after moving that Resolution X. be read, suggested to the President that "Girolamo and Sylvestra," inserted in No. IV., came within the restriction there laid upon all Translations.

Sir F. WENTWORTH inquired whether Mr. S. were not intended for the Church?

MR. STERLING replied in the affirmative.

Sir F. WENTWORTH recommended to the Honourable Gentleman not to be the first to object to Translations.

MR. STERLING said, that being a Churchman, and also a Member of the Club, he had no more objection to Translations than he had to Bishops; but he thought there was a proper time and place for both. He did not like to see "The Etonian" professing one thing and doing another.

Sir F. WENTWORTH disliked inconsistency as much as his Hon. Friend; he wished all persons in all *places* did the same.—(*Order.*)

MR. COURTENAY observed, that the Resolution just read was intended to guard our schoolfellows against schoolboy versions of the Classics; the originals of which were every day in their hands. He had not scrupled to break through its provisions in behalf of an Article which would have, with the majority of their readers, all the graces of an Original.

MR. COURTENAY proceeded to read to the Club several

#### ARTICLES IN PREPARATION.

Tancred and Sigismunda (*a Tale from the Italian.*)

The Serenade.

Burton on Interest.

On a Regular Week.

Reflections on Spring, by Martin Sterling; and a variety of others, which

we have not time to notice, but most of which shall make their appearance in due course of time.

Mr. COURTENAY then rose to read to us the often-promised, long-expected, and never-to-be-too-much-admired Greek Version of "Judy O'Flannikin." It was received with long applause; and the commendations bestowed upon its Author would have made any one blush but an Hibernian. The "silver crown" given by Victory to Phelim, as related in O'Connor's introductory letter, gave rise to considerable discussion. No one seemed to understand correctly the meaning of it.

The Hon. G. MONTGOMERY conceived it to mean the wreath of Fame; and whereas the said wreath is generally of laurel, he thought the making it "silver" was nothing more than a Hibernicism; or, in the Vulgate, a Bull.

Mr. LE BLANC thought that the "crown" was synonymous with the "wife," upon the authority of the expression, "A virtuous wife is a 'crown' to her husband." He was immediately called to order by Mr. Sterling.

Mr. BURTON said he had always understood, and he felt pretty confident, that a "crown" signified the consolidation of five shillings.—(*Laughter.*)

The Hon. G. MONTGOMERY then proposed that C. Bellamy be admitted a Member of the Club; and that as the Hon. Gentleman had a great aversion to hard drinking, the Inauguration Ceremony might be dispensed with.

Mr. STERLING said, in this case he would venture to propose the worthy enemy of the punch-bowl, Matthew Swinburne.

Before I proceed, I must, as usual, give you

#### THE CHARACTERS OF THE CANDIDATES.

Those of our readers who have perused "The Miseries of the Christmas Holidays" are by no means prejudiced in favour of MATTHEW SWINBURNE. Indeed we ought not to be surprised to find that the author of that article has been identified with the hero of his tale, since the title of "Childe Harold," in spite of his Lordship's solemn protest on the subject, is now almost synonymous with the name of Byron; and the good Ettrick Shepherd himself has become consubstantiated with that gay Gallant of the Lowlands, his own ideal creation, Geordie Cochrane. I must, however, enter *my* appeal against this prevailing humour of the reading public, the injustice of which was never more easy of demonstration than in the present case. Poor Swinburne, since the appearance of that contribution of his, has been universally set down for a *Sawney*; but I trust, when the matter has been duly investigated, he will be found no more to merit this character, in the full force and acceptation of the term, than Tom Moore has to be considered a "Veiled Prophet," or Mr. Coleridge "The Ancient Mariner."

It is true that this youth was born and bred amid the bleakest wilds of the West Country; far from the hum and bustle of that great Babel, the Metropolis. Even in the heyday of their years his parents had never entered into the gaieties of fashionable life; their income being but just independent, prudence, as well as inclination, prevented them from embarking within the

circle of dissipation and splendor; and, by way of consolation for their own exclusion, they found amusement in observing, and carefully treasuring up, in the accurate journal of their memories, the various wrecks of fortune and character which are continually taking place within the fatal vortex. They had been but lately settled at the living, of which the Rev. Mr. Swinburne still discharges the pastoral duties, amid the love, esteem, and respect, of every individual member of his flock, when little Matthew made his entrance on the stage of life; and if it only generally turned out that the merits of the youth were equivalent to the care and attention paid to the education of the child, much was to be expected of this nurseling; for never were there parents who devoted themselves more solicitously to the welfare and improvement of their first-born than at the parsonage-house of Wendover. It has been necessary to refer thus far back in the domestic history of this Candidate for our Club, to enable us to account more easily for that peculiar bias of disposition which we shall presently have occasion to notice as the characteristic trait of this individual. While the young ideas were learning to shoot, the most alarming notions of the world's treachery and cruelty were inculcated into Matthew's mind with serious earnestness; and, when we consider the constitutional timidity with which he seems to have been born, we cannot wonder that his natural good-humour became a prey to occasional fits of despondency and suspicion—fits which promised fair to settle into a confirmed habit. He was constantly forbidden to pluck at the rose of pleasure, however it might wear the appearance of innocence, for fear of the thorn which *might* lurk beneath the flower:—good advice, certainly, in the main; but, unless tempered with moderation, it is justly exposed to the censure of damping the bold aspirations of youthful spirits, which ought rather to be encouraged as indicative of our immortal nature, and picking holes in that corslet of proof which was given us for defensive armour in our struggles with life—Hope.

“To each his sufferings: all are men,  
Condemn'd alike to groan;  
The tender for another's pain,  
Th' unfeeling for his own.  
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,  
Since Sorrow never comes too late,  
And Happiness too quickly flies?”

It was not till a late period that the parents ventured to trust the morals of their son among the snares and temptations of a miniature world. We shall have no difficulty in picturing to ourselves this stranger in the land on his first arrival at Eton. Every thing round him wears the air of novelty, and is viewed with mistrust and apprehension. Does he receive a kind offer of enlisting him as a playmate in the amusements of his equals? it is refused as the treacherous lure of seduction. The ideas which he has formed of the seniors make them out to be a set of bullies and repro-bates; and he fears to associate with those of his own age and station, as if they were *all* liars and thieves indiscriminately. Time, however, gradually

wore off a great portion of this suspicious temper ; but yet not till he had experienced many bitter hours of annoyance. His uncommunicative disposition and want of confidence, which his schoolfellows construed into a haughty superciliousness, was naturally enough answered by a corresponding feeling of dislike towards him ; and hence, as might be foreseen, was the source of many disagreeable animosities between Swinburne and those who took it into their heads to consider him as an outlaw from society. The eccentricity of his habits oftentimes gave a handle for the ill-natured strictures of his persecutors. He was not unfrequently discovered at his writing-desk, delineating, with all due attention to Homer and Mr. Pope, the Grecian encampment before Troy, and assigning the naval stations of Ajax and Achilles, with accurate reference to the situation of the promontories of Sigeum and Rhæteum ; while his equals were, perhaps, as busily engaged in marking out their football goals, or the popping crease, on the cleanest and most level piece of turf in the Lower College Club-ground. At that period of his school-time it might be as truly said of Mat, as of the Arabian Patriarch, “ His hand was against every man, and every man’s hand was against him.” In the meanwhile, however, his studies were advancing with rapidity. Not confining himself exclusively to the Classics, he proceeded with laudable perseverance in the cultivation of English Literature, which he had begun under the auspices of parental instruction. Though I highly estimate the knowledge which many members of our Club have acquired in particular branches ; as, for instance, Le Blanc in philosophy, Montgomery in poetry, and Sterling in divinity, with many others I could mention, I do not think there is one who so fairly merits the title of the Eton Encyclopedist as Matthew Swinburne. With regard to general learning, such as falls within the usual sphere of a schoolboy’s attainment, without including that species of literature which I would call the modern accomplishments of the belles lettres, Swinburne is the best alchymist I know in analyzing the matter of his reading, separating the dross from the ore, and storing up in the cells of a retentive memory whatever is best calculated to be brought to bear on future occasions of composition, both in verse and prose. In scholastic acquisitions he holds far ahead of his neighbours ; as a confirmation of which I need only instance the nickname by which he is generally known,—“ The Walking Lexicon.” There is one singularity which I cannot refrain from noting down as characteristic of the man. We common mortals, when a copy of theme or verses is required of us, usually sit down to our task, and compose our treatise or rhapsody as the lines multiply beneath our pen or pencil. Not so with Matthew. The work of literary creation is secretly carried on by him within the chambers of his brain, totally independent of outward circumstances. He may be at meals, walking in the country, nay, I may add, in conversation with his friends. The subject for the exercise is safely lodged in the crucible of his mind, and acts upon his thoughts, which flow towards it and arrange themselves in due order, just as the clinker, in the manufacture of artificial spar, attracts to itself the particles of alum ; \* and it is not till the whole is completed that he com-

\* For this erudite simile I am indebted to my friend Le Blanc.—R. H.

mits his composition to paper. Of course, while this process is going on, the concerns of the outward man are forgotten, and, in consequence of the absence of the directing principle, whose attention is so entirely monopolized within, the head, pregnant with such mighty matter, is in danger of fracture from any wall or door-post that may chance to interfere with its movements. Though even now by no means a gregarious animal, Mat is much more social than formerly. In company he is remarkable for his reserve, but it is of a totally different nature from that which I have described as a principle feature in the character of Le Blanc. The latter gentleman is really absent of mind—completely absorbed in the visionary contemplation of his metaphysical fancies; while Swinburne is strictly present in every sense of the word: he says little, but that little is solid, and we know the old proverb,—“Shallow waters are noisiest.” Watch him! Does the conversation take a sensible and interesting turn? Matthew is all ear; he is duly weighing the arguments on both sides of the question. Has it degenerated into prurient small-talk or fashionable nonsense? A close observer may notice the contemptuous, sardonic sneer which is creeping over Mat’s lips,—a precursor, as the lightning of the thunderbolt, so this of some truculent sarcasm or remark. Thus you see his style of wit is a perfect contrast to the piquante and flashy brilliancy of Golightly’s. Fred’s satirical *stoccate* are foiled in their effect by previous expectation, and oftentimes prove innocuous; for we may avoid them, as we do the rattlesnake, in consequence of the warning we receive; but Mat is the boa-constrictor, whose attack upon his unfortunate victims is sudden, certain, and complete. There is moreover much dry humour, (more peculiarly belonging to a Yorkshireman,) about him, which causes abundant entertainment to those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. I would not have you think that his satires are the effusions of ill-nature or spleen. If it so happens that he does “carry a heart-stain away on his blade,” depend upon it he has only been acting on the defensive, and the temerity of his adversary deserved the punishment he has brought upon himself. Though he has not the slightest tinge of pedantry, he is a scholar after our *Instructor’s* own heart. Does a dark passage or obsolete expression occur in the lesson? Mat is ready with the separate verdicts of Toup, Brunck, Valknaer, Elmsley, and Porson, on the subject, as well as the different readings in *omnibus codicibus et quibusdam aliis*. In addition to all this, he writes a beautiful Greek text, and is astonishingly correct with the accents; and be well assured, that whenever the public are favoured with a fresh enlarged edition of the “*Musæ Etonenses*,” the name of Swinburne will be conspicuous in the roll of fame, in the repository of the classic wealth of Eton.

The HON. CHARLES BELLAMY has a form and pressure of character, decidedly different from any other which has already issued from our mould of description, and yet one which is not unfrequently met with at public schools. He was the youngest of a large family, and brought up at home under the management and surveillance of elder sisters, whose pet and slave he had the honour to be. These circumstances were calculated to influence, in no small

degree, his future habits and disposition; and they have produced, it must be confessed, a strong shade of effeminacy in his composition. The Misses Bellamy were true "blues," and little Charlie had many opportunities of "making himself useful," in fetching the last new novel from the library, carrying the reticule, crayon case, or camp-stool, or holding the umbrella, to keep off the intrusive rays of Phœbus from the snow-white neck of sister Harriet or Sophia, while employed in sketching the animated landscape around them. In reward for these services, he was early initiated into botany, astronomy, mineralogy, and mathematics, as far as the groundwork of each was concerned. But even this was of considerable benefit, as the raising of a future superstructure was thus rendered comparatively easy. His reason for stopping short at that time was a good one. His fair preceptresses had gone no farther themselves. With true female fickleness and love of change and novelty, they became tired of any one particular branch of study almost as soon as they had mastered the rudiments;—as for instance, when they had got by heart the Latin names of the genera and species, and were able to arrange the various botanic productions of the romantic heath in their neighbourhood, according to the Linnæan system;—or had made out a map of the heavens, and could tell you that the Greater Bear and the Horologium are never seen in the same hemisphere;—or had learnt the difference between a circle and a parallelogram. Bellamy's docility and rapid progress under such tuition rendered him the pride of his sisters, and the *lion* of his papa's dessert table. Indeed it has been averred that both Miss J. B—— and Lady M——, who were in habits of intimacy with the family, pronounced it to be their conviction that he was a promising young lad!

"'Tis pleasing to be school'd

By female lips and eyes;——

They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong

They smile still more."

The long-dreaded hour, however, at length arrived, when it was necessary that Charles should go forth, "in the beauty of his strength," to a public school. Tender and fervent were the protestations of mutual love between him and his sisters, and sharp the pang of parting; but "destiny is over all and stern necessity." His trunk was duly crammed with the handyworks of affection;—port-folios and blotting-books to put his manuscripts in, ornaments for his mantle-piece, and last, not least in point of utility, a neat little needle-book, properly furnished with all its paraphernalia. The first week or so, Bellamy missed the society of his sisters, and was unguarded enough to betray his emotions to his new companions, who, instead of sympathizing with, only ridiculed him for his sensibility. By degrees, however, the regular routine of school business and amusements, which hardly leaves an Eton boy leisure for reflection on extraneous subjects, entirely removed from his mind this regret for the lost pleasures of home, and reconciled him to his novel situation and its pursuits. The same traits of disposition which he brought with him to Eton still remain. Our system may be compared to the

hand of the jeweller, who was employed in setting the breast-plate of the High Priest with precious stones, which merely rounded off the rough prominences, and gave a polish to the gems, so as to reduce the separate parts to harmonize with the whole, without destroying the individual beauty of each; and the same constitutes the partial metamorphosis of character which takes place at Eton. Bellamy is always most anxious for the vacation; home is the atmosphere most congenial to his feelings, and he invariably imports among us, on his return to Eton, some new branch of study, or an old one revived—the last scientific whimsy which has been afloat in the blue stocking circles. During the long summer holidays, the family had been on a visit at one of the Sussex watering-places, and conchology was the ascendant of the hour. Bellamy came back to Eton with a large assortment of shells and other marine productions in his trunk, and a string of appropriate dissertations on their respective shapes and colours in his mouth. We were ceaselessly attacked by lectures on monovalves, bivalves, and multivalves, on the spiral symmetry of the winkletrap, and the delicate transparency of the dactylus. I have often quarrelled with him for the superficial nature of this pursuit; and am willing to make the public a party in the dispute. Why should his inquiries, I ask, be confined to the wild appearance of the shell? Surely he ought to be tempted forwards to natural history, and be able to give an answer of the habits of the animal tenant, and investigate the muscular action, by which the valves are opened or closed at the instinct or will of the creature. If even common curiosity does not carry him thus far, he is much more deficient in laudable ambition after knowledge than the child who cuts a hole in his drum; not, as I would argue, merely from a wanton love of mischief, but rather from a philosophical impulse to discover the cause of sound. Bellamy's Christmas vacation, I understand, was almost entirely monopolized by his visits to the British Museum, whither his sisters accompanied him, for the purpose of pursuing a practical investigation of the science, which has lately come in vogue, of pronouncing on the temper and disposition of individuals from the form and curvature of their lips; and the old marbles were famous subjects for our amateurs to practise upon, and tax their ingenuity to a laughable pitch. (N.B. This branch of physiognomy by the way might be turned to the benefit of the Club, as discriminative of the merits of future candidates.)—I had no doubt myself that Bellamy would be successful in his canvass for a seat in our House, owing to the powerful interest which Golightly was expected to make in favour of this protégé of his. Though we all know that Charles is but superficial in most of his acquirements, he is nevertheless a most useful member of our little world, from the variety of his pursuits; and he proved himself in no respect more serviceable than to the above gentleman in his quondam capacity of manager of the theatre. His voice not having as yet roughened into manhood's hoarseness, he was unanimously allowed to be the Sinclair of his day: his taste was correct, and his ear good; consequently his vocal exertions were answered by the rapturous encores of a delighted audience. But every thing in its proper place!

If we happen to be studiously composing our theme, it is no trifling nuisance to be interrupted in our flights of thought, and dragged back to earth by a screaming duet, which Messrs. Golightly and Bellamy may be "getting up" on the other side of a thin wainscotting. Luckily, however, for the repose of his *Dame's* house, this Hermogenic fit was of no longer duration than any of his other fancies; it lasted till the succeeding holidays, and was then shaken off in as summary a manner as all his former hobbies. There is only one exception to the general rule, and that is his fondness for antiquarian pursuits; in attestation of which you will find in his room a great box full of "mossy fragments of antique castles;" "sepulchral relics," which he has committed sacrilege to procure; "old coins," whose inscriptions are illegible; "pebbles from Portland Isle;" "a precious scrap of embalmed wrapper;" "a tattered duodecimo," which he tells you is a specimen of Caxton's typography, &c. &c. I will not add a word more: the man is before you, as like as he can stare, though I say it; but if this production has not been effectual enough to make you acquainted with him, his conduct as a fellow-member of our Honourable Society will soon make up all deficiencies; for the Ethiop will not change his skin, nor the Leopard his spots.

The Honourable Gentlemen were of course elected without opposition, with the exception of Michael's black ball. They were immediately introduced to the Club. Mr. Bellamy came in with a very pretty ladylike air, and treated us with such a bow as the Secretary really hath not seen since he accompanied Miss Hodgson to Monsieur D'Egville. Mr. Swinburne looked as foolish as if he was making his *debut* at Almack's. His embarrassment excited compassion in every one. Even Mr. Oakley was so much affected by it that he offered him a seat at his tea-table.

Songs from various members concluded the evening. Mr. O'Connor, elated by the praise bestowed on his Greek, gave us an extempore effusion addressed to the new Members. Having a vacant page, and nothing further to notice, I shall conclude the fifth King of Clubs with what Mr. O'Connor calls his

#### INAUGURATION ODE.

Hail to ye! hail! ye dissimilar Dubs!

Plum-pudding Matthew, and syllabub Charles,  
Come hand in hand to the Monarch of Clubs,  
Erudite Zoilus, elegant Quarles.

Hail to thee, Swinburne! in raptures I call on  
The sage of the red nose and sorrowful cheek,  
'Οντα διδασκαλον' ε πανυ Φανλον,  
In parsing and prosing, in grammar and Greek.

Thine is the wisdom that flies from Quadrilles; \*  
Thine is the virtue that shudders at ale;  
Thine *Home* is to thee full of torments and ills,  
Till we tack on a sweet little *r* to its tail.

\* "Quadrilles."—Vide No. II. p. 124.—P. C.



Bentley, or Baxter, or Brunck, or Ruhnkenius,  
Set by thy side, is an ignorant Put;  
And though Mr. Gerard don't think you're a genius,  
He and Golightly will find you—all but.

Come in your cloak of Hibernian frieze,  
Sterling and Courtenay will set you to work;  
You shall chop logic, while I chop the cheese—  
You draw conclusions, while I draw the cork.

While you are prosing of Persian or Punic,  
Merry Golightly will pur o'er his pun;  
While you are talking of toga or tunic,  
Honest O'Connor will stick to the tun.

And thou, who thy rhymes must be hitching and stitching,  
Till thy garland of laurel right dearly is earn'd,  
Whose stanzas and smiles are so very "bewitching,"\*  
Whose periods and arms are so very "well turn'd."†

Come from thine Aunts, and thy sisters the Blues,  
With grace in thy manner, and love in thy mien;  
Sup with the Monarch instead of the Muse,  
And find in our punch-bowl a new Hippocrene.

But no, thou art pale at the mention of Rum,  
Thou art ever the slave of the Nurse or the Nine,  
And thy measures so straight from the tea-table come,  
That we sip milk and water in every line.

Hail to ye both, ye dissimilar Dubs;  
Plum-pudding Matthew, and syllabub Charles;  
Come hand in hand to the Monarch of Clubs,  
Erudite Zoilus—elegant Quarles.

*(Hear, hear, hear!)*

(Signed)

RICHARD HODGSON,

*Secretary.*

\* "Bewitching."—Vide No. IV. p. 275, at the bottom.—P. C.

† "Well-turned."—Vide No. IV. p. 271, line 30.—P. C.

## ON CHARLES LAMB'S POETRY.

MY DEAR PAM,—Charles Lamb has published so little, and, as far as my observation has gone, that little, from many groundless prejudices, has been so little read, that I reckon upon the merit of introducing a new writer altogether to at least one half of your gentle readers. If I can show then any thing worthy of remembrance, any thing that savours of a fine and genial mind, and which none but one of the kindest temperament and warmest affections could have produced, I think I shall have a claim to the thanks of every true son of the Muses, who may have been hitherto a stranger to the works of this author. Perhaps it is needless to premise that I do not consider Lamb a great poet; he appears to be agitated by none of that fervent spirit of imagination, which masters and absorbs the faculties of one possessed by that “fine frenzy” of which Shakspeare speaks; there is in him no mysterious profoundness of thought, which gives subject for meditation, when the words are well nigh forgotten; but little wayward brilliancy of fancy; no romance; but all he can justly lay claim to in his poetry, is a heart-felt tenderness, a domestic freedom, and once or twice the most perfect excellence in what has been called the “*curiosa felicitas*” of language, that can well be conceived. As a critic, or rather (for now-a-days criticism seems to mean nothing but dull analysis, or verbal pulling to pieces of the suffering subject,) as an indicator of the essentials of the genius of Shakspeare and Hogarth, and as a discerning advocate of all our old and golden dramatists, I do not scruple to pronounce him first-rate;—as the author of “*Rosamond Gray*” he will make every girl and boy, aye, and youth too, sigh and muse: as the exquisite imitator of that queer ancient master, Burton, he will make you laugh, even although you could have been as saturnine as they of Drury-lane, at the distress of poor *damned* “*Mr. H——*.” Finally, without exception, and it is saying a good deal in the present day, Charles Lamb writes the best, the purest, and most genuine English of any man living.

I know there are many persons, who for the most part are real lovers of poetry, and very just and accurate judges of merit and peculiarities in poets, who cannot endure aught else but what is in their opinions the “highest heaven of invention;”—absorbed in Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, they look down upon Fletcher, or Collins, or Burns; adoring Byron, or Shelley, or Wordsworth, they cannot waste their time and their feelings upon Lamb, Montgomery, or Campbell: life, they say, is short; poetry

after all is but an amusement, and when they may enjoy that amusement in highest luxury and most enduring profit to their minds why hunt about for scraps and fragments of genius, which, when found, hardly repay the labour of the chase? True—let the busy Merchant, the keen Lawyer, the important Physician, stand out of the question; it is quite enough, in all conscience, if they ever humanize their hearts for half an hour with *Hermia* and, *Lysander*, with *Una* in *Faery*, or with *Eve* in *Paradise*: but, from the devoted scholar, from the meditative man of literature, from the watchman and nursing father of genius in all its forms, we expect other things; that he should know that great powers are not necessarily universal ones; that the grand intellectual instrument is valuable in all its melodies; and that sometimes even the milder and gentler tones issuing from it are more pleasing, because more symphonious with the feelings of the mass of mankind; that the rose, though not endued with the umbrageous magnificence of the forest oak, hath still a faint, yet exquisite perfume of its own; and that many have remembered the Sparrow of *Catullus*, who have forgotten the *Hector* of *Homer*. I am not decrying the study, the rapturous study, of the master-spirits of the earth, nor puffing up into an absurd importance the flutterings of the little gregarious birds around the eagle of Heaven:—far from it; let your admiration of the first be paramount, but why should it be exclusive of the second? Read *Shakspeare*, but why not also read sweet *Fletcher*! Read *Burns*, but why trample upon *Hogg*? Lastly, to the esoteric Wordsworthian I would say, “Muse on your idol; I do not forbid you; but condescend to pluck a flower from the shady vernal garden of the good-tempered, kindly-affectioned Charles Lamb!” It is far from my wish to kindle any incense to printed imbecility; I am more deaf than rocks to sailors, when the puling of peasants are quoted and reviewed as the bursting forth of genius from the dust: I hate *Della Crusca* and all his little ones; neither am I much of a humour to believe that Master *Dallas* will turn out a great poet, because *Pope* wrote verses, perhaps not so good as his, at twelve years old! I make a difference between genius and mere cleverness: the slightest sure mark of the first I hold myself bound to watch; for the second, I care not if it be bound in morocco, or soiled with a gingerbread cake. The one is valuable, and deserves education, because it is the orphan of a Divinity; the latter (*more Romano*) may, without injury to the republic, be allowed to take its own chance of growing fat and plump, and turning out good common sense. This is my criterion of judging the Spirits; and thus it is, because I perceive, and have been charmed by, the plaintive querulousness, and sometimes joyous ebullieny, of his heart, that I now think Charles Lamb worthy of a short notice in the pages of “*The Etonian*.”

To prove, if they will be admitted as proof, that I have some reason for the commendation bestowed upon this writer, I shall content myself with quoting two poems, in two very different tones of feeling, and which, I think, contain all the characteristics of which I have been speaking.

## HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die,  
Their place ye may not well supply,  
Though ye among a thousand try,  
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed  
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call;—if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which doth the human feeling cool,  
But she was train'd in Nature's school,  
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,  
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
A sweet forewarning?

## A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse  
Straight confound my stammering verse,  
If I can a passage see  
In this word—perplexity,  
Or a fit expression find,  
Or a language to my mind,  
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)  
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!  
Or in any terms relate  
Half my love, or half my hate:  
For I hate, yet love, thee so,  
That, whichever thing I show,

The plain truth will seem to be  
A constrain'd hyperbole,  
And the passion to proceed  
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,  
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;  
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon  
Thy begrimed complexion,  
And, for thy pernicious sake,  
More and greater oaths to break  
Than reclaimed lovers take  
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay  
Much too in the female way,  
While thou suck'st the labouring breath  
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,  
That our worst foes cannot find us,  
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,  
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;  
While each man, through thy height'ning steam,  
Does like a smoking Ætna seem,  
And all about us does express  
(Fancy and Wit in richest dress)  
A Sicilian fruitfulness.  
Thou through such a mist dost show us,  
That our best friends do not know us,  
And, for those allowed features  
Due to reasonable creatures,  
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,  
Monsters that, who see us, fear us.  
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,  
Or, who first lov'd a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow  
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,  
That but by reflex canst show  
What his deity can do,  
As the false Egyptian spell  
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?  
Some few vapours thou may'st raise,  
The weak brain may serve to amaze,  
But to the reins and nobler heart  
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,  
The old world was sure forlorn,  
Wanting thee, that aidest more  
The God's victories than before  
All his panthers, and the brawls  
Of his piping Bacchanals.  
These, as stale, we disallow,  
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou  
His true Indian conquest art;  
And, for ivy round his dart,  
The reformed god now weaves  
A fine thyrsis of thy leaves.  
Scent to match thy rich perfume  
Chemic art did ne'er presume,  
Through her quaint alembic strain,  
None so sov'reign to the brain.

*On Charles Lamb's Poetry.*

Nature, that did in thee excel,  
Fram'd again no second smell,  
Roses, violets, but toys  
For the smaller sort of boys,  
Or for greener damsels meant;  
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,  
Filth of the mouth, and fog of the mind,  
Africa, that brags her foyson,  
Breeds no such prodigious poison,  
Henbane, nightshade, both together,  
Hemlock, aconite. —————

Nay, rather,  
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;  
*Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.*  
'Twas but in a sort I blam'd thee;  
None e'er prosper'd who defam'd thee;  
Irony all, and feign'd abuse,  
Such as perplex lovers use,  
At a need, when, in despair,  
To paint forth their fairest fair,  
Or in part but to express  
That exceeding comeliness  
Which their fancies doth so strice,  
They borrow language of dislike;  
And, instead of Dearest Miss,  
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,  
And those forms of old admiring,  
Call her Cockatrice and Siren;  
Basilisk, and all that's evil,  
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,  
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,  
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;  
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,—  
Not that she is truly so;  
But no other way I know  
A contentment to express,  
Borders so upon excess,  
That they do not rightly wot  
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part  
With what's nearest to their heart,  
While their sorrow's at the height,  
Lose discrimination quite,  
And their hasty wrath let fall,  
To appease their frantic gill,  
On the darling thing whatever,  
Whence they feel it death to sever;  
Though it be, as they, perforce,  
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,  
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.  
For thy sake, Tobacco, I  
Would do any thing but die,  
And but seek to extend my days  
Long enough to sing thy praise.

But, as she, who once hath been \*  
 A King's consort, is a queen  
 Ever after, nor will bate  
 Any title of her state,  
 Though a widow or divorced,  
 So I, from thy converse forced,  
 The old name and style retain,  
 A right Katherine of Spain;  
 And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys  
 Of the blest Tobacco boys;  
 Where, though I, by sour physician,  
 Am debarr'd the full fruition  
 Of thy favours, I may catch  
 Some collateral sweets, and snatch  
 Sidelong odours, that give life  
 Like glances from a neighbour's wife;  
 And still live in the by-places  
 And the suburbs of thy graces;  
 And in thy borders take delight,  
 An unconquered Canaanite.

I would not have quoted to such a length, if I had known how to have broken the preceding poem into parts. But it is so perfectly continuous and one throughout, that such anatomy was impossible. I do not remember any thing so near the swing and flow of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, as the lines printed in italics. The same fusion of ideas, couched in the same long drawn out melody, is conspicuous in both poets; I question if the *diction* only be very much superior in Milton: every thing else is out of the comparison entirely.

It is foreign to the purpose of these letters to consider the prose works of the authors whose poetical merits I have alone taken upon me to discuss; yet so small is the sum total, verse and prose, of Lamb's publications, that perhaps I shall be pardoned, if in conclusion I take some notice of his pretensions as a critic upon Shakspeare and Hogarth. With respect to the former, he is possessed with all that vehement admiration of our immortal Bard, which was first introduced, in its present form of devout enthusiasm, by the Lake School: he is particularly anxious in proving the spirituality of his characters; *i. e.* that essence of the Poet's own soul in them all, which makes them different from all others in kind as well as degree; and hence he denies the possibility of acting these plays, without materializing the creations of Imagination, and reducing Shakspeare, as far as he was Shakspeare, differing from all mankind in intenseness of thought, to a level with the commonest productions of modern talent.

\* The truth is, the characters of Shakspeare are so much the objects of meditation, rather than of interest or curiosity as to their actions, that while we are reading any of his greatest criminal characters—Macbeth, Richard, even Iago—we think not so much of the crimes which they commit, as of the ambition,

the aspiring spirit, the intellectual activity, which prompts them to overleap those moral fences."

\* \* \* \*

"So to see Lear acted—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter and relieve him. That is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano: they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This care of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporeal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage: while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear;—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur, which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age, with that of the *heavens themselves*, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that they themselves are old! What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show: it is too hard and stony; it must have love scenes and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter; she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook into the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through,—the flaying of his feelings alive,—did not make a dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation,—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? as if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if at his years, and with his experience, any thing was left but to die."

Is not this true? and yet Dr. Johnson upholds the profanation of Tate for reasons that are really quite childish; because it made him cry at the last representation! Made him cry! to be sure it did; was it to make him laugh? But I much fear that Dr. Johnson had about as much poetry in his constitution as he had humility.

Hogarth has at length found in C. Lamb a worthy commentator; one who has felt the marvellous creative powers of that artist, and elucidated them with penetration and eloquence. I perceive that my limits forbid me to enter upon this subject, but I certainly would recommend any one, who wishes to peruse the prints of our illustrious countryman with proper feelings of their ends and intrinsic beauties, to spend an hour upon Lamb's little *Essay on the Genius of Hogarth*. It is full of ingenious criticism, profound insight into what constitutes beauty and deformity, and a congenial train of humorous or gloomy sentiment.



Of C. Lamb himself I would say that he is not great, yet eminent; not profound, yet penetrating; not passionate, yet gentle, tender, and sympathizing. For genuine Anglicism, which amongst all other essentials of excellence in our native literature, is now recovering itself from the leaden mace of the Rambler, he is quite a study; his prose is absolutely perfect; it conveys thought, without smothering it in blankets. I have no business to meddle with any man's private life; yet, if the tree may be known by its fruits, does it not speak highly for the excellence of a school, if such it may be called, that it is all Christian—Christian in thought, word, and deed? It is, indeed, amazing how a poet can be a materialist. But of this hereafter—for the present, Adieu!

G. M.

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### MUSÆ O'CONNORIANÆ.

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#### LETTER FROM PATRICK O'CONNOR, ESQ.

*Inclosing Metrical Versions in the Greek and Latin Tongues.*

DEAR MR. COURTENAY,—It is both a shame and a sin that no attempt is made to perpetuate the memory of those excellent ballads with which the languages of Ireland, England, and Scotland abound. For whereas the said languages are allowed by all men of real taste to be gothic and semi-barbarous, it is incumbent upon us to endeavour to preserve whatever good they do contain by putting it into another dress. You know Mr. O'Doherty has preceded me in this praiseworthy attempt by his admirable version of Chevy-Chace, "*Persæus ex Northumbriâ*," &c., which I have compared with the English ballad so often, that I can hardly tell which is the original. When about to exercise my talents in this line, I held much question with myself whether I should assimilate my metre to that of my original, as is the case in the above-mentioned admirable work, or embody the ideas of my author in the rhythm of the ancient Greeks. For of the former design I do not consider myself altogether incapable; in proof of which I inclose a brief specimen of my abilities in this line; viz.—a Song from a MS. collection of Poems in the possession of John Jackson, Esq.; rendered by Patrick O'Connor, with all the original rhymes miraculously preserved.

"I weep Girl, before ye,  
I kneel to adore ye,  
My bosom is torn asunder,  
Maiden divine, O,  
In generous wine, O,  
I pledge thee, Rosamunda!

To a pipe of tobacco,  
And plenty of sack, O,  
Passions and flames knock under;  
I'm hasty and heady,  
With lots of the Deady;—  
Hang thyself, Rosamunda!

Premore dolore,  
Uror amore,  
Anima fit furibunda;  
Madeo vino,  
Et tibi propino  
Salutem, Rosamunda.

Victa tabaco,  
Victaque Baccho,  
Flamma mi fit moribunda;  
Ebrius dedi  
Venerem et te Di-  
abolo Rosamunda.

I trust this sample will be sufficient to convince you, that when I turn my talents to the Monkish style which the author above alluded to has chosen, I shall come very little behind my prototype. For the present, however, I have judged that the Metres of antiquity are more classical, and consequently more worthy of a place in "The Etonian."

With regard to the poem itself, it is not, I believe, generally understood that Looney, the hero of it, is the descendant of the celebrated Phelim Mac Twolter, who, in the year 1750, A.D. fought that celebrated pugilistic encounter with Patrick Mac Nevis, which is the subject of admiration and encomium in the sporting circles of Carrickfergus. It is gratifying to me to be able to notice this genuine son of Hibernia, because the Boxiana of modern criticism, dwelling with delight upon the minor glories of a Corcoran, a Randall, or a Donnelly, have by some strange neglect omitted all mention of the surpassing brilliancy of the merits of Phelim Mac Twolter. This is the more remarkable as the above-mentioned fight was made the subject of a stanzaic heroic Poem, remarkable for the animation and geniality which is preserved throughout. Mac Nevis, who it seems was little better than a Braggadocia, gave the challenge. This is described with great force and simplicity. The landlord's daughter of the Shamrock public-house, who is said to have had a penchant for little Phelim, had been boasting of her lover's pugilistic fame.

Mac Nevis leaped up from his seat,  
And made his bow, and told her,  
"Kathleen, I'll fight for your dear  
sake  
Along with fierce Mac Twolter."

Surgebat Mac Nevisius,  
Et mox jactabat ultro,  
"Pugnabo tui gratiâ  
Cum fero Mac Tuoltro."

Does not this remind us strongly of Homer's Paris?

Ἄνταρ ἐμ' ἐν μεσσῷ καὶ ἀρηιφίλον Μενελαον  
Συμβαλετ', ἀμφ' Ἑλένη καὶ κτημασι πασι μαχεσθαι.

The address of Mac Nevis to his antagonist upon meeting him in the ring is conceived in the same style of ferocious grandeur. He sees him applying himself to the bottle, and exclaims:—

While you can see blue ruin, joy!	Frater, dum tibi manet lux,
Pull deeper yet and deeper;	Bibe ruinæ poculum :
By George! you shall return from	Redibis hinc, per Georgium!
hence,	Utrumque cassus oculum.
Without an open peeper.	

Observe that the expression "blue ruin" is very poetical, but my version of it is also prophetic; a charm unknown to the original. Phelim's reply is beautiful:—

Don't tip me now, my lad of wax,	Ne sis, O cerâ mollior,
Your blarney and locution,	Grandiloquus et vanus;
Och! sure you an't a giant yet,	Hens bone! nos es gigas tu,
Nor I a Lilliputian.	Et non sum ego nanus.

Here again the author, of course, had Homer in his eye,

Μητέ μεν, ἤντε παιδος ἀφανρος, πειρητιζε.

And again,

Πηλεΐδῃ, μῆδῃ με ἐπέσσει γε, νηπυτιον ὥς,  
'Ελπεο δειδιξεσθαι.

The contest, which, it is possible, I may by-and-bye transmit to you at length, is described with a minuteness which far exceeds Virgil's Dares and Entellus, or even the "Pugilism" of the Sporting Magazine. The modest Mac Twolter is, as he deserves to be, the victor. The Poem concludes in a high strain of triumph:—

So Victory to Phelim gave	Victoria dedit Phelimo
A wife of fair renown;	Uxorem valde bonam;
And with that wife she gave besides	Et dedit cum uxore hâc
To him a silver crown.	Argenteam coronam.

I must now cease to comment upon this fascinating character, and proceed, without further delay, to the celebration of the amour of his descendant. Looney Mac Twolter is well known to you, as you have frequently heard the identical ballad from the lips of Frederick Golightly. I shall therefore give you my promised Translation of it, without note or preface. Give it a classical name,—“an Eclogue,” or “an Idyll,” or “an Elegy,” or what you will.

I.

Oh, whack! Cupid's a mannikin,  
Smack on my heart he hit me a polter;  
Good lack, Judy O'Flannikin!  
Dearly she loves nate Looney Mac Twolter.  
Judy's my darling, my kisses she suffers;  
She's an heiress, that's clear,  
For her father sells beer;  
He keeps the sign of the cow and the snuffers;  
She's so smart,  
From my heart  
I cannot bolt her.  
Oh, whack, Judy O'Flannikin!  
She is the girl for Looney Mac Twolter.

## II.

Oh hone ! good news I need a bit !  
 We'd correspond, but larning would choak her.  
 Mavrone !—I cannot read a bit ;  
 Judy can't tell a pen from a poker.  
 Judy's so constant, I'll never forsake her ;  
 She's true as the moon ;—  
 Only one afternoon,  
 I caught her asleep with a humpbacked shoemaker.  
 She's so smart, &c.

## α.

Ἄλαλη· τι μικρον ἔστιν  
 βρεφος ἑλιον Κυθηρης,  
 ἔμε δ' ἐγκρατει βελεμνῶ  
 ἐπι καρδιαν ἐννυξεν.  
 ἀλαλη· τι φημ' ; Ἰωδιθ  
 ἀπο Φλαννικιν φιλέι με,  
 τον Ληνιαν φιλέι με,  
 τοκον ἐνπρεπη Τυολτρῃ.  
 μελι και το νεκταρ ἄμον  
 ἀπαλη πεφυκ' Ἰωδιθ·  
 το δ' ἔμον, χαριεσσα θυμῶ,  
 γλυκερον φιλημα πασχει.  
 ἐφανη δ' ἄρ', ἕκ ἀδελῶς,  
 μεγαλε λαχουσα κληρῷ.  
 ὁ πατηρ γαρ, ἐν τοδ' οἶδα,  
 πομα κριθινον πιπρασκει,  
 ὑπο σημα δ' ἡ καθηται  
 βοος ἡδε και πυραγρας.

Χαριεσσα δ' ἡ πεφνηε·  
 τοσον, ὡς νιν ἐ δύναιμην  
 ἀπο καρδιας ἀπῶσαι·  
 ἀλαλη· μαλίσ' Ἰωδιθ  
 ἀπο Φλαννικιν με τερπει,  
 τον Ληνιαν με τερπει,  
 τοκὸν ἐνπρεπη Τυολτρῃ.

## β'.

Ὅτοτοι· τι γραμμ' ἀπ' αὐτης  
 καλος ἀγγελος γενοίτ' ἀν·  
 ἀποροισι δ' ἀν πλοκαισιν  
 σοφια νιν ἀγχονῶ.  
 Ὅτοτοι· τα γραμματ' ἔδειξ  
 ἐδιδαξε μ', ἡ δ' Ἰωδιθ  
 γραφιδ' ἔτι και σιδηρον  
 πυροσεισικον διεγνω·  
 μελι και το νεκταρ ἄμον  
 ἀπαλη πεφυκ' Ἰωδιθ·  
 ἔδ' ἐυφρονως ἐγωγε  
 καταλειφομαι ποτ' αὐτην·  
 ἐφανη γαρ, ὡς σεληνη,  
 παναληθινη νεανισ·  
 ἀλλ', ἔσπερας πεσσης,  
 ἐχησαμην ποτ' αὐτην  
 ὑποδεμνιαν ξυνεννον  
 σκολιῷ γε βυρσοδεψῇ.

χαριεσσα δ' ἡ πεφνηε, κ. τ. λ.

PATRICK O'CONNOR.

Port St. Dermid, near Ballinocrasy, Dec. 28, 1820.

## LE BLANC'S SOBER ESSAY ON LOVE.

"And Love is still an emptier sound,  
The modern fair one's jest;  
On earth unknown, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest."

GOLDSMITH.

LOVE is a theme which has received a due share of importance in literature in every age and clime; but, like the ocean from whence its own presiding goddess is fabled to have sprung, is as inexhaustible in its nature as universal in its prevalence. Conjointly with the praises of heroism and warlike achievements, it has inspired as well the earliest rhapsodies of the wandering minstrels of Greece and Araby, as the noblest works of the most accomplished authors of the present day. Though frequently prostituted and debased to its lowest dregs by certain panders to lust, ycleped novel-writers, it is a subject which has all along had, and still has, the most decided claims on the pens of the metaphysician and the poet; nay, I will venture to add, without fear of controversy—the divine.

The metaphysician loses himself in abstruse disquisitions on the doctrine of assimilation, or what other theory he may please to adopt, as explanative of the mysterious influence by which the mind is propelled to that congeniality of sentiment, which exists between the sexes, and what is worthy of observation, in the case of individuals of opposite tempers and habits; as if it was necessary for the composition of the most perfect unanimity, which can exist on earth, that the ingredients should be of contrary qualities. In developing that sensation, or source of sensations, which we term "Love," some argue that it is a compound of feelings, a union of various propensities, or, to speak more technically, a co-operation of different organs; while others cut the gordian knot at a blow, and assert that it is a self-sufficient, distinct principle. This they might as well denominate at once the principle of amateness. They have but acted in imitation of the old Stoics, who, when they had found themselves at a loss to account for the nature of the soul, by referring its composition to either fire, air, earth, or water, determined upon having an additional element, or primary cause, to which they could exclusively ascribe its existence. For myself, I cannot help thinking that, on this point in particular, there is a striking analogy between physics and meta-

physics. The investigation of natural philosophy was a complete chaos of doubt and learned ignorance, till the superintending providence of a Deity—a Being like the omnipotent and omniscient Jehovah—was established from revelation in the creed of the philosopher; this it was which proved the only true clue to conduct him safely through the intricacies of the labyrinth. And such is the case with our philosophy of the mind: clouds and thick darkness are round about us, and it requires no spirit of prophecy to pronounce that the veil will never be removed, till the nature of the soul's action is understood by us as a primal invisible cause, from whence all the visible effects, with which we are well acquainted, may be educed; and this cannot take place till the time when that particle of the divine breath, which is at present like an elastic spring coiled and confined, hath been emancipated from its earthly trammels, and restored to the full grasp of intellect which it is capable of; an attainment, towards which even a Newton and a Locke made but slight advances.

The Divine has a much easier task;—his views of the subject are clear and express, as far as scriptural authority warrants his investigation, and it may well excite in us a doubt and hesitation whether *that* is not the point.

“Thus far shalt thou go and no further.”

The last and best gift with which the “Lord of the Creation” was presented by his Divine Benefactor was female society, as an antidote for that solitude of heart which must otherwise have proved intolerable to a being formed with such capacities for enjoyment as are found in man. The “aching void” was soon discovered, or, as it is expressed, in the beautiful simplicity of holy writ, “for Adam, there was found no help meet for him,”—but no sooner discovered than provided against; as if it had been the intention of the “Giver of all Good,” that the value of the blessing might be the more appreciated from its not having been bestowed till a deficiency had been felt. And is it not this same “aching void” that exists in the breast of youth, when it pants after an object on which to lavish its affections? In the days of Paradise, it is true, the impulse was pure and chaste in all its bearings—it is now, alas! debased and adulterated from its pristine perfection.

“Poor race of men—

Dearly ye pay for your primal fall,  
Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,  
But the trail of the serpent is over them all.”

The rose, however, still looks lovely in the midst of a garden of weeds, whose contiguity is contaminating.

Love is the very essence of poetry in general, and the keystone

of interest on which the *chef d'œuvres* of Melpomene and Thalia are chiefly constructed. Yet the office of the poet is quite distinct from those of the two former I have mentioned. His business is not to attempt the development of original principles, but to portray their consequences in all the vivid colours of the imagination. I am aware that some men of gigantic intellect, like Wordsworth, have succeeded in uniting, "for better or worse," metaphysics and poetry. But I am now speaking of Love Poetry, in a simple sense, as describing the effects of the passion, or principle, or impulse, or whatever it may be, and contenting itself with leaving that passion, or principle, or impulse, without a definition,—or even pronouncing it undefinable. When the subject has undergone the process which an inspired imagination performs upon it, it issues forth in a shape intelligible to the humblest, and yet by no means on that account rendered contemptible to the highest capacity; for human nature is the same throughout all its empire, from the palace to the cottage. It is true that the productions of an ardent fancy are apt to transgress the limits of the ordinary occurrences of life; but still there are bounds of probable reality, that cannot be passed without destroying the very illusion which it is the great art of Poetry to create and support in the minds of its audience; and this check is our sure warrant against extravagance. "Love" has now become personified, though under the most contradictory appearances. It assumes, as circumstances bear sway, the gentleness of the dove, the crafty wiliness of the serpent, and the ferocity of the tiger. There is no delusion here; the practical doctrines which are offered for our belief are readily, I had almost said instinctively, accepted by our understanding, confirmed by our experience, and sanctioned by our reason. They are spoken home to us, and we feel them. We enjoy the evening fragrance of the summer zephyr, we behold and tremble at the consequences of the tempest's wrath: but we cannot say whence come they—the zephyr or the tempest. And such is Love: we may understand and describe the pangs of jealousy, and the silent despair of the broken heart, or the consummate bliss of a mutual and felicitous attachment;—we know that these all proceed from one and the same source, but this is the utmost of our knowledge.

I cannot close my dissertation on this theme better than by requesting the attention of my readers to a quotation from the late work of an author, whose reputation is by no means of small magnitude in the bright galaxy of the talents of the present day. The sentiments of the extract coincide perfectly with those of mine, which have dictated the above remarks, and will in some

respects, perhaps, serve to elucidate any obscurities I may have been guilty of:—

“Beauty, what art thou, that thy slightest gaze  
 Can make the spirit from its centre roll  
 Its whole long course, a sad and shadowy maze?  
 Thou midnight, or thou noontide of the soul;  
 One glorious vision, lighting up the whole  
 Of the wide world, or one deep wild desire,  
 By day and night consuming, sad and sole;  
 Till hope, pride, genius, nay, till Love’s own fire  
 Desert the weary heart, a cold and mouldering pyre.  
 Enchanted sleep, yet full of deadly dreams;  
 Companionship divine, stern solitude;  
 Thou serpent, colour’d with the brightest gleams,  
 That e’er hid poison, making hearts thy food;  
 Woe to the heart that lets thee once intrude,  
 Victim of visions, that life’s purpose steal,  
 Till the whole struggling nature lies subdued,  
 Bleeding with wounds the grave alone must heal.”

A. L. B.

LETTER FROM A FRIEND IN WALES, INCLOSING  
 AN ARTICLE.

MY DEAR COURTENAY,—If the inclosed Tale can be of any service to you, you are at liberty to dock it or dress it in any way you please. One of its principal demerits is the want of a regular moral. Do get Stirling to wind it up with a few reflections on falsehood and deceit; or a few remarks upon the old adage, that “deeds of night must come to light.”

Thank you for No. III. It has kept me alive through this last fortnight. I suppose you are aware that I have been for some time deprived of the power of locomotion by a complication of disorders, which give me full leisure to think of you, my dear Courtenay, and of your literary bantling. By-the-bye, I hear from Montgomery that you are at last disgusted with the toil you have voluntarily undertaken,\* and have resolved upon relinquishing the burthen. Positively, after having put yourself into the harness, as Musgrave would say, upon public motives, you must not overturn the vehicle upon private ones, however your withers may be galled. So much are your friends alarmed by the report, that even I, equally incapable with the dullest, although equally zealous with the brightest, of your well-wishers, have assumed the panoply of pen and paper in your support, in the fullest confidence that you will excuse the weakness of the attempt, in consideration of the motive by which it is dictated.

\* *Somnia Montgomeriana!*—P. C.



Here, then, you have the first effort of your new contributor. If I meet with encouragement from you, I purpose to get up for you some "Sketches from Wales;" which will comprise various Essays on Farming and Fashion, Drinking and Dandyism, Belles and Belles Lettres, as I see them in their every-day dress around me:—but of this more anon.

Your three first Numbers have been handed about here with great success. It has amused me not a little to hear the various remarks which have been made upon them by readers who know no more of the "King of Clubs" than they do of the King of Ashantee. In despite of my repeated asseverations, no one will believe but that the Members of your Club are all fictitious personages. Methinks their preconceived opinions will be not a little startled when they see my own real name affixed to this communication, in Mr. Knight's best small capitals.

Once more to my tale—for you must allow me, as an author hitherto untried, to be somewhat anxious that I may put on my first suit of black and white under all possible advantages. It is founded on an anecdote told at considerable length in a manuscript history of the "Chiefs of the House of d'Arennes," which I found, with many other curiosities of the like nature, in the library of my very venerable friend, Owen Llangdry, our much-respected curate, who is a great collector of these reliques of antiquity. He is a man of much information, and is very ready to communicate it. He is, withal, the possessor of three things, which make his acquaintance very desirable: a beautiful house; a more beautiful garden; and (*entre nous*) a surpassingly beautiful daughter. Tell Gerard that I am almost out of my senses; and, in the course of a week, shall probably begin writing Sonnets.

Here I must break off. My only object was to introduce myself to you in my novel capacity of Legendary Scribbler; and, having effected this, I will lay down my pen, trusting that all the indulgence which a new author may justly claim will be extended to

Your sincere friend,

MORRIS GOWAN.

Maentwrog, Jan. 2, 1821.

P. S. In spite of the comfortable assurances of Peter Pinlithgow, my Pharmacopole, I am afraid that my various complaints, of which I will send you a catalogue, if you want a "Medical Article," will detain me some weeks from Eton. Upon my return I shall begin my canvass for admission into the Club.

## THE KNIGHT AND THE KNAVE ;

## AN OLD ENGLISH TALE.

“ REGINALD ! ” said the old Baron.—It is striking, and fashionable, and classical, to hurry my reader thus “ *in medias res*,” else it had been my duty to have informed him that the *dramatis personæ* whom he finds upon the scene are the son and grandson of the redoubted Hugh d’Arennes, who did good service by the Conqueror’s side at the field of Hastings. In common with the distinguished chiefs of William’s army, he had received large grants of land, which his enterprising spirit, and his interest with the monarch and his successor, had tended to augment. His heir, however, the present head of the illustrious family, had rather studied the security than the aggrandizement of his possessions, and had grown to a green old age in retirement and seclusion, as far as was compatible with his high rank and exalted situation. The younger speaker of the colloquy was of a character, the description of which may be dismissed as easily. Not having being obliged, like the other young men of his time, to take an active part in the divisions which agitated the period of the reign of the second Henry, Reginald had not acquired the firm and energetic tone of mind by which the sons of the nobility were distinguished. He had been accustomed to shape his conduct, in the most trifling concerns, according to the advice and judgment of his father ; and consequently, when deprived for a short period of his monitor, seemed utterly incapable of thinking seriously, or rather seemed to have made a religious vow against thinking at all. This hopeful descendant of the noble Sir Hugh had arrived at the age of twenty—was possessed of a listless, yet handsome, set of features—a careless, yet commanding, figure—a true English head at the cup, and a true English hand at the quarrel.—And now, having gone through the interruption, which ought to have been the introduction, let us proceed.

“ Reginald ! ” said the old Baron, with a slight inclination of the head, which he was in the habit of using when he wished to throw dignity into his admonitions.

“ Ears hear thee,” said the son, without stirring from the huge oaken table upon which, after the fatigues of the chase, he was reclining.

“ I have ordered that we should be alone, my son,” said the old man, “ because I have to discourse to thee a matter which deeply and nearly concerns thy welfare. Pour for thy father, Reginald.”

Reginald obeyed ; and, after performing for himself the same office, resumed his attitude, with an aspect which was ludicrously divided between the resolution to attend, and the propensity to inattention.

"Twenty years have gone by, Reginald, since thou didst become the hope of the house of which thou wilt shortly be the head. Ere thou hast other twenty years to look back upon, thou wilt have lost the guidance of thy father, and I shall sleep by the side of mine."

"Sir Hugh sleeps in the abbey," said Reginald.

"He doth," resumed his adviser. "He was a knight of name and fame, and wielded a good sword at Hastings."

"As touching the sword," said Reginald, totally unconscious of any metaphorical meaning implied in his father's words, "it hangs above him in the abbey. Marry, it is somewhat rusty, but nevertheless a good sword."

"But Reginald, to come to the point—"

"Thou dost remind me how that it was broken against the fifth rib of Egwulph, surnamed the Impetuous, a good knight and a true—although a Saxon."

The look of the young man had in it something of animation as he expressed his hereditary contempt of the Saxon race. To his father, however, this demonstration of feeling did not seem altogether so welcome as it might have been upon another occasion. He contracted his huge shaggy eyebrows, turned his eyes from his son to the wine-cup, and from the wine-cup to his son, stroked his chin, folded his arms, and, in short, assumed an attitude of thought, which was little less ridiculous than the thoughtlessness of his companion. After a pause of some minutes, he began to speak, sending out his words with all the caution and circumspection of a Fabius.

"Of a truth, Reginald, the Saxon thanes are in breeding and courtesy rough, and in no way able to compete with the bearing of our Norman knights ; but they are not, as thy speech would signify, altogether to be contemned. There is among them much might of arm, and courage of heart ; and Sir Hugh was wont to say there were few cravens at Hastings."

Reginald made no reply ; he was deep in mental researches after the probable cause of the Baron's unaccustomed eulogium upon a race so universally vilified. Finding himself unable to solve the mystery, he waited in silence for some further clue. The old man looked as if to see whether his words had made any impression upon the prejudices of his hearer ; and, not being able to ascertain the fact, proceeded :—"There is Leofwyn of Kennet-hold," said he, "his better never drew bow : his grandfather stood before Harold when De Rocroi had him down. He hath

riches and retainers, such as never had King of England. Ill befal the man that thinks scorn of Leofwyn of Kennet-hold."

"He is our near neighbour," said Reginald. "I have heard that he hath a braver horse than is my black steed Launcelot, and hounds whose equals the world cannot show. He hath a daughter, too, if fame speak rightly, a lady of a most noble presence; and he hath a falcon—" Here he was interrupted by the old Baron, who, as if weary of the circumlocution by which he had been endeavouring to bring about his object, observed dryly, "It is to that lady, Reginald, I would see thee wedded."

Reginald fixed himself upright upon the table on which he had been extended, and, opening wide his large languid eyes, gazed upon his father with a mute expression of astonishment. The latter, though a little daunted by the silence with which his proposition had been received, proceeded to explain the causes and consequences of his design. It is needless to accompany him through his detail, which, to say truth, was somewhat prolix. It is sufficient to state, that the lands of the Saxon looked tempting in the eyes of the Norman Lord; and that, in times of such danger and difficulty, it seemed prudent to conciliate the friendship of those who were powerful in their immediate vicinity, and especially those who were attached to the Saxon succession.

Now the Baron, while he detailed his hopes, and his fears, and his designs, fancied that he had made in this scheme a notable hit of policy, and, from time to time, looked up to the listener's face for the approbation to which he thought himself entitled. Reginald, however, perceived that his castle-building would meet with obstacles which the architect had never contemplated; and began to be of opinion that a friendly alliance between Norman and Saxon sounded very like an amicable treaty between hound and hare, or a peaceable union between fire and water. To these thoughts he was unwilling to give utterance: a dispute, and upon such a subject, was a thing to which he had an insuperable reluctance; he therefore quietly acquiesced in his father's reasoning, and, after stipulating that, in this matter, no trouble should fall upon himself, composed himself in a quiet slumber, while the Baron was recounting the particulars of his ten years' courtship of Marie, the beautiful heiress of Roger de Vesnoy, the last lord of Battiswold.

The old man, contented with this calm compliance on the part of his son, proceeded forthwith to put his favourite scheme in execution. For many weeks was his brain disturbed by the anxiety which he felt for the result of his negociations: there were messages, and letters, and heralds, and stipulations, and breakings off, and reconciliations, more than sufficient to perplex the thoughts of a far more able diplomatist. Meantime the per-

son who was to bear the principal part in the play which was now in rehearsal, ate, drank, and slept, talked of his horses and hounds, and his escutcheon, and thought of nothing less than of his fair unseen intended, Elfrida of Kennet-hold. Finally, the treaty was completed more successfully than the violent temper of Leofwyn gave reason to expect; and Reginald received orders to prepare for an immediate journey to receive the bride he had never courted. The first impression upon his mind was, that it was passing strange that the pride of a Saxon thane, nay, the pride of a Saxon heiress, could be, with such facility, subdued. Reflection, however, was not his province; and, banishing as quickly as possible the intrusive idea, he prepared himself to obey his father.

On the morrow he set out. The manuscript from which I draw my information describes, with much prolixity, the accoutrements of himself and his steed; from whence it makes a considerable digression to the changes in the fashions of dress, and the peculiar merits of various breeds of horses. It then makes honourable mention of his attendants, and dwells upon certain scandalous anecdotes connected with their family concerns. The last-mentioned points I deem it right to omit altogether; and upon the others I must be more concise than is the chronicler whom I follow, the erudite Henricus Wykeleius.

It appears that Reginald, although a bigot to the manners and prejudices which his Norman ancestry had entailed upon him, had, upon this occasion, in compliance with the request of his father, assumed the costume of the Saxons. So much had the natural ease and gracefulness of his frame been improved by constant exercise and knightly sports, that the unaccustomed dress seemed to be no restraint or inconvenience to him; and his limbs were as free in the long Saxon robe as they had been wont to be in the short Norman tunic. He reined his horse with a skill which at once excited and curbed his impetuosity, while it set off to the best advantage the forms of both the animal and his rider. Of this, however, neither of them stood in need. Launcelot was one of the noblest steeds that ever bore armed knight to the lists; and Reginald, in spite of the want of animation which was so evident in his features, was really a handsome and well-proportioned youth. Had his education been suited to his talents, or the qualifications of his mind kept pace with those of his body, few warriors might have won lady's love so lightly as Reginald d'Arennes.

Of his followers, which were six in number, four were merely retainers of little note or name. Of the remaining two some notice must be taken. The first was Roger Naylis, an old and approved dependent, who was his companion upon this journey, for the purpose of obviating by his prudence and experience those

dangers, into which the hot heart or light head of his young master might hurry him. The other was a personage of a description not quite so common. This was Robin Garnet, who had long been in Reginald's service, in triple capacity of page, associate, and fool. His was a character, of which, in the compass of this tale, it will be impossible to give the reader any idea. In it was to be found the most extraordinary mixture of cunning and folly, blindness and foresight, thoughtlessness and thought. His actions were generally those which no one but a madman would commit ; yet the means by which he extricated himself from their consequences were those which none but a man of great acuteness would hit upon. He was the son of poor parents, but had rendered himself, by his talents for frolic and buffoonery, so necessary to the young lord, that he was looked upon almost in the light of his foster-brother. He rode a small piebald nag, which formed a whimsical contrast with the large black courser of his master. His dress was that of an ordinary page ; his form, though small, was not inelegant ; and his features, though not handsome, had an arch expression about them, which looked very ludicrous, when compared with the lifelessness of Reginald's.

Nothing more need be said of him save that the extremes of cunning and idiocy which his conduct perpetually exhibited, had conferred upon him two denominations, which were alternately applied as they became by turns appropriate. When the former predominated, he was termed "Robin the Wily;" and when the latter resumed its influence, his appellation was "Robin the Witless."

Upon the present occasion Reginald was not a little annoyed that he was compelled to converse with his father's old counsellor, to the exclusion of the humorous partner of his follies. From this inconvenience, however, he was soon relieved. Before he had gone many miles he was met by a messenger from Leofwyn, who, after various excuses and apologies, informed him that his Lord had vowed a vow, that two men of Norman blood should never cross his threshold together ; and that he therefore requested his future son-in-law to dismiss such of his train as fell under this interdict. The young Lord certainly was not greatly displeased, when, upon examination, it was found that Robin was the only one of his followers who was not excluded by Norman lineage from the hall of the Saxon Thane. Nevertheless, when his aged attendant whispered his suspicions of meditated treason, and intimated the propriety of returning, he gazed on the adviser, and then on the page, and then on the messenger ; and expressed, by look and word, his usual sentiment in all such dilemmas—"I doubt!"

"The hall of Leofwyn is open," said the messenger, "shall I

say that the guest dallieth ? The Lady Elfrida is in her bridal robe ! shall I say that the bridegroom delayeth his purpose ?"—  
 " I will go with thee," said Reginald.

" For my part, I say nought," observed Naylis, " but life may be preserved, and life may be thrown away ; and one against a hundred is fearful odds. Fathers will weep when children die ; it matters not whether by the naked sword or the poisoned cup."  
 —" I will return with thee !" said Reginald.

" Of a surety," said Robin, " there is a venture both ways. If we advance, life is perilled ; and if we retreat, the lady is lost."—  
 " I know not whether to go or to return !" said Reginald.

" I will return to my master," said the messenger, " peradventure he will send to thee that shall remove thine apprehensions. Hasten not on the way. Marry ! it is well that the Lady Elfrida should wait the leisure of Reginald d'Arennes ;" and, turning his horse's head, he was preparing to depart, when Naylis seized his reins, exclaiming, " Not so, Sir Discourteous ! by our Lady thou departest not so lightly ; Sir Reginald wendeth to Kennet-hold, and if a hair of his head be injured thou diest, an thou wert Leofwyn's first-born !"

" Norman hound !" cried the messenger, with an exclamation of surprise, " hast thou divined—but no ! thy thoughts were no parties to thy lips, and I war not for a random word. I will go with ye—rather than your master should lose his bride. By the soul of Hengist, it were pity !" As he spoke he removed his hand, which he had laid upon the hilt of his dagger, and bent upon Reginald a look in which there was much and deep signification, although the standers-by were unable to read its import. Naylis led his young Lord apart, and spoke a few words in an earnest whisper. Reginald still seemed irresolute ; he began to reply hastily in a tone between soliloquy and expostulation.

" Thou sayest right well, Roger, and with discretion ; yet, by my spurs, a younger head had given warmer counsel ! How think you, my masters, were it not a pleasant tale to tell that Reginald d'Arennes fled from the bright eyes of his bride ? Yet, as thou sayest, Roger, there is danger in this adventure ! Not that I heed shaft or spear, bill or battle-axe, in the hand of a Saxon ; thou knowest I am no craven, Roger !—but then, as thou sayest, Roger—my father, I do believe my death-wound would be his ! I will return to him—yet would he be shamed by my return ! I will go on—or rather, I will not ; thou shalt hasten back to him, Roger !—and tell him—hum ! I doubt !"

How long the contest might have lasted it is impossible to determine ;—the remaining attendants were beginning to hazard surmises respecting the eligibility of a night lodging *sub dio*, when Robin the Wily sprung with a kind of harlequin step before his

patron, and, throwing himself into the attitude of a despairing maiden, sang, in a ludicrously plaintive voice, some stanzas of a popular air, which may be thus modernized :—

“ Oh! I am drest in my bridal vest,  
The feast is on the board!  
And whither fleeth my father’s guest?  
Whither Elfrida’s Lord?

I look to the East, and I look to the West,  
The Evening Moon is toward;  
But I see not yet my father’s guest,  
I see not Elfrida’s Lord!

Why am I dight in my kirtle of white,  
My silken snood withal?  
For not to-night that craven knight  
Will cross my father’s hall.”

She hath torn outright her kirtle of white,  
Her silken snood withal;  
And not to-night that craven knight  
Will cross her father’s hall!

“ I will go on to Kennet-hold,” said Reginald. There was something in the look of the Page more than in the words he uttered, which had so deeply inspired his master with that strongest of all incentives, the dread of ridicule, that his determination was now inflexible. Well was it said by the learned monk, Bedo Camerarius, “ the resolution of a strong mind giveth way to argument,—but the obstinacy of a weak one never!” Naylis was of the same opinion: he held another conference with his master in whispers; the result of which was, that Reginald exchanged his loose robe for the rich suit of armour which was borne after him by his attendants.

They were preparing to separate upon their respective journeys, when they discovered the first fruits of Reginald’s hesitation in the departure of their purposed hostage. No orders had been given for his forcible detention; and he had accordingly taken advantage of the consultation which had engaged the attention of the party, to effect his retreat. “ The hawk without a collar hath but brief thralldom,” said Robin. “ Thou art right, Knave,” said Naylis; “ had thy counsel been earlier, yon slave should have made experiment of the weight of a Norman gyve. But it matters not. Though the Saxon have the temper of his own Zernbock, and the Furies to boot, he dare not,—surely he dare not! Well I wot our master would work so deep a requital, that the heads of twenty such miscreants should appear cheap ransom!”



"Fare thee well, good Naylis," said Reginald; "bid my father be of good cheer, and do honour to his son's bridal! Ha! ha! thou hast still thy misdoubtings and thine apprehensions—I know thy mind!"—"Would thou didst know thine own but half as well!" muttered the old man, as he turned slowly round, followed by the Norman attendants. The steeds, as if rejoicing to be again in motion, arched their proud necks, and flung back their thick manes in the wind: the clattering of their hoofs arose, and sank, and died into silence.

Reginald, and the Knave, Robin, journeyed some miles without converse. The latter seemed to be thinking of nothing but his new doublet, and the former seemed to be thinking of nothing at all. After a considerable pause the Knight began the conversation,—“I am doubting, Robin,—”

“It is a wise man that solveth his own doubts!” returned his attendant.

“I am doubting, Robin,” continued Reginald, “whether thou or I be the greater fool!”

“A gibe, a gibe!” cried the jester, “thy reasons, most convincing disputant? thy proofs, most inventive master? thine arguments, most incontrovertible Knight? Marry, an thou make me the greater fool, it will ill become the servant to be greater than his master.”

“Imprimis! thou art a fool by thy name, which is Witless!”

“I will have license to make reply,” said the jester; “Thou art a fool, to call a wise man by a fool’s name.”

“Secondly,” resumed Reginald, “thou art a fool by thy face!”

“Who is to choose,” said his antagonist, “between the folly that is seen on the face, and the folly which is spoken from the tongue?”

“Thirdly, thou art foolish in thy designs.”

“By Saint Swithin,” cried the respondent, “thou hast the better of me there, for designs formest thou none.”

“Fourthly, thou art a fool by thine occupation!”

“There thou hast spoken well,” said the Page; “I am serving-man to Sir Reginald d’Arennes.”

“Finally, Robin,” said Reginald, relapsing into taciturnity, “thou knowest that thou art a fool positive!”

“Thou hast the better of me again, Reginald,” said the complaisant lackey, “for thou art greatly a fool, and surpassingly a fool,—but never a positive one.”

Reginald did not hear the import of his follower’s reply; or at least made no answer to it. They proceeded for some minutes in silence, at a brisk pace, when Reginald suddenly stopped, and exclaimed, “We have wandered from our track!”

"Not a whit, not a whit," replied his companion, "do not I know the turnings and the windings of the way? Is it not the fourth time that I have journeyed with thee on this path?—Firstly, when thou didst do penance at the Abbey of Brixhelm; secondly, when thou didst pillage the fat friar of Torney Low; thirdly, when thou wert, at thine own pleasure, a suitor to the Miller's daughter of Nesselray; fourthly, when thou art, at thy father's pleasure, a suitor to the Thane's daughter of Kennethold. Truly the fool's counsel is nought; but I hold the pillage more profitable than the penance, and the Miller a cheaper bargain than the Thane. Trust me, if there be in the hall of the Saxon another giant such as he that escaped from us even now, there will be stronger trust in the speed of black Launcelot than in the plating of thy Milan corselet."

"He was, indeed," said Reginald, "firm of sinew and large of bone; he was, withal, free in his deportment, and ruled that sorrel courser full knightly; and, as thou sayest, Robin, he bore in his hand a battle-axe, against which ribs of steel were but weak protection."

They had now proceeded far on their journey, and were winding round a thick forest; the extremities of which were skirted by brushwood to a very considerable extent. Reginald continued to discuss the personal appearance of the herald of his father-in-law, in a manner which showed he was by no means deficient in natural observation. "He had the tone of one not unused to command, and an eye right noble and piercing; nevertheless, he is but a Saxon; and ill betide the day when Reginald d'Arrennes shall fear to cope with twenty Saxons."

"Especially," said Robin, with an expression of countenance more than usually arch, "when Reginald d'Arennes hath by his side so true an esquire. Well thou knowest I am a shrewd Knave, and a wily!"

At that moment a shrill whistle rung in their ears, and five or six stout yeomen rushed from the thicket, seized Launcelot's rein, and dragged his rider from the saddle ere he could raise his war cry, or draw his sword from its sheath. Robin was treated with no more ceremony than his master, and both were hurried rapidly through the coppice. Reginald seemed lost in astonishment; he made no resistance, and uttered no word. Robin was not so quiet in his sufferings; his alarm broke out in various unconnected exclamations; "Saints be merciful to me! the limbs of a Roland or an Oliver could not stand this harrying! And the fair tunic that was given me but yestereven is rent like a withered leaf! Truly, my masters, these bushes are over sharp for a delicate frame. Well I wot my sides are torn as it were with the barbed points of twenty arrows; and Sir Reginald

heeds no more the brambles than if they were damosels' arms ! See now ! some are born to a corselet of steel, and some to a tunic of cloth ! Saint Christopher befriend me ! I confessed myself but yesterday ! Bethink ye, my masters, why compass ye the death of an innocent man ! The bough hath rest me of my cap ! Hold, for the love of mercy ! I am a poor Knave and a witless ! ”

To such lamentations no answer was returned, save an occasional peal of laughter. Knight and Knave were borne rapidly onward, through paths which not only seemed impervious to the tread, but were hardly penetrable to the sight. At length, a sudden winding in their track brought them into a large open space, which appeared to have been cleared out in the middle of the forest. Here an extraordinary scene burst upon them, which not a little heightened the astonishment of the young Lord, and even checked for a space the wailings of his attendant.

In a spacious area, surrounded by lofty trees, which seemed admirably calculated for the concealment of parties met for the prosecution of illicit designs, various groupes of men were widely scattered. They appeared to be principally composed of the lower sort of peasantry, who, having no dependence on any one but those to whom they had been born subject, were liable to be called, at a moment's warning, to engage in the quarrels of their feudal lord. And such seemed to be the purpose which had collected together the force I am endeavouring to describe. Some few were clad in the complete defensive armour of that period ; and might be supposed to be those retainers who were more immediately attached to the person of their chief. There were others who were prepared for less regular warfare by the boarspear or the Norman cross-bow ; and others, again, who made little military display beyond the knife which was stuck in their girdle, or the rude mace which lay beside them.

A short distance apart from these groupes two figures were engaged in conversation, one of whom appeared to be the leader of the party. He was a tall, powerful man, apparently little more than thirty years of age ; he seemed to have been inured to toil and danger ; and his manner, at once graceful and dignified, gave the idea of one who had been bred up alternately in the camp and the court from his earliest years. His countenance was handsome, but nevertheless unpleasing ; for its features indicated a knowledge of the world which partook strongly of dissimulation, and a valour which would not scruple to exert itself in a bad cause. His dress was a mailed shirt, unadorned by any extraneous decoration ; but the richly-wrought hilt of the dagger which he wore by his side proved that he was a person of no ordinary rank. His

attendant was an esquire, who appeared to receive with much deference the communications of his superior.

Reginald and his attendant were immediately conducted into the presence of this chieftain. He had been conversing with his companion in a manner and tone of much hauteur ; but when, upon turning round, he beheld the heroes of my story, every appearance of this kind immediately vanished ; his brow was in a moment perfectly calm, and his look wore all the pliability and condescension which an able diplomatist knows so well how to assume.

"Sir Knight," he began, "I am, it is true, a stranger to thee, but I have confidence that those features, and that bearing, bespeak one of the house of d'Arennes." Reginald bowed, in token of acquiescence ; and his new acquaintance (who, by-the-bye, had received pretty certain intelligence beforehand of the rank of the person he was addressing,) proceeded :—"The disturbed state of our realm, Sir Knight, must be my excuse for a measure which courtesies would else have shrunk from. It must also excuse the interrogation which it constrains me to put. With what purpose hast thou journeyed hither?"

Reginald seemed not sufficiently recovered from his surprise to make reply. Robin answered for him, "Marry, with the purpose of journeying back again."

"Thou wouldest do well to keep thy counsel, friend," said the querist ; "thy flippant tongue might elsewhere procure thee a cap and bells ; but here, trust me, it will exalt thee to little else than the bough that waves over my head. I would pray of thee," he continued to Reginald, "brief answer and speedy."

Reginald seemed somewhat roused from his torpidity by the overweening tone in which he was addressed :—"Hither I came," he said, "with the purpose of a bridal, and in bridal garment ; mantle and cap have I already exchanged for hauberk and helm ; and, by thy good-will, wedding and wassail will briefly be transmuted to quarrel and fray."

"Art thou so warm for a fray?" said the stranger. "It is the better : thou hast gentle blood within thee, although thy first address did belie it woefully. What if I were to lead thee to a fray, where an estate shall be had for the buckling on of thy harness, and an Earldom shall be the requital of every blow ? How sayest thou, Reginald d'Arennes ? Is not prince's favour more worth the winning than lady's love ? and is not the possession that is the guerdon of service in field more honourable than the dower that is sued for on bended knee ?"

Reginald seemed again frozen into inanimation. Alike ignorant of the person who spoke to him, and of the purport of what

he spoke, he had recourse to his never-failing response, "I doubt." Robin again stepped forward with his ballad admonition, which I shall again endeavour to modernize, "albeit unused to the rhyming mood."

" 'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in fair green wood,  
When birds are blithely singing;  
'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in foughthen field,  
When blows are bravely ringing.  
' On to the fight !' saith King Arthure,  
' Accurst be he that flies!  
Riches and fame to him that lives!  
And bliss to him that dies!  
Why lingerest thou, Childe Celadon?'—  
Out spoke that cunning knave,  
' The brightest gift thy crown can give,  
What boots it in the grave?' "

The very prudent and natural suggestion of "Childe Celadon" seemed to have a marvellous effect upon Reginald, and would probably have influenced his reply, had not the attention of his interrogator been called off by another circumstance. To this we must also attribute the safety of the songster's neck, which, had not this seasonable interruption taken place, would have been ill worth a minute's purchase.

A messenger had suddenly arrived, and been conducted into the presence of their unknown captor. He appeared to have come from a long distance; and the disordered state of his dress, together with the fatigue which was apparent on his pale countenance, sufficiently proved that he had not spared whip or spur on the journey. He delivered to the Chief the letters of which he was the bearer, and retired in silence. The Chief broke open the packet; anxiety was strongly marked on his countenance; yet his features changed not, as he read his advices; it was difficult to form a conjecture whether he was rejoiced or displeased by their contents. He called to him his esquire. They held a brief conference apart.

"Cold news, Eustace! the Flemings have been beaten! The slaves fled as the first weapon leaped from its sheath. De Lucy's powers are drawn together, and Bohun hath Leicester prisoner."

"Then it were well to seek shelter while the tempest is yet coming on. It will blow a fierce wind ere long!"

"Let it blow," said the Chief, drawing himself up to the full height of his figure; "there are those that shall weather the gale. What, Eustace! Thinkest thou that in caves, or in castles, or in fastnesses, there is safety for those whom Henry calls traitors? Our refuge is in battle-field, our trust in ready sword. I have

advanced my foot in this quarrel, and yon oak is not fixed more firmly."

"I am ready to serve thee in good and in ill: I am ready to live and to die with thee; but it were sheer madness, with thy single force, to"—

The Chief interrupted him by unfolding his letters and pointing to several names which were mentioned in them, speaking hastily as he went on. "Archetil is up in arms—Ferrars is with us—Roger de Moubray hath good bowmen—Hamo de Mascie will not flinch—Hugh Bigod will not be idle in a rising—Clare and Gloucester may be won;—and, let but Williams hear the news of our arming, the North shall see a hundred thousand Scottish spears ere a hundred men are afoot against us. It is no time for dallying; and this place, though for forty-eight hours it hath concealed our ill-assorted levy, is no safe abode for men engaged in this warfare. We must endeavour to join my brother at the setting of to-morrow's sun." Eustace bowed, and was preparing to withdraw, but was recalled. A few sentences were exchanged, in which the name of Reginald was frequently mentioned, and he was then summoned before his captor.

"Reginald d'Arennes," said the Knight, in a low tone of voice, "thou seest before thee Richard de Mallory. For himself he hath little claim to expect that his name should have been breathed in thine ear, but thou wilt know him better as the brother of the renowned Archetil de Mallory, who, with many brave companions, which at a more fitting time shall be enumerated to thee, is now in arms against usurpation and tyranny. What sayest thou? wilt thou continue to disgrace, by thine inactivity, the name of thine ancestor? or wilt thou join thy name to the list of these valiant nobles, buckle thy fortune to thy sword, and win an Earldom by my side?"

Now Reginald was by no means deficient in natural penetration, although he had not the firmness of character which was requisite to act upon its suggestions; he saw, therefore, that the attempt of these "valiant nobles," like the many other conspiracies by which the reign of Henry II. was perpetually threatened, would probably have for its conclusion confiscation and death. He was not very ready to embark in an undertaking of this nature, until he had conferred with the Baron upon its expediency, and had calculated the chances for and against success. Upon the present occasion, therefore, he succeeded with much difficulty in pleading his approaching bridal as an excuse for declining the offer of his new acquaintance.

Richard de Mallory, however, appeared by no means satisfied with the apology; the less so, when upon inquiry he heard that the Lady, whose unseen charms detained the young Lord from

the field, was of Saxon descent. That the scion of so illustrious a stock should intermarry with that contemned race, was an idea which startled the prejudices of the proud Norman; insomuch that he evidently entertained serious doubts of the truth of the narration. "Elfrida of Kennet-hold!" he muttered to himself, "named not the Saxon whom our spies brought hither this morning the name of Kennet-hold?"

"He did," replied Eustace.

"Lead him hither," said de Mallory; and instantly, from one of the avenues which led into the forest, some armed men brought forth a captive Saxon, in whom Reginald immediately recognized the messenger who had escaped from his baffled followers in the morning. The Saxon also bestowed a glance of recognition upon his fellow-captive. "Saxon," said de Mallory scornfully, "what saidst thou was thy name? for in truth the appellations of thy race dwell not long in Norman remembrance."

"I am called," said the prisoner, looking on Reginald as he spoke, "Lothaire; the first-born of Leofwyn of Kennet-hold. Thy name, Richard de Mallory, is not unknown to me: thou art one of those who have raised up the subjects against the King, and the sons against the father. But the work needed not thine agency. It shall be long ere a Norman shall know peace on the throne of Harold; long ere the gods of the Saxons shall cease to revenge upon the head of his descendants the usurpation of the first William."

"I asked not for thy forebodings; nor knew I that I had a prophet in my camp. One more question shall I ask thee. Shall Reginald d'Arennes wed thy father's daughter?"

Lothaire seemed much embarrassed by the question: he hesitated for some time; until at last, smiling, as if he had found the means of releasing himself from some difficulty, he looked at Reginald with an unintelligible expression of countenance, and replied, "He rideth with that purpose."

"It is enough," exclaimed the Chief. "The Norman Knight that can stoop to wed with the daughter of a Saxon Franklin, is no fellow in arms for Richard de Mallory. Let them wend on their way together. Where is the fool? it were pity to deny him such fit company?"

And with this sarcasm the three captives were suffered to depart; being first obliged to swear a binding oath not to divulge what they had seen and heard in their confinement. Reginald suffered himself to be reconducted to the place where he had been seized, without betraying any unusual emotion either of joy or resentment; but Lothaire cast back upon the Norman leader frequent glances expressive of the most determined hate, and a disposition to make a speedy and an ample return for his dis-

courteous hospitality. Their horses were brought to them, and they again set forward upon their errand with no injury but what was occasioned by the long delay they had experienced. It was near sunset, and there seemed little possibility of their reaching Kennet-hold before nightfall. They pushed on, however, at a brisk pace. It may be doubted whether Reginald was altogether pleased with the new companion he had met with in the person of Lothaire; who accompanied him unasked, and threw upon him at times a look which spoke any thing rather than brotherly love. Robin kept a respectful distance; for he seemed to have for the Saxon youth no stronger predilection than his master.

Meantime the mind of the rebel chief was little disturbed by the disastrous intelligence which he had received. The leader, upon whom his party had placed the greatest reliance, was taken; and the easy defeat of the Flemings had taught him a lesson which every one that embarks in a great undertaking should learn betimes,—that it is a perilous thing to put trust in foreign auxiliaries. Yet so accustomed was he to this irregular mode of warfare, and so inured to all the vicissitudes to which the fickle temper of Dame Fortune might subject him, that his mind was at this moment perfectly calm, and hardly rested a thought upon the perilous situation in which he found himself placed. He seated himself at the rude banquet, which his followers were now preparing with perfect indifference, although the possibility of his enjoying another tranquil meal was at least a matter of doubt. After some time spent in noisy revelling,—for when their assistance was required in an affair of so much danger, the Chief thought it no scorn to join in the merriment and court the good-will of his vassals,—Richard began to reflect upon his interview with his two captives; and, with a contemptuous smile, he asked who was the Saxon Divinity to whom they must attribute the loss of so able a coadjutor in the person of Reginald D'Arennes?

A dozen sturdy voices were lifted up at once, in commendation of the Lady Elfrida. Her tall and commanding stature—her long flaxen hair—her dignified countenance—her cheeks, whose bright complexion invited the flattery which they blushed to hear—and her light blue eye, whose glance beamed so mildly on the meek, and met so proudly the gazes of the proud;—were alternately the themes of admiration. At last the Chieftain, impatient of these rapturous effusions, which he began to think were endless, poured out his last cup “to the health of the Rose of Kennet-hold,” and deserted the board. He busied himself for a time in giving the necessary orders for their departure early in the ensuing morning; and then, calling Eustace aside, exclaimed, “We will ourselves look upon this Saxon beauty: by our Lady,



if she deserve but one half of the praises of these boors, she may haply be the companion of our onward march." And with these words, attended by his esquire, De Mallory strode from the enclosure.

While this scene was going on, Reginald and his companion had made considerable progress on their journey, and were within a few miles of its termination; yet not a word had been exchanged between them. They looked from time to time towards each other, apparently with a mutual feeling of dislike, if not of apprehension. At last Lothaire led the way to conversation, in a tone which betrayed a strong disposition to offer an insult, although the disposition appeared to be checked or subdued for a time by the counteragency of some equally powerful motive.

"Sir Reginald," said he, "knowest thou the qualities which are required in him who would sue for the hand of my sister Elfrida?"

"I have doubts touching this matter," replied Reginald. "Me-thinks," rejoined his companion, "it were worth the while to instruct thyself further, ere thou settest foot on my father's threshold; for, of a truth, Elfrida hath a right Saxon spirit, and a right Saxon speech: she hath proud eyes, that smile on whom they list, and frown on whom they will; and proud thoughts, that respect not so much the glittering of the corselet as the valour of the knight that wears it."

This was somewhat like a thunderclap to poor Reginald. He had anticipated no difficulties of this nature: the timidity of his nature would have shrunk back with horror from the mention of a protracted courtship. In short, he had expected a path strewn with roses, and he found it beset with briars; he came to wed an obedient and passive bride, and he began to suspect she was little better than intractable virago. After having spent some moments in reflections of this nature, he gave utterance to his secret musings in a brief soliloquy.

"I am doubting whether or no I shall proceed."

He was answered by a loud laugh from his intended brother-in-law; who proceeded forthwith to dispel the apprehensions which he had himself excited.

"Cheer thee, noble Knight; be not afraid for a woman. Thou hast, princely Reginald, many valorous and knightly qualities; the least of which might win a richer bride than the daughter of Leofwyn and the sister of Lothaire. Surely thou dost obtain honour at those splendid jousts, from which thou knowest our Saxon habits do utterly revolt; and, doubtless, thou hast skill in foreign music, which thou knowest our Saxon ears do utterly detest; and thou art also skilled in that foreign language which

thou knowest a Saxon doth so loath, that he would have his tongue torn from his throat rather than give utterance to its accents."

"Brother," said Reginald, who began to perceive the necessity of conciliating Lothaire, "I have meddled but little with courts; and, in my ignorance of these accomplishments, I am a perfect Saxon. But I prithee tell me, in love and fellowship, by what means or endeavours it is possible for me to win the good-will of thy sister."

"I will show thee," said Lothaire: "First, thou must learn to speak, not tardily through thy teeth, as is thy present method, but boldly, openly, and fearlessly, as one man should do to another."

"Whether this be possible, I doubt," observed Reginald.

"Secondly," said his instructor, "at my father's board thou must not be too ready to relinquish the goblet."

"I will do thee reason—I will do thee reason, Sir Lothaire," returned Reginald,—“Marry, I shall need but little instruction upon that head:” and he strained his eye as he spoke, in the direction of Kennet-hold, as if he would measure the space which lay between his lip and the flagon.

"Thirdly," resumed Lothaire, "thou must hate a Norman as thou wouldest hate the foul fiend."

"I do," cried Reginald; "I do hate a Norman: the Norman we parted from e'en now—Richard de Mallory. A blight upon him! he hath bound me, scoffed at me, worried my body and my mind, until I can scarcely keep my saddle on my journey, or recollect whither the journey tendeth. A murrain on the proud knight! Doth he fancy that I care aught whether the father or the son hath the better? whether the Henry I serve be called the second or the third?"

"If I may risk prophecy," muttered the Saxon, "thou wilt never see the third Henry wearing his father's crown. We have worn the yoke of your tyrants long enough; and it is time that the throne of Alfred should be again filled by one of his descendants. Despised and oppressed as we are, there are still true Saxons enow to drive ye headlong from the land ye have spoiled."

The two young men had continued to ride as far apart as courtesy and their road would permit; and the line of conversation into which they had fallen did not seem likely to promote kinder feelings between them. Reginald's national prejudices began to rise high within him, and to overpower the want of energy which was his failing. "Sir Lothaire," he replied doggedly, "methinks thou hast forgotten Hastings."

"Sir Knight," said his companion, in a melancholy voice, "it

is not possible for thee or for me to forget Hastings. Thine ancestor did obtain there power, and title, and riches; mine did win nothing but honour and his grave: the chance may be ours in another field. If valour and desert in arms had had their meed, the bastard of Normandy had never set foot upon the corpse of Harold."

"Thou errest, thou errest, good brother," said Reginald unthinkingly. "The single arm of King William was sufficient to beat down Harold and his brothers to boot. Thine ancestor himself, Sir Lothaire, was light in the balance when weighed with the least of our Norman chivalry!"

"Norman liar!" exclaimed Lothaire, and immediately giving his horse the spur, and causing him to make a demi-volte, which brought him close to his companion's side, he raised his ponderous arm, and dealt with his mailed hand so terrible a blow between the corselet and headpiece of his future brother-in-law, that Launcelot reeled upon his haunches, and his rider fell to the ground without sense or motion. Lothaire gazed for a moment upon the fallen Knight; and then, after beckoning to Robin to come up, put his horse into a hand-gallop, and continued his route.

Robin, when the formidable Saxon was out of sight, ventured to approach the scene of the fracas. Piteous was the sight which presented itself. Launcelot was standing beneath a neighbouring tree, still trembling with the shock he had received. Reginald lay motionless in the dust: his bright armour was soiled with earth and blood, which gushed out plentifully from his mouth and nostrils. Robin took off his helmet, and endeavoured, by throwing water over his features, to restore animation. After having spent a long time in the vain endeavour, he looked upon his fallen patron with an expression of utter despair, and muttered to himself—"My master is certainly dead;—and there will be no wedding, nor revel, nor wassailing." He continued for some minutes in deep contemplation, and then exclaimed, "An my project hold good, I will be revenged on the Saxon churl." And with these words he began to disarm his master.

While these incidents were taking place among those personages to whom our attention has been hitherto confined, the state of the inhabitants of Kennet-hold was such as calls for our notice. The MS., indeed, from which I draw this narrative, goes through all the minute particulars of Reginald's journey, until it sets him down at the gate of his father-in-law; but, to avoid greater prolixity than is necessary, I will reserve this explanation for my denouement: and for the present leaving my hero on his bed of earth, I will introduce my reader, without further delay, to the hall at Kennet-hold.

Every thing seemed to be in a state of unusual confusion at the residence of the Saxon. This was, no doubt, partly to be attributed to the extraordinary preparations made by the cooks, and to the wish of the domestics to appear in the sprucest attire before the eyes of the Norman guest. But there was something more than this in the bustle which pervaded Kennet-hold. There seemed to be in every countenance, from the swineherd to the thane, the consciousness of some concealment, some unspeakable secret lingering on the lips, and awaiting a fit opportunity for disclosure. Many of the menials were staring at each other in silence, although they had abundant occupation before them; and many were looking inordinately busy, although it was their chance to have nothing to do. The expression of their faces was various. In some you could perceive little more than a repressed desire to laugh; but on the features of the higher sort of vassals you might read pride, contempt, resentment, together with a visible exultation, which plainly told that all these vindictive feelings were on the eve of gratification.

Leofwyn himself was seated on the chair of his hall, beneath a scarlet canopy, in all the rude state which his Saxon prejudices permitted. He was of short stature, with a round good-humoured face, which spoke, as plainly as face could speak, that its owner was willing to be upon friendly terms with the rest of the world, if the rest of the world would give him leave. In fact Leofwyn was of a disposition to prefer the beginning of a banquet to the conclusion of a broil; and if he had been at liberty to consult his own inclination, there would have been much wine, and but very little blood, poured out annually by the retainers of Kennet-hold. Many causes however conspired to make these pacific qualities of no effect. In the first place, the chief had an hereditary feud to support against the invaders of the land; and although he himself saw nothing in these foreigners which should deserve his malediction, he deemed it his duty to hate them most religiously, because his father had done so before him. Secondly, his son Lothaire was of a terribly violent temper, and was always seeking an opportunity for embroiling his father with some Norman landholder; and thirdly, this opportunity was frequently afforded by the predatory attacks of the surrounding nobles.

In the retaliation which Leofwyn exercised for these outrages, he frequently put in practice some cunning and jocose device, which accorded ill with the professions of hate and enmity which he was perpetually making. For instance, it appears that when the vassals of Sir Robert de Vallice had made considerable depredations upon the Saxon's swine, he carried off the only son of the offender, and after confining him in company with the porkers

for a night and a day, sent him back to Sir Robert, with a message that "he had sent him his swineherd also." Such freaks as these had among his dependents secured to him the reputation of having a right sharp wit: among his powerful neighbours he was considered little better than a madman, in consequence of which, amidst the oppressions to which his race was daily subject, he had been allowed to pass his days in despised security.

Upon the present occasion it seemed that he had some unusually clever design in view. He was perpetually giving some instructions to the domestics, in a tone of voice mysteriously low, and again relapsing into deep and silent meditation. In short, in the anxiety which he evinced for the approaching nuptials, he showed all the assiduity and precaution of a modern match-maker. Reginald did not come at the appointed time; the old man began to grow impatient; he asked for his son. "Lothaire," replied one of the attendants, "bore forth thy message in the morning, being desirous of looking on the Norman guest. He hath not yet returned." "It is the better," said Leofwyn to himself. "His hastiness might defeat what my prudence hath devised. Nevertheless, I cannot but marvel at his stay. Is the bride apparelled?" "She is: the maidens have been busied about her headgear since noonday. Marry, they have no light task; for the hair they decorate hath been but little used to the operation." "Peace!" said Leofwyn.

Hours passed away in rapid succession: evening came gradually on; and still there were no traces or tidings of Reginald d'Arennes. The Saxon's choler began to rise in earnest. "Surely," he muttered inwardly, "surely, that hotbrained fellow Lothaire hath not overturned the structure my counsel hath been so long a-building; mischief light upon him if he hath dared to make or to meddle. The forward boy is ever at bullying and drawing of swords. Boys' play, boys' play; but it were a brave thing to put this slight upon the Norman. Marry hang him if he hath despoiled my daughter of her husband."

Suddenly his soliloquy was interrupted by the blast of horn announcing the arrival of strangers. Leofwyn leaped from his seat in an ecstasy; but immediately resumed it, with a studied look of gravity, that restrained the inclination of merriment, which was predominant among his dependents. Every one, therefore, was silent, as the folding-doors were slowly unclosed, and the Major-domo introduced to the presence of his Lord—Sir Reginald d'Arennes.

He was greeted by his future father-in-law with cold and distant courtesy, which he returned in a manner of still greater reserve. "Sir Knight," said Leofwyn, "it is my will that thy nuptials be solemnized ere thou sittest down to the banquet.

My son Lothaire is choleric (his guest gave an involuntary motion of assent); and if he should return before the wedding, I know not whether thy head might not lie in the castle-moat sooner than on the bridal pillow." The bridegroom shuddered.

"Is the Lady Elfrida attired?" continued Leofwyn, in a tone of mock gravity which was exceedingly ludicrous. The attendants caught the infection, and many unrepressed jests circulated among them, as they departed to bear their Lord's summons to his daughter.

Presently Elfrida made her appearance. The bridegroom started as she entered the hall: perhaps the exterior qualifications of the Saxon beauty might not altogether correspond with the exaggerated reports which his ears had greedily drunk. Her figure might be called elegant, but was certainly too short to deserve the appellation of dignified; her face might be deemed pretty, but the pertness which was its prevalent characteristic, disqualified it for the epithet of beautiful. Instead of the soft yellow hair which her adorer had expected, he beheld a profusion of dark brown ringlets; and in lieu of the languishing blue eye, which he deemed would have dissolved him into rapture, he met the glance of a sparkling black one, in which there lurked a very strong inclination to laugh in his face. To his disappointment, however, if he felt any, Reginald gave no vent; he seemed to have a great reluctance to unclothe, in the presence of Saxons, either his vizer or his lips. Both parties betrayed a wish to have the ceremony performed as speedily as possible; and the nuptials of Sir Reginald d'Arennes with Elfrida, the daughter of Leofwyn of Kennet-hold, were accordingly celebrated in the chapel which was attached to the residence of the Saxon. The Lady Elfrida was splendidly attired; but, in other respects, the nuptial rites were graced with little pomp, save the attendance of a large body of Leofwyn's retainers, who, bearing in their hands each a flaming torch, cast an air of rude magnificence over the scene.

A sumptuous banquet awaited them upon their return to the hall. The merriment of the vassals was loud and unremitting. The bridegroom, however, did not seem to enjoy the situation in which he found himself placed. He fidgeted upon his seat, and turned his eyes alternately to the ceiling and to the wall, as if he suspected that more than half the joviality of the party was at his expense. His embarrassment was increased by the malicious endeavours of his bride, who rallied him upon his gravity and look of despondency, in a style to which he had evidently no spirits to reply.

It must be confessed that the young man's suspicions were not altogether without foundation. The occupants of the lower part of the board, who, of course, were the most obstreperous in their

mirth, were, from time to time, indulging themselves in very acute criticisms upon the figure and features of their master's son-in-law. These did not altogether answer their expectations. Much as they contemned the Normans, they had pictured to themselves, in the person of Reginald d'Arennes, a countenance noble even to sternness, and a bearing at once courteous and martial. They knew he was a Norman, but they also knew he was a handsome and a friendly Norman; in consequence of which they had made up their minds to hate him, and, at the same time, to find nothing in him worthy of hate. They were much surprised, therefore, when they found the young Knight so perfectly different from the image report had drawn. His face seemed perfectly void of all expression of majesty or valour. At present its predominant expression was embarrassment, mingled with a strong tincture of fear; but there was a slight curve upon the lips, and a sly twinkle under the eye, which betrayed a strong disposition to cunning and risibility. His figure appeared slender and diminutive, and a large and gorgeous steel harness hung dangling about it; as if the bark of the forest oak had been stripped off to give an appearance of strength to the willow. This was all very strange: the attendants looked, and laughed, and wondered; and Leofwyn showed no disposition to check their humour. Indeed he seemed to participate cordially in their malicious propensities.

"Sir Knight," said he, "methinks there is in thy demeanour a greater degree of bashfulness than thy noble presence and thy lofty lineage do warrant."

"It is a feeling," replied the guest, "which I have inherited from my mother Bridget—I mean, from my mother the Lady Marie," he added, turning very pale.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed his entertainer, "Now, by my verity, I dreamed not thy father had been so gay in his young days. What! play the Lady Marie false! Come, come, it was ill done, ill done; she was a lady of most excellent carriage; it was ill done. But be not cast down. The sin was not thine. Pledge me, noble Reginald. Thou standest in need of refreshment; for, in truth, thy look is weariness itself, and thou art as silent as the oaken board on which thou leanest. Come, come, the pigment is worth the tasting."

Reginald blushed, and seemed doubting whether it were not well to make a precipitate retreat. The Lady Elfrida turned away her head, and let down her veil, with a gesture of affected horror at the indelicate sallies of her father. Nothing daunted, the old man continued his pertinacious system of annoyance, while the domestics applauded, by ill-repressed acclamations, the surprising jocularities of their Lord.

"Thou art sparing of thy food, Sir Knight: but doubtless thou art used to other diet than this; the board of a Saxon Thane hath but little to tempt the palate of the son of a Norman Noble."

"Thou wrongest thine own hospitality, noble Thane," replied the other, collecting his spirits, and making an effort to be polite. "Womanly indeed should I be, if I were not used to harder fare than this! My father, the forester,—that is, I mean, my father, the Baron,"—and again Reginald look confused, and paused, and was silent.

"Cheer thee, noble Reginald," said his host; "thou art wearied with thy journey, and thy wits wander." "Perchance," said the fair Elfrida, "Sir Reginald hath lost them on the way!" The menials echoed applause, and Reginald looked yet more foolish than before. "Thou dost belie thy character strangely," continued the old man; "fame hath told us that, in the whole shire there is not a jollier boon-companion, nor a truer lover of the cup." "It is true that Sir Reginald d'Arennes hath had that reputation," replied the Norman, "and his best friends have judged that he would do well to put it away." "By the holy Confessor," cried Leofwyn, "not upon his wedding-day! Out upon the idea! What, ho! Osric, fill up for Sir Reginald. Pledge me, gallant Knight. The health of thy bride—of Elfrida!"

"I will do thee reason," said Reginald, raising the cup to his lips; but, at the mention of the name of Elfrida, some of the vassals burst into such a clamorous fit of laughter that he set it down in astonishment.

Leofwyn remarked his surprise, and endeavoured to dispel it. "Thou seest, good son, that there is a kind of pageant toward, at which these boors are marvellously pleased; but be not the less inclined to join in our banquet. We wait but for the arrival of my son Lothaire, and all disguise shall be stript off." "Disguise!" cried the guest, dropping the cup, and starting from his seat, "a murrain on the tell-tale! How didst thou learn?"—"Nay, my son," said the Saxon, as if endeavouring to retract an unguarded expression, "we are all somewhat disguised—in liquor."

Reginald resumed his seat, and, in a short time, began to drink most valorously, as if striving to drown in the rich pigment some unpleasant suspicions. By degrees, his head, which was evidently weaker than the one fame had attributed to Reginald d'Arennes, began to be overpowered by the frequent potations which were forced upon him by his host; and while Leofwyn, and his retainers, and even the modest Elfrida, were immensely amused by



his awkward situation, the hapless bridegroom showed the effects of Saxon hospitality in rhapsodical and unintelligible exclamations.

“Of a truth, good Thane, thy drink is marvellous good!—marvellous good is thy drink! better have not I tasted since we rifled old Ambrose, the hermit of Torney-Low! Very rich was the old rogue; he had store of gold and of silver, and an admirable cellar withal. Right merry we were and jovial; and, for the hoary man, we made him sit by the board, and chaunt a merry stave. That did I; for truly my fellow thief had some quirks of conscience. Health to the old man! May his bags and his cellar be replenished before next Whitsuntide! What care I for abbot and friar, mitre and cowl! I-roam through glade and greenwood, over hill, and rock, and stream, free as the hawk, free as the passing wind. Marry, I had forgot how I have linked myself to a wife! Kiss me, fair Elfrida! I love thee very much, Elfrida; but thou knowest, when war calleth us away, we soldiers leave ye like a whistle. How dost thou, old father-in-law, how dost thou? Of a verity, thy face is as black as a November cloud, and that spear by thy side is wondrous sharp: it is well I have a Milan corselet. Mark ye my Milan corselet, father and bride? The zecchins that were paid for it! It hath not born blow yet. Certainly I like not blows; but the lace of my helmet is snapped in twain. Thy son, most noble Leofwyn, could explain unto thee the manner of it. Surely it was a mighty blow, and a perilous, given with a strong arm and a right good-will. Launcelot shook like an aspen leaf. Howbeit, noble Saxon, thy drink is marvellous good; it maketh a man valorous, and doth as it were put to flight the whimsies, and the visions, and the phantasies of the brain. Fill up, valiant Leofwyn! plague on them that flinch! Mine harness is much soiled for a wedding-garment, but I shall wear a new doublet to-morrow: a blight upon the brambles in the coppice! How now, good father-in-law, why dost thou not speak! thy face is as round as the bowl, and as silent as the roasted crab that is floating within it. Fill up! off with care! Shall I not be merry, when steel, and nobility, and a wife, are put upon my shoulders?”

“My Lord groweth complimentary,” said Elfrida, hardly able to speak for laughter. “I do feel afraid that the air of Kennet-hold, and the drink it affords, have somewhat unsettled his brains!”

“Beautiful Elfrida,” said the bridegroom, “true it is that the brains of Sir Reginald had a terrible knock this day, and thy brother knows whence it came; but we will forget these quarrelsome topics, and give up the evening to merriment. My brains are as firm as thine own. Marry, the wine is marvellous good!” He was sinking gradually into intoxication.

"I marvel wherefore Lothaire delayeth his coming," said Leofwyn.

"Truly," replied Elfrida, "it were well to conclude the farce without him. I am weary of this mummary."

"Mar-vel-lous good!" repeated the Norman, and closed his eyes.

"Girl," said Leofwyn, "thou speakest foolishly: until my son's return we will keep up the disguise."

"Disguise!" cried Reginald, recovering some little sense of what was going forward. "Who talked of disguise? was it thou, most rustic Leofwyn, or thou, most black-browed Elfrida? Who talked of disguise? I care not. If I am not"—

A loud and piercing shriek interrupted the speaker. You might have thought all the maidens of the shire had conspired to deafen the ears of the Saxon proprietor. A door was suddenly flung open, and a warder, with terror and consternation pictured on every limb and feature, rushed up to the dais, and, bending his head as if to receive the chastisement which his negligence would call down, exclaimed, "the Lady Elfrida hath been taken away from the Castle!"

It were difficult to describe minutely the astonishment which pervaded the hall. Vassals and menials of every degree snatched their arms and fled from the apartment.

Nothing was heard but inquiries, and weeping, and imprecations. Nothing was known but that the lady had been within the last few minutes carried off by a strange knight mounted on a swift bay horse, and attended by one follower. It was supposed that he must have entered and departed by swimming the moat, which, as it was now midnight, was an attempt by no means impracticable. He had been seen by a peasant who was returning from an adjacent forest; his lovely prize was thrown across a led palfrey, and appeared to be in a swoon.

All was confusion. The retainers of Leofwyn ran to and fro in all directions but the right one. Armour resounded with a dismal clang, as it was hastily thrown over the shoulders of the domestics; torches were flinging their red glare in every direction; the voices of the pursuers were repeated by frequent echoes, as they shouted and called to one another through the darkness. In the meantime the chief personages in the hall were in a situation partaking strongly of the ludicrous. The black-eyed damsel, who had figured throughout the banquet as the daughter of Leofwyn, had cried out, as the warder had delivered his news, "my dear mistress, my poor mistress?" and fainted upon her throne. The bridegroom had been in some measure roused from his intoxication, but was still unable to collect his ideas, so as to form any idea of the origin or meaning of the tumult. Leofwyn appeared

to be in a state of mental stupefaction. In spite of the foibles of the old man's character, he was doatingly fond of his daughter; and the news of her loss, coming in the midst of revelry, seemed to have withered him like a thunderbolt. He sat still, looking on the confusion with a vacant gaze, and inquiring from time to time, "Is my daughter well? How fares it with the Lady Elfrida? Does she not come to her old father?" These three personages therefore remained quietly upon their seats, while every one around them was in commotion; like the bronzed images in modern halls, that hold their candelabras so calmly, while the guests are all in the bustle of departure.

Things remained in this disagreeable position for some minutes, when the blowing of a horn, and a loud talking and shouting without, announced that something had taken place. Presently, accompanied by a crowd of peasants half accoutred for the pursuit, Lothaire entered the hall. Leofwyn raised his head, and being in some measure recalled to his recollection by the sight of his son, repeated his inquiry, "is my daughter well?"

"She is well!" said Lothaire, "and I am well! no thanks to my new friend, the doughty Sir Richard de Mallory, from whom, to say truth, mine headpiece hath received a most mischievous contusion. Thanks to thee, good steel," he continued, taking off his helmet, and surveying the deep indenture which appeared on its summit, "had not thy temper been true, thy master's head had lain on the couch from which no man lifteth himself up." He was interrupted by a thousand interrogatories, a great proportion of which proceeded from Leofwyn, who had by this time recovered from the effects of his sudden shock, and began to feel great curiosity to know the particulars of the story.

"I know but little of the matter," said Lothaire, "ye see I have been overthrown in no light fashion, (they perceived for the first time that his apparel bore marks of a recent fall) and in truth had it not been for the intervention of my good friend in the ragged doublet, I had hardly lived to tell ye the tale."

"Of whom dost thou speak?" said Leofwyn.

"That is more than I can tell," replied the young Saxon; "Not many paces hence did I encounter the valorous Sir Richard, who is now, peace be with him, no longer a man of this world. I had a heavy stroke, as ye may witness; nevertheless, it was my horse's fault, or I had not been so foiled. I believe another minute would have caught the last breath of Lothaire, but for the help of the aforesaid knight of the ragged doublet; by the sword of Harold! he overthrew that proud Norman as if he were wrestling with a child. I saw not his features, but by his apparel he seemed to be the esquire of thine hopeful son-in-law, Reginald d'Arennes. But ye will see him presently."

Lothaire was supported from the hall, and put under the care

of the leech ; for his wound, although he made so light of it in his story, wore a dangerous appearance.

As he retired, another loud acclamation announced the arrival of Elfrida's deliverer. A tall, well-made figure, advanced towards the dais, clad, as Lothaire had intimated, in a short ragged doublet, with a small cap which was quite insufficient to confine the long dark tresses that floated luxuriantly down his neck. His arm supported the real Elfrida, whose personal charms amply deserved the encomium which had been lavished upon them in the forest. Animation seemed hardly restored to that beautiful form. Her eyes were half closed and her cheek very pale.

"Providence be thanked," cried Leofwyn, "that my child is restored to me!"

Now it has been already hinted that Elfrida was possessed of a disposition somewhat untractable ; in fact, loth as I am to speak aught ill of the fair sex, I must confess that the Lady Elfrida partook, in no trifling degree, both of the fantastic whims of her father Leofwyn, and the violent obstinacy of her brother Lothaire. The reader therefore will not be surprised when he hears that the Saxon beauty, bowing respectfully to her father, thus addressed him :—

"Not to thee, my father, not to thee is thy daughter restored ; in good and in evil, in life and in death, she shall abide with her preserver—with him who hath delivered her from the grasp of the spoiler."

"Thou art mad, my child!" said the old man in astonishment, "the knight that sued for thee thou didst condemn and reject, and wilt thou now wed with his serving-man?"

Elfrida appeared to recollect the circumstances which had preceded her capture ; the suitor who had solicited her hand ; and the deceit which she had conspired to put upon him : she looked up to the dais, and beheld Bertha, her waiting-woman, seated by the side of the Norman guest ; she glanced round and met the eye of her preserver turned upon her with an expression of the deepest adoration ; she looked no further, but immediately, addressing her father, said,

"Why should it not be so, my father? To-day thou hast married thine handmaid to the Knight ;—to-morrow thou shalt marry thy daughter to the Knave."

Her unknown deliverer, at these words, began to stare about him ; he gazed upon his dress, upon his attendants, upon Elfrida ; and then, with all the embarrassment of a performer who comes forward to play in a pageant without the smallest acquaintance with his part, observed, "this morning was I a Knight, mounted on a goodly steed, and clad in goodly apparel ; but whether I am now Norman or Saxon, Knight or Knave, by my grandfather's sword—I doubt."

Leofwyn stared; his large eyes were dilated into a truly comic expression of astonishment. "Who art thou?" he cried at last to the bridegroom: "art thou Reginald d'Arennes? or must we hang thee for a rogue?"

"Peace, good father-in-law," said the sham Reginald, shaking off his drunkenness, and leering around him with an arch look of self-satisfaction, "I am not Reginald d'Arennes, but yet as good a man! I am Robin, the son of Egwulph; truly a cunning Knave, and a wily."

"I do begin to perceive," said the waiting-woman, Bertha, looking on the sham Reginald with a disappointed air, "that our plot hath altogether failed."

"Mine hath fared no better!" said the Knave, returning a glance of equal disappointment upon the mock Elfrida. "In this I have been but a silly Knave, and a witless!"

Dost thou comprehend, gentle reader, the circumstances which led to these mistakes? or is it necessary for me to inform thee, that the Knave, Robin, proceeded to Kennet-hold in Reginald's apparel, with the purpose of revenging, by his wedding with the heiress, the death of his master, which he fancied had been occasioned by the heir; that at Kennet-hold the said Knave met with the counterplot which had been prepared by the jocose Saxon, and became the husband of the maid instead of the mistress; that Reginald, recovering from his swoon, after the departure of his attendant, advanced towards Kennet-hold, and encountered, in his way, his new acquaintance, Richard de Mallory; from whom he had the good fortune to rescue the life of Lothaire and the honour of Elfrida?

There is yet one point unexplained. The reader must be aware that a considerable interval took place between the memorable blow given by Lothaire, and his rencontre with de Mallory. Upon this point the MS. makes mention of Winifred—a certain arch-damsel, who—but Decorum puts her forefinger on her mouth—I have done.

Rather than desert a long-established custom, I proceed to state that the personages of my Tale lived and loved to a green old age. Robin died before it was thoroughly decided whether he was more properly termed the "the Wily" or "the Witless." Reginald, it appears, never got rid of his old trick of hesitation; for it is upon record, that when he told the story of his adventures to Cœur de Lion, at the siege of Acre, and was asked by the humorous Monarch whether the Knight or the Knave were the more fortunate bridegroom, he scratched his chin for a few minutes, played with his sword for a few more, and replied slowly, "I have doubts as touching this matter."

## SOMNIA MONTGOMERIANA.

## NO. I.

TO ———.

“ I would not lose the thought that flies  
 By me, that I shall see thee, dear,  
 In the bright bowers of Paradise,  
 As sweet (no more) as thou wast here,  
 For all the promis'd joys that man  
 Hath gather'd from the Ottoman.”

BARRY CORNWALL.

## I.

I KNEW that Death was stern and strong,  
 That sceptred hand and helmed head,  
 The feared on earth, the famed in song,  
 Must sink beneath his silent tread ;  
 That Poet's brain, and Warrior's heart,  
 And Beauty's most resplendent form,  
 Glory, and pride, and strength, must part,  
 To grace the banquet of the worm.  
 But tell not me—it cannot be,  
 That Death, my love, may alter thee.

## II.

Oh! hast thou ne'er in fancy view'd  
 The shadows dark of days to come—  
 Their toils and cares, a hideous brood,  
 Strife with the world's fierce multitude,—  
 Pain, sickness, agony, distress,  
 When yearns the heart in weariness  
 Tow'rd absent friends, the dead, the lost,  
 And those by fortune tempest-tost  
 To some far-distant home ?  
 Though many an hour of love and mirth  
 May cheer man's spirit here on earth,

And friends may meet in moments gay,  
And the dancing heart keep holiday;  
Yet oh! far oftener must it bear  
Its solitary load of care,  
Aching in anguish deep and lone,  
For many a lov'd and loving one.—  
I'll not believe that at his birth

To man such sympathies were given,  
But that their joys, so few on earth,  
Might be renew'd in Heaven.  
Then tell not me—it cannot be,  
That Death, my love, may alter thee.

## III.

And hast thou ne'er, at fall of Even,  
When moans the breeze in sounds of woe,  
And stars begin to wink in Heaven,  
And earth in twilight melts below,  
And, in the stillness of the hour,  
The voice of waters solemn seems—  
Felt some unknown mysterious Power  
Breathe o'er thee, from the woods and streams,  
Steeping thy soul in tearful dreams;  
Till wandering thoughts spring up on high,  
As the soul would roam through the starry sky,  
And the realms of the sainted dead explore,  
Whom the living eye shall view no more,  
In the crystal light of their calm retreat,  
The look of Earth's affection bearing,  
And still their radiant faces wearing  
The smile we used to think so sweet?  
Thou must have felt that witching hour,  
Its deep, and calm, and silent power;  
Thou must have felt that tearful gushing  
From the heart's fresh and lonely springs;

And the charmed soul through the blue sky rushing,  
On the Spirit of Twilight's wings.  
Then rise, each sense to rapture hushing,  
Visions of unforgotten things,  
And they who loved, whose spirits love us,  
Float in the deep blue sky above us,  
In dreamlike wanderings.  
On every passing breeze float by  
Voices we loved in infancy—  
They tell of some untroubled land,  
Where souls that love repose together,  
And many a white and radiant hand  
With gentlest motion waves us thither.  
And oh 'tis sweet to rove on high  
With that celestial company,  
And feel, while yet we breathe beneath,  
That hearts remain unchanged in Death.

## IV.

In sleep I dream of happy days,  
That smile beyond the tomb ;  
And fond imagination roves  
Though wondrous valleys, fields, and groves,  
Where gentle brooks that gush between,  
And skies eternally serene,  
Make one perpetual bloom.  
And ever in those dreams divine,  
Thy gentle spirit stands by mine ;  
Thy voice of music wanders by,  
Thy form is floating in my view ;  
And still thy soft and earnest eye  
Smiles on me, as 'tis wont to do.  
Then tell not me—it cannot be,  
That Death, my love, can alter thee.



## NO. II.

"This is merely the recollection of an actual dream."—BARRY CORNWALL.

"Upon my soul a lie."—SHAKSPEARE.

I HAD a wondrous dream—methought I stood  
Within the threshold of an ancient house,  
Which I had loved in childhood—forms well known,  
And old, familiar voices were around me,  
And happy thoughts, and half-forgotten feelings,  
And tearful recollections rose within me,  
Bathing each sense in ecstasy. I felt  
A gushing at the fountains of my spirit;  
My heart dissolved—I was a child again.  
Yet as I gazed on each remember'd face,  
A freezing pang shot o'er me—a chill sense,  
Of longing separation, and I knew  
That woe was deeply blended with my dream.

I gazed upon the forms around me. One  
(A matron) had methought been beautiful  
In other days, but now upon her cheek  
Sickness had set his seal, and wasting years,  
And sorrow, worst of all—yet still her mien  
Held its original sweetness. Piety,  
And gentleness, and charity, and faith,  
Shone there, and from her soften'd eyes beam'd forth  
Serenity which was not of the earth.  
And all around that venerable form  
Beautiful creatures floated—cheeks of bloom,  
And eyes of watery light, on her alone  
Fixed with such fond and beaming earnestness,  
That I might know their owners had no thought  
Beyond that gentle lady's happiness.

My dream was darken'd. In that ancient house  
There was a deathlike silence—one alone  
Of all those young and lovely forms remained,  
And she was traversing the silent hall,  
With wild and hurried footsteps. Very pale  
She looked, and in her tremulous voice was sorrow  
Mingled with dread—and yet she shed no tears.  
'There seem'd a settled spirit at her heart,  
Triumphant o'er calamity,—a firm  
And holy strength; yet ever and anon  
Her lips, compress'd convulsively, betray'd  
The struggle of her soul with agony.  
Methought one told me that o'er that old house  
Disease had spread his pinions, and that she,  
That gentle mother, and her youngest child,  
Were fading in Death's shadowy arms. Alone  
That maid, the ruling image of my dream,  
Tended their feverish beds, and sleeplessly  
Was comforting the agonies of each.  
Oh! 'twas most piteous to see that pale form  
Gliding from room to room; and when with faint  
And tremulous accent either sufferer asked  
How fared the other, writhing painful smiles,  
And striving with deceitful hope to win  
Each soul from half its suffering. And then  
Methought the tramp of horses, and the whirl  
Of chariot wheels kept sounding in my ear;  
And, one by one, familiar forms past by me,  
In sad succession, to that house of woe.  
They were my friends in childhood, and I sighed  
To see how thus with pallid looks they came  
To weep upon that Lady's sepulchre.

My dream passed darkly on. Methought I stood  
With her, the ruling image of the Vision,

Beneath the waning twilight—      \*      \*

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Again my dream grew dark. We stood by night,  
 (I and that maiden) near the old abode,  
 But a new woe was on us. Doubt, and fear,  
 And thoughts of death, and undefined forebodings,  
 Hung heavy on our hearts. Then on a sudden  
 She had departed, and her wild farewell  
 Was ringing like a death-knell in my ear,  
 Which my heart echoed back.—I felt, that hour,  
 As she were gone for ever. My brain reel'd  
 Giddily, and dim shadows of dark thought  
 Throng'd through its bursting cells tumultuously.  
 I looked up to the Heavens—their face was dark  
 With gathering tempest, and the silent moon,  
 In pale and melancholy loveliness,  
 Peep'd dimly through the clouds, whose shadowy forms  
 The winds, in rapid and tumultuous flight,  
 Hurl'd o'er Night's blue and starry firmament.

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*

My dream was brighten'd. Sounds of love and joy,  
 And hymeneal songs, and rustic mirth,  
 Mix'd with the music of the village bells,  
 Broke gaily on my ear. From that old house  
 There pass'd a merry wedding-rout. The bride  
 Was that young maiden whom I late beheld  
 Pining in hopeless sickness. Holy love,  
 And chaste connubial raptures, fill'd her eyes,  
 Smiling through silent tears. And then I saw  
 That maid, the ruling image of my dream,

And she was leaning on a young man's arm  
Whom I knew not ; but in her eyes I read  
That each was to the other all in all.

My Vision changed its aspect. Youth's bright hues  
Had past from all the faces which I lov'd,  
And the calm pulses of maturity  
Throughout my being throbb'd. I stood begirt  
By beaming faces of time-honour'd friends,  
Whose children play'd around us,—happy creatures,  
With cheeks and eyes of brightness, some in youth's  
More ripen'd bloom, maidens with downcast looks,  
And boys of gallant bearing. Peace and joy  
Dwelt with us ; the bright soul of other days  
Stole, like an exquisite dream, into our hearts,  
And childhood's scenes lay round us. And, methought,  
There lean'd a radiant form upon my bosom,  
Dearer than all, from whose mild eyes I drank  
Intoxicating bliss ; all pleasant thoughts  
Rose up within me, and each giddy sense  
Reel'd in its own deep raptures ; till, at last,  
E'en with the beating of my heart, I woke.

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### MAD—QUITE MAD !

“ Great wits are sure to madness near allied.”

DRYDEN.

It has frequently been observed that Genius and Madness are nearly allied ; that very great talents are seldom found unaccompanied by a touch of insanity, and that there are few bedlamites who will not, upon a close examination, display symptoms of a powerful, though ruined, intellect. According to this hypothesis, the flowers of Parnassus must be blended with the drugs of Anticyra ; and the man who feels himself to be in possession of very brilliant wits may conclude that he is within an ace of running out of them. Whether this be true or false, we are not at present

disposed to contradict the assertion. What we wish to notice is, the pains which many young men take to qualify themselves for Bedlam, by hiding a good, sober, gentlemanlike understanding beneath an assumption of thoughtlessness and whim. It is the received opinion among many that a man's talents and abilities are to be rated by the quantity of nonsense he utters per diem, and the number of follies he runs into per annum. Against this idea we must enter our protest; if we concede that every real genius is more or less a madman, we must not be supposed to allow that every sham madman is more or less a genius.

In the days of our ancestors, the hot-blooded youth who threw away his fortune at twenty-one, his character at twenty-two, and his life at twenty-three, was termed "a good fellow," "an honest fellow," "nobody's enemy but his own." In our time the name is altered; and the fashionable who squanders his father's estate, or murders his best friend,—who breaks his wife's heart at the gaming-table, and his own neck at a steeple-chase,—escapes the sentence which Morality would pass upon him, by the plea of lunacy. "He was a rascal," says Common Sense. "True," says the World, "but he was mad, you know, quite mad."

We were lately in company with a knot of young men who were discussing the character and fortunes of one of their own body, who was, it seems, distinguished for his proficiency in the Art of Madness. "Harry," said a young sprig of nobility, "have you heard that Charles is in the King's Bench?" "I heard it this morning," drawled the Exquisite, "how distressing! I have not been so hurt since poor Angelica (his bay mare) broke down. Poor Charles has been too flighty." "His wings will be clipped for the future!" observed young Caustic. "He has been very imprudent," said young Candour.

I inquired of whom they were speaking. "Don't you know Charles Gally?" said the Exquisite, endeavouring to turn in his collar; "Not know Charles Gally?" he repeated, with an expression of pity. "He is the best fellow breathing; only lives to laugh and make others laugh; drinks his two bottles with any man, and rides the finest mare I ever saw—next to my Angelica. Not know Charles Gally? why every body knows him! he is so amusing! ha! ha!—and tells such admirable stories! ha! ha!—often have they kept me awake (*a yawn*) when nothing else could." "Poor fellow!" said his Lordship, "I understand he's done for ten thousand!" "I never believe more than half what the world says," observed Candour. "He that has not a farthing," said Caustic, "cares little whether he owes ten thousand or five." "Thank Heaven!" said Candour, "that will never be the case with Charles: he has a fine estate in Leicestershire." "Mortgaged for half its value," said his Lordship. "A large

personal property!" "All gone in annuity bills," said the Exquisite. "A rich uncle upwards of fourscore!" "He'll cut him off with a shilling," said Caustic.

"Let us hope he may reform," sighed the Hypocrite; "and sell the pack," added the Nobleman;—"and marry," continued the Dandy. "Pshaw!" cried the Satirist, "he will never get rid of his habits, his hounds, or his horns." "But he has an excellent heart," said Candour. "Excellent," repeated his Lordship, unthinkingly. "Excellent," lisped the Fop, effeminately. "Excellent," exclaimed the Wit, ironically. We took this opportunity to ask by what means so excellent a heart and so bright a genius had contrived to plunge him into these disasters. "He was my friend," replied his Lordship, "and a man of large property; but he was mad—quite mad. I remember his leaping a lame pony over a stone wall, simply because Sir Marmaduke bet him a dozen that he broke his neck in the attempt; and sending a bullet through a poor pedlar's pack because Bob Darrell said the piece would'nt carry so far." "Upon another occasion," began the Exquisite in his turn, "he jumped into a horse-pond after dinner in order to prove it was not six feet deep; and overturned a bottle of Eau de Cologne in Lady Emilia's face, to convince me that she was not painted. Poor fellow! the first experiment cost him a dress, and the second an heiress." "I have heard," resumed the Nobleman, "that he lost his election for —— by lampooning the Mayor; and was dismissed from his place in the Treasury for challenging Lord C——." "The last accounts I heard of him," said Caustic, "told me, that Lady Tarrel had forbid him her house for driving a sucking-pig into her drawing-room; and that young Hawthorn had run him through for boasting of favours from his sister!" "These gentlemen are really too severe," remarked young Candour to us: "Not a jot;" we said to ourselves.

"This will a terrible blow for his sister," said a young man who had been listening in silence. "A fine girl;—a very fine girl," said the Exquisite: "and a fine fortune," said the Nobleman. "The mines of Peru are nothing to her;" "Nothing at all," observed the sneerer: "she has no property there. But I would not have you caught, Harry; her income was good, but is dipped, horribly dipped. Guineas melt very fast when the cards are put by them." "I was not aware Maria was a gambler," said the young man, much alarmed; "Her brother is, Sir," replied his informant. The querist looked sorry, but yet relieved. We could see that he was not quite disinterested in his inquiries. "However," resumed the young Cynic, "his profusion has at least obtained him many noble and wealthy friends." He glanced at his hearers, and went on, "no one that knew him will hear of

his distresses without being forward to relieve them. He will find interest for his money in the hearts of his friends." Nobility took snuff; Foppery played with his watch-chain; Hypocrisy looked grave. There was a long silence. We ventured to regret the misuse of natural talents, which, if properly directed, might have rendered their possessor useful to the interests of society, and celebrated in the records of his country. Every one stared, as if we were talking Hebrew. "Very true," said his Lordship, "he enjoys great talents. No man is a nicer judge of horse-flesh. He beats me at billiards, and Harry at picquet; he's a dead shot at a button, and can drive his curricule-wheels over a brace of sovereigns." "Radicalism," said Caustic, looking round for a laugh. "He is a great amateur of pictures," observed the Exquisite, "and is allowed to be quite a connoisseur in beauty; but there (*simpering*) every one must claim the privilege of judging for themselves." "Upon my word," said Candour, "you allow poor Charles too little. I have no doubt he has great courage,—though to be sure, there was a whisper that young Hawthorn found him rather shy; and I am convinced he is very generous, though I must confess that I have it from good authority, that his younger brother was refused the loan of a hundred, when Charles had pigeoned that fool of a nabob but the evening before. I would stake my existence that he is a man of unshaken honour, though, when he eased Lieutenant Hardy of his pay, there certainly was an awkward story about the transaction, which was never properly cleared up; I hope that when matters are properly investigated he will be liberated from all his embarrassments; though I am sorry to be compelled to believe that he has been spending double the amount of his income annually. But I trust that all will be adjusted. I have no doubt upon the subject." "Nor I," said Caustic. "We shall miss him prodigiously at the Club," said the Dandy with a slight shake of the head. "What a bore!" replied the Nobleman with a long yawn. We could hardly venture to express compassion for a character so despicable. Our auditors, however, entertained very different opinions of right and wrong! "Poor fellow! he was much to be pitied: had done some very foolish things;—to say the truth was a sad scoundrel—but then he was always so mad." And having come unanimously to this decision, the conclave dispersed.

Charles gave an additional proof of his madness within a week after this discussion by swallowing laudanum. The verdict of the Coroner's Inquest confirmed the judgment of his four friends. For our own parts we must pause before we give in to so dangerous a doctrine. Here is a man who has outraged the laws of honour,

the ties of relationship, and the duties of religion; he appears before us in the triple character of a libertine, a swindler, and a suicide. Yet his follies, his vices, his crimes, are all palliated or even applauded by this specious *façon de parler*—"He was mad—quite mad!"

F. G.

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TO ELLEN,

## ON HER DEPARTURE.

O! ask me not, Ellen, why quickly starts  
 The tear to my eye, when thine image is gone,  
 You know when the light of the Sun departs,  
 The dew-drop of Even comes swiftly on.

The Willow delights o'er the ruffled lake  
 To grieve for the wave as it wanders by;  
 Then bid me not cease, if thy smiles forsake,  
 From the bosom of Sorrow to heave the sigh.

O! bid me not cease, for the dear delight  
 That enraptured each chord of the heart, is dead:  
 For my soul is entranced in a dreary night,  
 And the lovely delusion with Ellen is fled.

But the heart that adored, that each pulse attuned  
 To the frolicking smile, to the radiant glow  
 That thine eye shot around;—O! it feels a wound,  
 On which Ellen alone can a balm bestow.

The worm that delights to illumine the dark,  
 When the mantle of Even descends in state,  
 But lights up the ray of her lonely spark,  
 To allure, by the splendor, her roving mate.\*

\* The male glow-worm is a small fly, furnished with wings, without any of that luminous appearance, the property of the female.—*Dictionary of Natural History*.



Thus the spark of affection, all pure, all bright,  
Though cruel afar from these arms you roam,  
In this bosom shall burn with unfading light,  
And O ! may it lure thee, dear Wanderer, home.

X. C.

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## A SATURDAY EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

" The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,  
This night his weekly moil is at an end,  
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes :  
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend."

BURNS.

THERE are, perhaps, some among my readers who are accustomed to laugh at the idea of a country life, and treat it with ridicule ; but I confess I am one of its most enthusiastic admirers, and consider it not only possible to taste the enjoyments of life far distant from the tumultuous pleasures and gaiety of a town, but have myself passed some of the happiest days of my youth in the vicinity of a village, and at the mansion of its hospitable Rector—days that I shall always look back upon with feelings of the greatest delight : and very often do I now recur to the observations which it was formerly my greatest amusement to make upon the customs and inhabitants of the country. For in the country alone are to be found the genuine traits of the British character : whoever is desirous of seeing this in its original, national colours, must search for it among the humble cots of the peasantry, and draw it forth from its recesses, where it is moulded into life by the homely, but true hand of nature ; where art has not ventured to deck it out in extraneous ornaments, and rob it of its native beauty. He must not expect to find the object of his scrutiny amid the ranks of polished life, where the true metal lies concealed beneath a weight of dross, and deformed by a thousand fanciful incumbrances ; he will widely err, if he thinks he has recognized it in the halls of the opulent, or luxurious drawing-rooms of the great : he will carry off but a garbled deceptive knowledge of its most prominent and striking features ; he will but have skimmed over the surface of the landscape, not examined or digested its beauties ; he will resemble a person who thinks to find, in the monotonous arrangement of a flower-garden, embellished with its artificial waterfall and winding slope, the bold,

striking, and majestic irregularity of nature, studded with its cloud-capt mountains, and resounding with the broken foaming waters of the cascade. My readers must pardon me for the digression I have been led into by my partiality for the country ; and, the better to obtain their forgiveness, I will at once, without further preface, introduce them to a description of one of the Saturday Evenings I passed during my short visit to the worthy Rector.

It was on one of these evenings, which generally seem to be accompanied with no small degree of anxiety and bustle to the notable housewife and her good man,—as they now prepare to settle accounts for the week, and decide whether the last seven days have increased their comforts, and added to their stock of pigs and poultry,—that I strolled out towards the village, in the “*Nescio quid meditans*” temperament of Horace, to pass away an idle hour, till tea time ; and, having reached the high road, found it enlivened by the joyous carols and noisy wit of the peasants, returning home from the market in the neighbouring town, with light hearts, light baskets, and those inspirers of mirth and festivity, heavy pockets. Followers of all trades were hastening home to their kitchen corners and evening repast ; from the thin, restless, impatient tinker, with his last brazen kettle on his arm, whose rapid short steps indicated the fermentations of his mind, speculating upon the next week’s profit, up to the jolly sturdy farmer, in his shaggy pearl-buttoned coat and hobnailed shoes, whose rosy bluff features seemed already distended in anticipation of his nightly jug of homebrewed. As he flourished his crab-stick, and thundered along the causeway, he seemed to enjoy that happy temperament of mind which bespeaks that its possessor has always a blow for the proud oppressor, and a crust of bread for the needy supplicant. Parties of the fair sex were not wanting to enliven and diversify the scene ; for I was occasionally overtaken by a junto of the village matrons, of whose approach there were generally very sure and certain forerunners in the loud and frequent peals of laughter I heard rising in succession behind me, or the shrill-toned pipe of one of the party, drowning in triumphant squeaks the voices of her companions ; with cloaks and bonnets floating in the breeze. The substantial dames, having disposed of their eggs and butter, came jogging on along the road-side, discussing the history of the village, from its founders to the present occupiers ; and, could any person of ability have noted down their discourse, he might have compiled from it such an authentic, interesting history, as should yield the palm to Mr. Knickerbocker’s “*New York*” alone. Behind them might be seen their rosy-cheeked daughters, recounting the ribbons, cakes, or love-songs, each had received from her ad-

mirer; and it was no small amusement to watch the black-eyed lasses returning the glance of the youthful passenger with hidden smile and dimpled lip, or passing their jokes on some approaching gallant, in hopes perhaps that he would take punishment for their ridicule by ravishing a kiss. The nearer I approached the village, the more visible became every instant the signs of Saturday Evening; and, at the door of one of the first cottages, on a stone seat, overshadowed by jessamine and evergreens, sat the contented owner of this humble dwelling, puffing his pipe in listless ease, and watching the smoke that curled in cheerful eddies over his bronzed features, with as much gravity as a philosopher eyes the cloud passing over the face of the moon. On the opposite side of the fragrant doorway was seated the mistress of the mansion, busily employed in adjusting her Sunday's dress; and, in imagination, perhaps, already cutting no contemptible figure among her neighbours, and exulting over her little finery, which was arrayed in the very acmè of country fashion: but I must not forget to observe that her sober partner, as he occasionally shifted his tube, uttered several sagacious reflections on the folly of vanity. This seemed to be at present the principal feature in all the cottages in the suburbs of this village; the honest countrymen were drowning their cares in a refreshing tankard, or smoking them away in the newest tobacco; while their matrons were darning, or knitting, or dragging to bed some young bareheaded urchins; who, casting a long and lingering look at their playthings, chewed their grief and their bread and butter in silence.

As I entered further into the middle of the village, I came up to its two most important points, where all the perfection of its inhabitants was concentrated; the village alehouse, and the village churchyard. From the former a confused heterogeneous sound burst forth through the silence of even, which at first puzzled me as to its nature: but, on my coming nearer, all became comparatively silent for an instant; and in the next moment arose, in simple, soothing harmony, the squeaking of a cracked fiddle, accompanied by the powerful voice of its modulator. I confess I was tempted to play the character of a spy for once in my life; and, having forthwith ensconced myself by the side of the tap-room window, began to indulge in a contemplation of the choice spirits that composed this scene of festivity; who, seated round a substantial oaken table, were plying their rustic raillery, or gaping with delight at the soul-dissolving measures of their itinerant musician. The landlord himself, a short, punch-bellied, little fellow, with a Bardolphian nose, acted his part extremely well, as master of the ceremonies; and occasionally himself chiming in with a convivial stave, or retailing a story

for the fiftieth time, seemed to bear a most fatherly attachment to his own ale; for which, perhaps, an extra item was added to the score of his guests; who, indeed, ought to pay well for mine host's amusing qualities. There were no other very striking characters at the table: they were all sturdy, jovial boors, whose distended grinning countenances bore witness to their minds' happiness; and that, for this evening at least, they were contented with themselves and all mankind. But the most interesting party was a *quartetto*, seated apart from the others, in a corner of the room, consisting of the Exciseman, Schoolmaster, and Clerk of the parish, with mine host's wife; who were poring over some newspapers of no short existence, and discussing affairs of state in a most voluble, if not luminous, manner. The Schoolmaster appeared to be the oracle of these politicians; and, with a most dignified, authoritative look, was thumping on the table, as he explained the various faults in our constitution, and what he conceived to be the most admirable form of government; concluding with the consolatory affirmation, that it was by such means alone England could arrive at the highest summit of glory. The brilliance of his oratory seemed to have as much effect on his auditors, as his uplifted rod was accustomed to have upon the rising generation. They listened and admired in breathless astonishment; especially as he interspersed a few scraps of Greek and Latin amid the flowers of his rhetoric, which they took for granted were to the purpose; and might also be said to be paralyzed at the forcible ardour of his declamation. It must be confessed the Exciseman's eyes winked in a very suspicious manner; and that the Clerk had been wandering in thought, for he wound up the finish with an audible nasal Amen; while, at the same time, jolly Boniface interrupted a delicious reverie of his wife, with "Nan! another pot."

Leaving this scene of festivity and eloquence, I sauntered towards the churchyard, where a party of middle-aged rustics were amusing themselves with swinging on the gate, while a troop of riotous youngsters were playing at leap-frog over the tombstones, reckless of what was mouldering beneath their feet, and scampering over that turf which might be destined to bloom over their remains, as it had over the patriarchs of the village; who had faded away like their native oaks, and lived but in the remembrance of those who related their stories, and extolled their praises, with the same significant shake of the head, from generation to generation. The moon had just risen in all her splendor; and, when her pale, gentle light glimmered through the church windows, or played over the ancient Gothic turrets, I felt an indescribable emotion pass rapidly over my mind, as I stayed to con-

template the short and simple annals of the poor, and mourned to think

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

Nor could I refrain from an intruding thought on human vanity, when I beheld the merry youths sporting over the sepulchres of their ancestors, heedless of what to me appeared the solemnity of the spot, and perhaps ridiculing my "brown study," as I steadfastly contemplated their ivy-mantled church ; and, pondering over the narrow homes of the departed dead, forgot, for an instant, the world and its cares.

I had scarcely shaken off the thoughts produced by my late contemplation, ere I came upon a scene that was little calculated to inspire lighter reflections, and will long remain vividly imprinted on my memory. Not many yards from the road, from which it was separated by a garden, laid out with the greatest taste, and arranged in the most beautiful, simple order, and close adjoining a path which led over the fields to the Rectory, appeared a handsome little cottage, fancifully adorned with windows in the Gothic style, around which, and the whole front of the cottage, a large, full-blooming vine wound its tendrils, clustering with fruit, and bending beneath the weight of the grapes, that shed a purple hue all around them, as they were glanced upon by the moonbeam. I had often heard the inhabitants of this cottage mentioned with respect, and even with tender affection, by their neighbours, as being persons of the most amiable character, and who, in addition to this, had a strong claim upon the sympathy and solicitude of all who knew the tale of their sorrows and misfortunes, by which they appeared to have been reduced from a state of affluence to one almost of poverty. But lately they had been enabled, by the death of a wealthy relation, to purchase this humble, yet delightful residence, which they had rendered still more beautiful by their own taste and industry, and were now gliding down the stream of life in calm tranquillity, that was unruffled except by an intrusive thought of the past. The family only consisted of an aged couple and one daughter : of the misfortunes of the former I had heard but an imperfect sketch : to the mournful tale of the latter I had often listened with tears. During the sunshine of their prosperity, and while yet in early life, she had been betrothed to a young man of the most cultivated talents, and amiable disposition ; and, in short, to sum up his good qualities, he was well worthy the tenderest affection of one who doted on him like Maria Congreve. When he was a child, he had the misfortune to lose his beloved parent, the familiar friend of the family of his

intended. His guardians were entirely subservient to the will of his mother, and objected, on this account, to his marrying till he came of age, of which but one year was wanting, merely because his mother, from some caprice, was averse to the connexion. It was but a short time to stay, but it was too long for his ardent impetuous feelings; he could not bear every day to be allowed to raise the cup to his lips, but forbidden to taste; he could not endure to look upon his love, and still, still be unable to call her his own. The suspense was dreadful, and he resolved to tear himself from his tantalizing situation, and tranquillize his mind (if that were possible), by travelling. As the hour of separation drew nigh, he was almost tempted to give way to his foreboding fears, and give up the project. Would to Heaven he had! Suffice to say, he at length summoned up courage to take leave of his Maria. It were impossible for me to describe that scene, which his mother beheld with calm indifference, while her son, wrung with agony as he parted from, and supported in his arms the fainting and dearest object of his soul, rushed from the house, and his native land, to return no more; for, at some town, near the banks of the Wolga, surrounded by foreigners, and far distant from any medical assistance, he fell a victim to an epidemical disease, common to those countries, and resigned his last breath in the arms of a friend that accompanied him. The ship that was to have wafted him back to happiness and the arms of his Maria, was the sad messenger of his death; and the sun that was to have risen on her a blooming bride, beheld her that day arrayed in the garb of bitterest woe. Few that were acquainted with Maria expected to see her much longer a survivor on earth; but her understanding and fortitude enabled her to withstand the violence of the shock, and she still lived, though scarcely to this world; she flitted before the eyes of men, like the shade of a beauteous angel: her thoughts, her soul, was with God, and with him whom death hath torn away for a short time, to unite to her again in Heaven.

Such is the outline of the tale of Maria Congreve: it may not interest my readers, as described by my pen; but it often has drawn from me a tribute of sorrow, while related by her former friends; and, as she this evening was sitting, with her parents, on the lawn, in front of the cottage, it were impossible not to view the groupe with feelings of the strongest emotion. The old man was reading in the Bible, with his daughter on one side of him, and her mother on the other. I was concealed by the hedge, but near enough to hear him, and catch the sound of his deeply-impressive voice, which, breaking through the solemn silence that reigned all around, had an effect on me never to be forgotten; it chained me to the spot like enchantment; and, as his care-worn, but yet highly-

interesting features were lit up with the pure, bright emanation of religious enthusiasm, which seemed to illumine his whole countenance with an ethereal halo, I stood gazing on him as a being of a superior order, through whose lips breathed the true voice and spirit of the Deity; and I could have humbled myself at his feet, and worshipped his gray hairs. At this moment, his wife bestowed upon him a look of endearment expressive of the past, as if she recalled those days when they knew not sorrow or calamity; and then, raising her eyes slowly up to heaven, appeared, by the tremulous motion of her lips, to be uttering a short and fervent prayer of supplication for her husband and daughter. I hesitated, as I turned a trembling glance on that lovely sufferer; but that glance riveted my enchantment; the air of meek, gentle resignation that beamed in mellowed softness over the most beautiful, interesting features, ever allotted to woman, savoured not of earth. She was dressed with perfect simplicity and neatness, but without any ornament: her long unconfined hair flowed in graceful ringlets over her shoulders, and divided in front, partly discovered a forehead of snowy whiteness; the rest was concealed by her hand, on which her head rested, as she cast a pensive vacant glance upon the countenance of her father. On a sudden he unconsciously read a passage that touched upon the string of her sorrows; her tender frame trembled for a moment, and then, gently sliding one hand into her bosom, she drew from thence a portrait. I was not long in conjecturing whose that portrait could be, as she leant over it at first with intense, but melancholy delight; and then, with scarcely a perceptible motion, pressed it to her lips; then looked at it again, and appeared lost to all around her, while absorbed in the contemplation of his features, who in fancy stood before her. At this moment a hollow blast rustled through the trees, and the sound of approaching thunder was heard dying away in the distance. The old man hastily shut his book; and, turning round to summon his daughter, beheld her gazing on the portrait. He instantly checked himself, and became mute as death: but it was too late; his movement had broken the chain of her thoughts; the dream of her imagination was over: she once more kissed those beloved features, and then, replacing the portrait in her bosom, sank down in prayer, with her hands clasped in patient devotion over her bosom, and her still bright eye suffused with the rising tear, that all her fortitude could not suppress. The old man insensibly kneeled down by the side of her; but it was too heart-rending a scene to view any longer:—I drew my hat over my eyes, and hastily returned homewards; and never, never will that Saturday Evening fade from the recollection of

CHARLES BELLAMY.

## PEREGRINE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

## No. III.

*Feb. 5.*—Transcribed some lines from an Elegy which I have had in my drawer for some time, and from which I intended to have made an extract in my last Scrap-Book.

In vain for me the flow'ret rears its head,  
 The warbling linnet pours her song in vain;  
 I shall not pluck the flow'ret from its bed,  
 I shall not listen to the song again.

In vain mild Spring dispels the wintry blast,  
 In vain the streams in babbling murmurs flow;  
 I am not what I was,—the die is cast,  
 And there is nothing left to me—but woe.

Grief comes around me in mine early years,  
 Yet smiling faces round my hearth I see,  
 And merry voices echo in mine ears—  
 But what are these—what is the world to me?

O. J.

*Feb. 10.*—Received a letter from Baldwin, soliciting the co-operation of the Club, in the event of the discontinuance of "The Etonian." Shall be happy to oblige Mr. Baldwin, as far as I am concerned; but Montgomery is hand and glove with Mr. Christopher North; and Sir Francis and Sterling are severally under engagements to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*.

*Feb. 12.*—Received some stanzas "on Whistling," from R. S. I am quite puzzled by the extraordinary character of the lines, and half suspect that the author is only *bamming* us. However, there is something singular in the composition, and my readers shall therefore have a specimen. The verses are as wild as their subject:—

What! blame thee, child,  
 Of the woodland wild,  
 Who cherupest now so cheerily?  
 Oh! warble again  
 Your artless strain,  
 That plays on my heart so merrily.



A crown I'll entwine  
Of eglantine,  
On your little brown head to glisten;  
Its pearl shall be dew,  
And ruddy its hue,  
For, my bard of the grove, I'll pluck it for you,  
E'er the Sun be awake and risen.

And bright though it be  
When I give it to thee,  
Sweet child of content simplicity!  
Its blush will lorn  
As the Moon at dawn,  
At the burst of thy soul's felicity.

*Feb. 14.*—Valentine's Day. Surprised that I have not received any darts and flames. Still more surprised that I have not received any "blackguards" and "scoundrels." Had thoughts of writing a paper upon the custom of the day, but the subject is too trite.

*Two o'clock, P. M.*—All college is in commotion. In Long Chamber there are consultations, and parties, and cabals. I saw a gownsman looking out complacently upon an unfolded paper; like Alexander, he "sighed and looked, sighed and looked, sighed and looked, and sighed again." He became alternately as pale as the Bath post, and as black as the characters it bore. This is a mystery to me!

*Feb. 15.*—The mystery is unravelled. A young Gentleman is displeased at receiving a billet-doux. This is surprising. But it is still more surprising that he suspects "The Etonian" of its manufacture. He threatens us with a quire of paper for the sake of the Postage. I hope it may be blank. I shall be angry if I am obliged to pay and read too.

*Feb. 17.*—I hope my readers will be pleased with the following Song:—

Hark upon the passing gale  
Philomela's plaintive wail!  
Feelings how serene and tender  
Does the lonely music render!  
Lady, lift thy downcast eye,  
Leila, love, and tell me why?

Mark the tints of silver, made  
By the Moon on yon cascade;  
How those fleeting tints impart  
Consolation to the heart!  
Why can Nature thus control;  
Leila, say, my secret soul?

'Tis that in the trembling notes  
 Love's pure spirit softly floats ;  
 'Tis that in the moonbeam's ray  
 Love delights to hold his play ;  
 'Tis that in the world I see,  
 Leila, nought but love and thee.

*Feb. 19.*—Received from Oxford a large parcel of prose and verse. I am very much pressed for room, nevertheless I am particularly requested by the Club (on the immediate suggestion of Rowley), to insert the two contributions with which we are most pleased.

"A Collar of Brawn, with M. B.'s compliments."

"A Barrel of Sausages, with Lord N——'s best wishes."

*Feb. 20.*—The authorship of the above-mentioned Valentine is fixed, I understand, upon Gerard Montgomery. Mr. Bellamy fancies himself suspected, and is rather alarmed for the consequences. He has purchased a smart little pistol, nailed a sovereign to the wall of his apartment, and practises three hours a-day. He says he is not much afraid, for "he can hit George to a nicety."

*Feb. 25.*—Martin Sterling slanged me for being satirical. All the P. C. articles were attacked one after the other:—"Lovers' Vows," "Politeness and Politesse," "A Certain Age," "Not at Home."—Golightly came to my assistance. "Mr. Sterling," said he, "let me give you a little information. There is as little truth in your remarks as there is in Lovers' Vows; neither Politeness nor Politesse can bear you any longer: no one should talk in this style who is not of a Certain Age; and if you persist in it, I shall recommend to Mr. Courtenay to give you a flat Not at Home." Mr. Hodgson remarked that Mr. Golightly was a flat for supposing any thing flat could come from the President. Lozell laughed, and Oakley said "Pshaw."

*Feb. 26.*—Transcribed a few stanzas by E. M. They were written soon after the lady's marriage. They were composed in a more tranquil moment, and breathe a more subdued spirit than those which were inserted in the Scrap-Book, No. I.

I do not weep—the grief I feel  
 Is not the grief that dims the eye;  
 No accents speak, no tears reveal  
 The inward pain that cannot die.  
 Mary! thou know'st not, none can know  
 The silent woe that still must live;  
 I would not change that silent woe  
 For all the joy the world can give.

Yet, by thine hair so lightly flowing,  
 And by thy smiling lips, I vow,  
 And by thy cheek so brightly glowing,  
 And by the meekness of thy brow,  
 And by those eyes, whose tranquil beam  
 So joyfully is wont to shine,  
 As if thy bosom could not dream  
 Of half the woe that preys on mine,  
 I do not murmur that another  
 Hath gain'd the love I could not wake ;  
 I look on him as on a brother,  
 And do not hate him—for thy sake.  
 And, Mary, when I gaze on thee,  
 I think not on my own distress,  
 Serene—in thy serenity,  
 And happy—in thine happiness.

*Feb. 27.*—The King of Clubs has too much vanity to withhold from the world Miss Harrison's Valentine, although the habits of procrastination in which the fair Authoress indulges (habits by the way in which his Majesty occasionally participates) have caused it to reach him much after its day. The time I am sure is not far distant, when to the names of a Baillie, an Edgeworth, an Inchbald, and a Morgan, Criticism will add that of Fanny Harrison.

MISS HARRISON'S VALENTINE.

“ *Nec sum adeo informis.*”—VIRG.

Hail to his Majesty of Clubs!—all hail  
 His manly figure, and his motley robe!  
 Hail to his face—although it's much too pale;  
 Hail to his faulchion, and his belted globe!  
 I love his look, where fascinations rove;  
 I love his crown, whatever ills betide it;  
 I love the club that Fate hath fix'd beside it,  
 Like Robur squatting by the side of Jove;  
 I love his thin straight wig, and much I prize  
 His great black eyebrows, and his small white nose,  
 His stunted beard, the buckles in his shoes,  
 His round mustachios, and his pointed eyes.  
 I love his *tout ensemble*—e'en his crimes,  
 His puns, his punch, his reasonings, and his rhymes!

*Feb.* 28.—Gerard gave us, from a Cambridge correspondent, the following whimsical imitation, or rather parody, of Horace :—

“ *Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,*” &c.—Hon.

The man, my GERARD, arm'd with native strength,  
And of his own worth conscious, needs no aid  
Of venal critic, or ephemeral puff  
Prelusive, or satiric quiver stor'd  
With poison'd shafts defensive : fearless he  
Sends forth his work, essay, or ode, or note,  
On crabb'd Greek play, or squib political.  
Him nor the fierce *Eclectic's* foaming page  
Aught troubles, nor the uncourteous *Times*, nor yet  
The *Journal*, which, misnam'd of *Classics*, deals  
Its three-months' errors out. For me of late  
In Johnian walks sole wandering, while the thoughts  
Of Emily beyond my wonted bounds  
Drew me excursive, a reviewer stern  
Encount'ring, with kind words of courtesy  
Accosted bland, and me, though ill prepar'd  
For critic fight, assail'd not ; scribe, like whom  
Oak-crown'd Germania from her warlike shore  
Sent never, nor the realm of Wallace old,  
Dry-nurse of critics. Place me on the earth's  
Far limit, where, o'er sluggish Muscovy,  
The winds blow froze, and mists of ignorance dark  
O'erhang the north side of the world : beneath  
Some Dey's stern nod, in torrid Barbary  
Place me, where books are none : yet, fearless still,  
I'll sing of Emily, and, in fit strain,  
Record her tuneful voice and thrilling smiles.

W.

To-morrow our First Volume is to be launched.—I remember, when I was last at Plymouth, I was present at the launch of a ship of war. It was a very fine sight : but our “ Etonian ” will be much finer, rigged out in gaudy Morocco, or odorous Russia, or unassuming calf.

Success to our weak vessel ! She has an easy voyage to run : the breeze of hope sends her briskly forward, and smiling faces shine upon her, as brightly as the sun on a July morning.

Off she goes !—Three cheers for “ The Etonian ! ”

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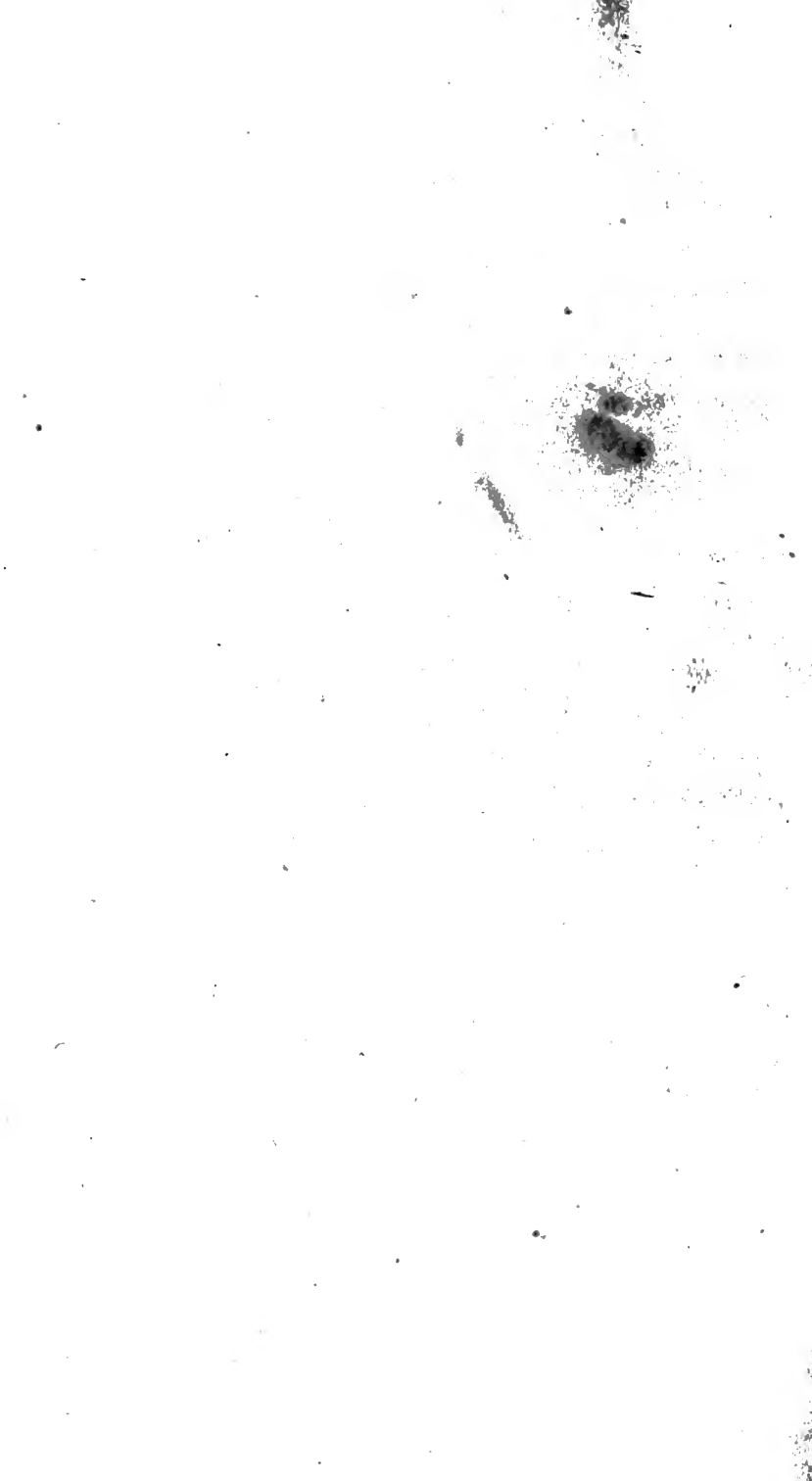
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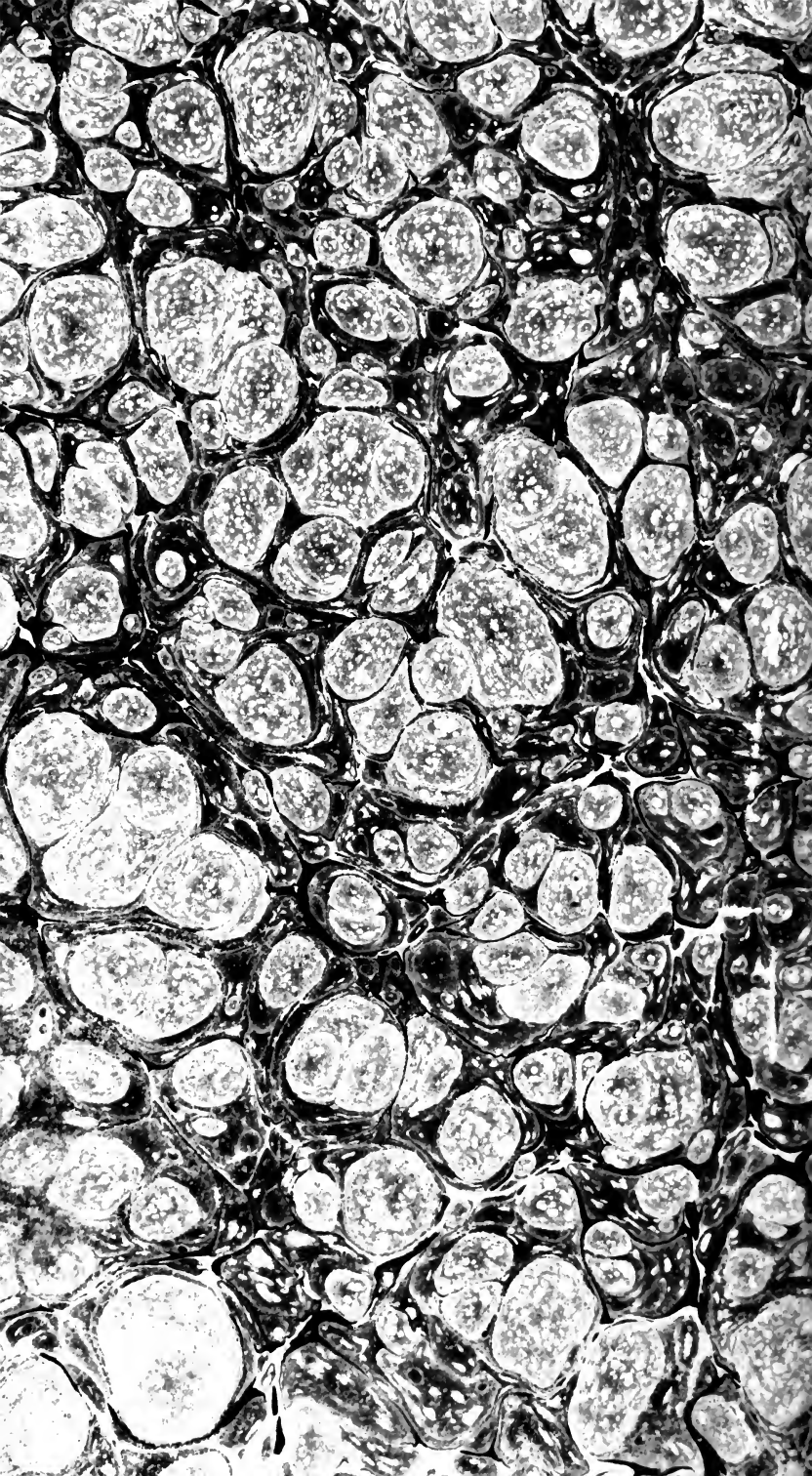












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